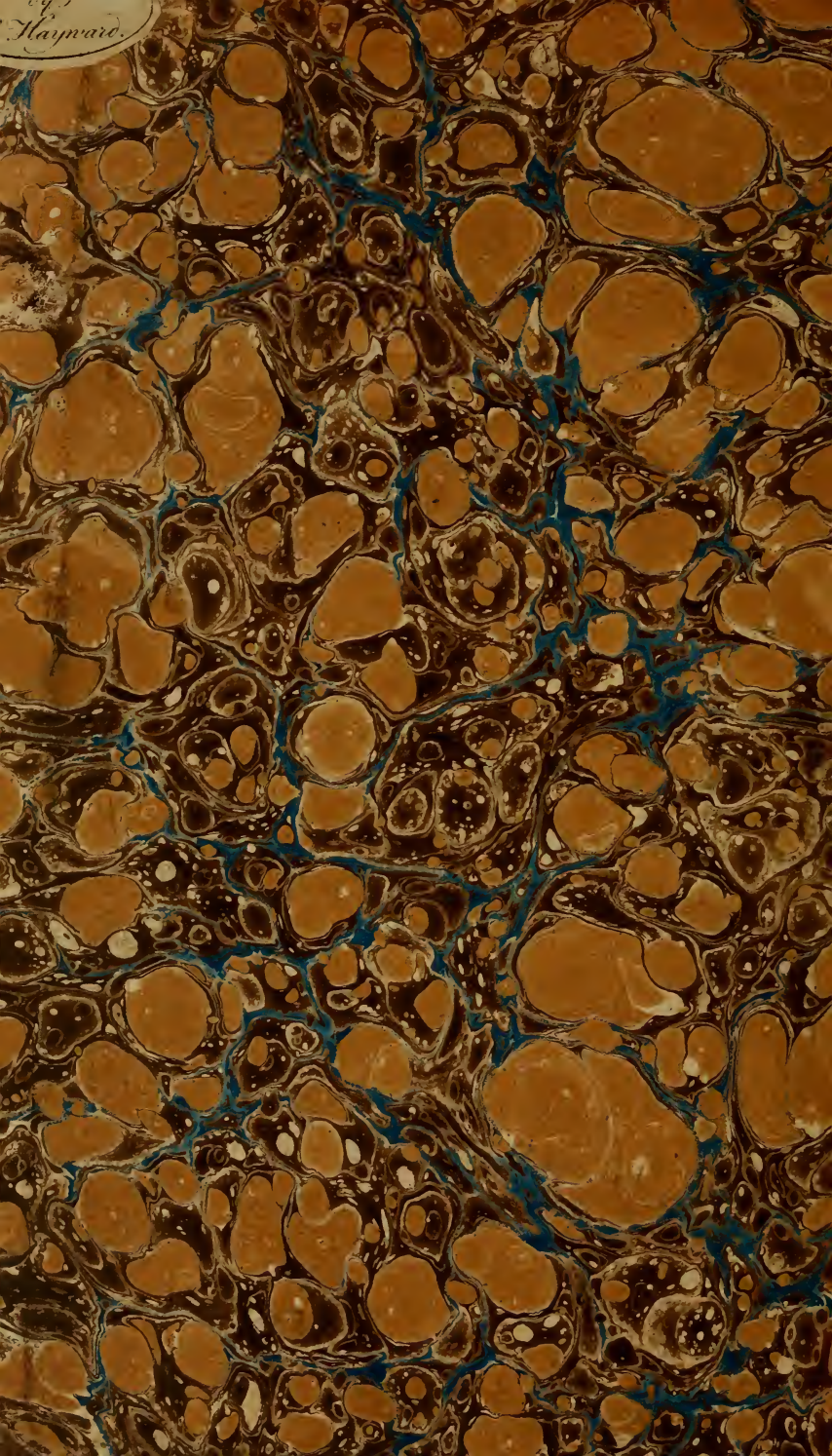
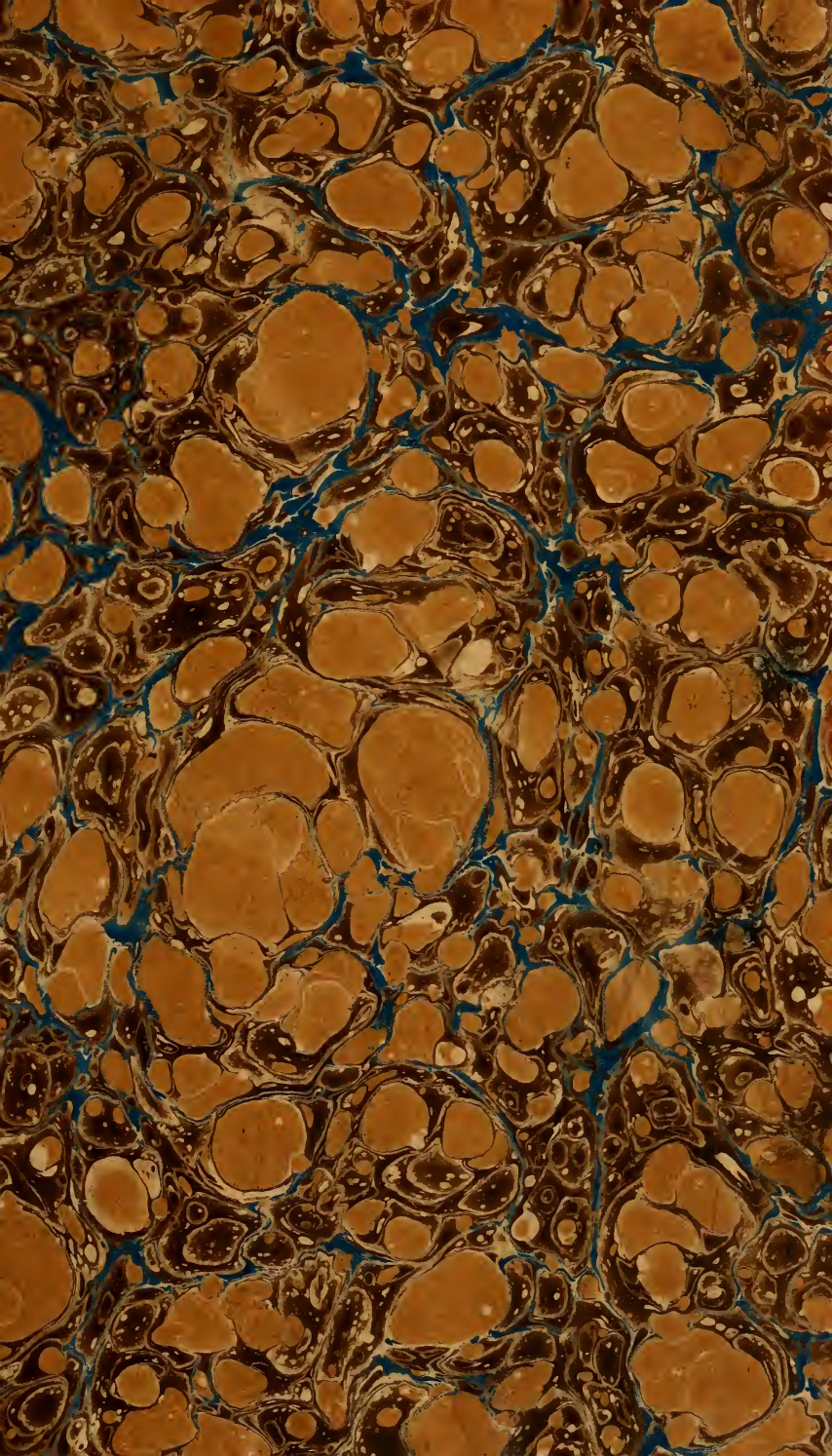


Hayward.





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ROSANNE;

OR,

A FATHER'S LABOUR LOST.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

LÆTITIA-MATILDA HAWKINS.

Oh! quanto erra colui che'l mondo in guida

Prendesi! Ed a che strazio ed a quai pene

Ed a qual morte va che a lui si fida!

FILICIA.

VOLUME II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON,

NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1814.

A good mind easily amalgamates with religion; but one soured by discontent, or agitated by turbulent passions, will admit nothing exhilarating.

BIDLAKE'S BAMPTON LECTURES.

There is no virtue more amiable in the softer sex, than that mild and quiescent spirit of devotion, which, without entangling itself in the dogmas of religion, is melted by its charities and exhilarated by its hopes.

COWPER.

ROSANNE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MADAME D'Orsette now advanced: she spoke politely, in better French than her servant; but on his hint that the young lady was English, she expressed pleasure, and requested her to consider her house as her own, and to inform her how she could be useful to her. Rosanne hardly understood her; but she replied by saying, that she was fatigued in walking farther than she had designed, and would be grateful to be allowed to rest for a few minutes.

It was impossible that a lovely girl, who wished to be well accepted, should not make a favourable impression, where all that she had promised herself, seemed to depend on the success of her first interview. That she was not used to the world, was evident; but her want of resemblance to others, was not a disagreeable singularity, and Madame d'Orsette soon showed a well-bred interest in prevailing on her to accept her civilities.

They reached the house; and now began Miss

Bellarmino's embarrassments. She wished to account for her being found so indecorously on the road, for it needed little knowledge of the world to feel herself to be wrong; but what she decided on saying to explain this, seemed more likely to want than to afford explanation.

Refreshments were immediately brought, and, to avoid the necessity of speaking, Rosanne made a show of eating.

Pauses, awkward and distressing to both, succeeded to common observations; and every reply from Rosanne made the next pause more awkward and more distressing. The hostess seemed compelled to silence by the mysterious reserve of her guest.

A little girl about five years old came in; and Rosanne felt thankful for what she told herself was a provoking interruption.

The interview was still barren of all those graces that decorate description. The child, as if not used to strangers, and too ignorant to fear them, asked questions which mamma could neither answer nor parry.—‘Mamma, who is that lady?—Where does that lady live?—Where does she come from?—Is she come to stay?’—all in good French, which she very readily exchanged for English, whenever her mother spoke to her in it.

Madame D'Orsette tried to silence the child, with ‘Hush, hush, my dear;’ and Rosanne wished to seem not to hear her; for ‘Hush, hush,

my dear,' was very awful; but the one succeeded no better than the other; and the attempts only increased the distress. For a moment, Rosanne resolved to tell the truth; and her brow cleared, and her pretty lips prepared to be ingenuous; but Mademoiselle Cossart's plans of education had not facilitated the business; and truth was put aside as the last resort of the imprudent.

She looked round for the means of escape. She would have given, as she thought, the world if her new acquaintance would have quitted the room, that she might steal away; but the lady's politeness, or her curiosity, kept her in her place; and there seemed nothing to be done, but to stand up, and take a respectful leave. 'Even if I do this,' said Rosanne to herself, 'I shall betray my folly; for she will be curious, and any body will tell her my name, and where I live.'

Madame D'Orsette now tried a remark on the weather—purely English:—Rosanne shook her head—Madame D'Orsette rose—Rosanne stood up, as if understanding that this movement meant 'Go.' The distress became ludicrous: Rosanne laughed, because she was ready to cry; and, as if despairing of herself, she moved towards the door in silence, under the most unintelligible, and almost condemning appearances.

There was a poor wandering maniac about the

country—the last of a sacrificed family—and who obtained relief at the houses some miles round. Rosanne recollected her: ‘I shall be taken for another Julie,’ thought she—‘I wish the lady would speak—if she would ask me some question such as I *must* answer! She will not help me—perhaps she cannot—I would not do as she does, were I she—it is not what I want.’

Madame D’Orsette took out her purse. Rosanne put her hand before her eyes. ‘She can do every thing but what I wish,’ thought she, while the tears, which made their way to sight through her fingers, seemed to lend their silent aid to her paralysed tongue.

Excess of embarrassment at length gave her the power which she wanted. I must give up for ever, and continue miserable,’ thought she, ‘if I go:—I will not—I will tell the truth.’

Looking up for a moment, she gabbled out, in all the precipitation of nervous terror—‘I wished very much to see you, Ma’am—I had a reason for wishing it—and I was afraid, if I waited for a proper introduction, that either I should never come, or could not speak freely to you. I never was out of the park by myself before; I did not think you lived so far beyond it; but I shall go back in less time—and now I must not stay.—Monsieur Laborde has said so much about you!—Has he told you that my father will make you a visit?’

The marchioness bowed; and Rosanne, still

more dismayed, increased her velocity, and said, ' You know, I suppose, that he has broken his leg—it is such a tedious business!—he now can only move on his crutches from his bed to the couch; but we have had his bed put into the little ante-room, between the dining-parlour and his study; so, with help, he can go nicely from one to the other, as soon as he can dine with us, which, I hope, will be very soon; but he is very weak with his confinement, and his spirits are so low!—I hope he will not want me or miss me; for he does not suspect that I am come so far, and you must not tell him.'

The marchioness drew up.—' Does not your father know that you are absent from your home?'

' Yes; but nobody knows that I am gone beyond the little wood; and you will not, I am sure, tell him.'

' Had you not better let my servant attend you home?'

' O no—on no account.'

' Are you used to walk out thus?'

' O no; it is very wrong—but I was determined to do it; my heart has failed me till to-day.'

' May I ask what made you so desirous of seeing me, and in this way?—If it was kindness, I am greatly obliged, but should be sorry you had put yourself to inconvenience for my sake.—Sure it could not be curiosity!'

‘ I wish kindness were in my power ; but I should be grieved that you needed it—I hoped *your* troubles were past—I came merely out of curiosity——’

Not able to stretch her imagination to more than one species of curiosity, and that not deserving encouragement, Madame D’Orsette looked still colder. Rosanne was surprised that she did not seem pleased with the great effort she had made to tell, what she called, the truth.—Judging of that she had done by the expense it had been to her, she thought herself very liberal—she imagined she had been communicative, and looked for a prompt requital ; but she had told nothing, and nothing was told her.

‘ Are you *indeed* English?’ said Rosanne.

The marchioness assumed a little ‘ nationality,’ while she said ‘ Yes ;’ but ‘ soon relenting,’ she added, with a smile, ‘ As far as being born in London can make me so.’

‘ I too was born in England, therefore I am English.—You like being English—do you not?’

‘ Why yes, I suppose I do—though I cannot say I ever asked myself the question.’

‘ I hope to see England some time or other; but I do not know when. My father does not talk of it now.’

‘ A person with a broken leg, my dear young lady,’ said the marchioness archly, ‘ is not in the best state to think of travelling.’

‘Surely, Madam,’ said Rosanne, colouring, ‘there was no need to tell me *that*—I am not so very ignorant: but I meant to say——’ Then hesitating, and changing her tone, she continued hastily—‘Indeed I am so frightened, I do not know what to say; and if any poor timid girl, who never was out by herself before, had come to me, as I do to you, I do not think I should behave *quite* as you have done. You have been very kind, you have given me refreshments, and you have offered me money; nay, I dare say, you would give me any thing I wanted; but you might do all this, and yet I might be very much distressed. Do not be angry with me—I did not mean to be rude; but you should not leave me to say all for myself. Had you only said, Dear Rosanne——’

‘I beg your pardon,’ said Madame D’Orsette with mock gravity; ‘but how was it possible for me to know your name?—Sure you cannot be Mademoiselle Bellarmine—I thought Mademoiselle Bellarmine was such a rarity, she hardly was allowed to set her foot on the ground. I was told she never was seen alone.’

‘I am indeed Rosanne Bellarmine, and I never till now was seen alone. I have done the most foolish—the most preposterous—the maddest thing possible. I see, and indeed you make me feel it;—yet it did not appear so at the time when I first thought of it. If any body tells you of something that it would please

you to see, do *you* not wish to see it? Is it not natural?

‘Certainly.’

‘And if they say that it is an excellent thing——’

‘I should certainly very much wish to see it.’

‘And if it were something that you thought would do you good, and make you happy——’

‘My dear Mademoiselle,’ interrupted Madame D’Orsette, laughing, ‘I cannot really proceed in taking to myself all the compliments you are disposed to pay me;—you have hurried yourself—you have disturbed your nerves and your spirits.—I know nothing that could make you wish to see me, unless my being an English woman and a great goose: somebody has been too civil to me, I assure you. When I am in spirits, I am a complete mad-cap; and why you should imagine me *excellent*, or fancy that I can do you *good*, or make you *happy*, I cannot imagine—whatever is in my power, I should be very glad to offer.’

Rosanne did not know how to use the kindness she had brought out. Madame D’Orsette proceeded: ‘These are sad times here, and it is impossible for any body to attempt guessing in what way people are unhappy.’

Rosanne looked at the child.

‘Lisette, leave us,’ said Madame D’Orsette, ‘and do not return till I call you.’ Lisette obeyed implicitly; and Rosanne, for want of some-

thing else to say, remarked on this prompt submission.

‘O! she is to be all the better,’ said her mamma, ‘for my having been spoiled; for you know spoiled children never spoil their children—they see how wrong it is. I never in my life was controlled; I always did just as I liked. O! you do not know what a naughty thing I was! but it was not *my* fault, it was the fault of those who had the care of me: *I* was not to blame; and I am sure I should have been much happier if I had been kept in order. I would not have Lisette like *me* for all the world: I will break her heart or her spirit; but, poor little soul! she is a sweet, amiable, dear morsel; and I am determined she shall be good. I intend her to be perfection personified; but, Lord bless me! I could not undertake it myself—my spirits are not equal to it now—but I have a most excellent creature, who was my own servant when I was quite a child; and she seeing how shockingly I was spoiled, and fancying, poor soul! that all my misfortunes are the consequence of it, takes special care to keep Lisette in order. I let her do just as she pleases; for she understands the management of children better than I do, and she is a most excellent needle-woman; she makes all Lisette’s frocks and my dresses—that she has on, is her making; and she hears her read and say her prayers, which I think a very necessary article, especially in these times; and when I

get settled, I shall have a complete governess for her—so I trust *she* will not be spoiled. My good dear uncle will, I hope, soon fetch us; for I am quite tired of living in this horrid way. I shall be so thin, that I shall never recover my looks, if I stay moped up here—for I have nothing but a few old books that my good uncle gave me, and the child, to amuse me. And it is scarcely possible to reckon the days of the week here:—if I did not make a rule of reading a chapter in that book, once a week,’ said she, pointing to a handsome octavo on the table, ‘I should not know when it was Sunday.’

‘What book is it?’ said Rosanne.

‘O, I mean the Bible, there!’ answered the marchioness.

‘O! that is the Bible, is it? Can you tell me who wrote it?—May I see the title? has it got the author’s name? Perhaps my father may have it—for he has a very fine library—and it would serve to tell *me* when it is Sunday.’

Madame D’Orsette stared; then very awkwardly correcting herself, she said, ‘O! I beg your pardon—you must be a Catholic—or perhaps——’

‘I am nothing,’ said Rosanne, no longer diffident—no longer embarrassed—no longer a suppliant.

‘Nothing?’ repeated the marchioness: ‘I thought you said you were English; and my

physician, Monsieur Laborde, told me that you had been here but a few years—Monsieur Belarmine must be, I suppose, either a Protestant or a Catholic.’

‘I know nothing of the difference,’ replied Rosanne—‘I hear of nothing but superstition—may I look at the book?’

‘Certainly, if you wish it—Monsieur Laborde has told me, indeed, what a sad shocking fever you have had.’—She then turned the book towards her.

Rosanne smiled—the connexion did not escape her. She advanced, however, to the table. She opened the Bible, in the book of Proverbs.—‘These are sentences of advice,’ said she—‘precepts of wisdom, I perceive. Do they resemble the Maxims of Rochefoucault? I have seen a few of *them*.’

Madame D’Orsette began to think differently of her visitor. ‘She must be an oddity’—she had been ‘an oddity’ herself; and she remembered some few ‘oddities’ companions of her own youth—young ladies, lovers of fun and frolic—who, by the much they would *say*, gave it to be understood that there was little they would not *do*—bouncing, bawling, ejaculating, *almost* romping—setting their dress to rights before the gentlemen—asking, before they guessed at a charade, if it was indecent—and quizzing any decorous female who turned away

from such wretched vulgarity in persons sticking for 'rank.' She had not followed to these extremes; for *she* was then sentimental, and subscribed her poetry 'Mimosa'—but she had seen enough to make her ask herself if this might not be a visit of frolic—for she was to be excused if she never yet had heard it seriously asked, whether the Proverbs of Solomon resembled the writings of Rochefoucault.

The 'Sortes Biblicæ' led the young examiner into the book of Job; and she showed her scriptural erudition, by taking it for a part of Ossian which she had not yet read.

'Are you in jest?' said Madame D'Orsette.

Rosanne's 'No, indeed,' acquitted her.

Madame D'Orsette's inclination to be serviceable to Rosanne in her inquiries, soon proved itself greater than her ability. Her ideas of the book in question were rather foggy:—she had, of course, however, *some* knowledge of it. She knew that Genesis came before Exodus, and that it was near mackerel-season when the story of Balak and Balaam was read at chapel. 'It was,' she well recollected, 'generally nasty weather, and she was always in the country, when they began to read Isaiah; and it was very cold while it lasted, which made her long to be out of it:—she 'remembered getting a sad cough by going in a muslin pelisse and kid shoes to their church in the country, for it

was very damp—you might fancy pictures on the green walls; and her mamma was so angry with her!—for she was such a treasure, that nothing was so severely punished as not taking care of herself—she might do what she would, if she would but wear a hundred petticoats and twenty pairs of stockings.’ Beside these fortunate associations of ideas, she had her favourite chapters and stories, and quoted Scripture with admirable adroitness and infinite humour—thought of ‘Job’s comforters’ when bad reports were frequent; and observed, when she could not please her taste out of a large box of artificial flowers, that ‘many were called, but few chosen.’

Of the history or the tenets of the religion in which she had been born and reared, she was not particularly well informed: the Hindoo institutions she had studied with predilection; and, in this study, had strengthened her partiality for the disciples of Brahma;—‘but who,’ as she herself very properly asked, ‘would have thought of teaching an English girl religion in her own country, where they have so many opportunities of learning it without taking any pains?—It came of course,’ she told Rosanne, ‘like eating and drinking. There were, in London,’ she verily believed, ‘masters for most things—but she never yet heard of a Bible-master, and yet hers was a very fashionable

education, 'and she was taught,' she believed, 'every thing.'

Thus unable to answer her many and various questions, but with tolerable honesty and great good humour avowing and regretting her inability, Madame D'Orsette tried to make up for what she could not tell, by volunteering what she could, and with the best intentions; but, through inexperience, was leading her pupil forward to things which she could not possibly comprehend, the external observances and ceremonies of the Protestant church.

Rosanne, impatient of listening to what was by many links deficient in its connexion with that which she had gained, went back to her own imperfect recollection, and asked if 'there was not some great flood in religion.' The marchioness's hearty laughter did not now discourage her: she obtained a confirmation of her supposition; though the very question, when her mirth subsided, made her informer shudder at the idea of what the Danube at times exhibited, and bemoan the frequent fate of a country situated, like Holland, below the level of the sea.

Perhaps in hopes of directing her to what was of easiest construction, Madame D'Orsette turned the leaves till she came into one of the gospels.

Rosanne asked if it was the Koran, or the life of that other prophet of whom she had heard.

The marchioness had now advantage enough to entitle her to look wise. 'Can you be serious?' said she—'is it possible you should not know that the Bible is the word of God?—O fie!'

'Is it *my* fault?' said Rosanne, her lip all pulse—her hands almost raised to the action of supplication—her limbs inclined to bend—'how should I know? But you said, the word of God—what do you mean?'

'Why, God, to be sure, Mademoiselle; at least so *I* was taught—that God who made the world—'the Supreme Being,' as he is called.'

'What!' said Rosanne, striking her hands on her bosom, 'did HE, after all, make the world, and write this book, too? O! my head goes round!—I *must* read it, for this is just what I wanted to know. I am afraid I alarm you, Madam; but why should I?—Is it alarming that I should not know a book which I never saw before?—Is it absurd to wish to read it?—Is it wrong?—if it is, tell me so.'

'O no, my dear ma'am, it is a very good child that wishes to read its Bible—all good little girls read the Bible.'

Rosanne was puzzled.—Was this jest or earnest?—how was it possible to ask?—'It is right then, you mean to say?' said she, ending in a note of interrogation.

And now the marchioness popped the great weight into the other scale, and made it appear a heinous offence not to be very well acquainted with the Scriptures: 'she must say, that she had never before met with any body not acquainted with them:—in England, the children of the very lowest people, all read their Bibles; and, in Scotland, which was a part of England, every body made a point of reading them in Latin.'

How unconsciously do we mount a ladder of hardy assertions, when there is no one to say, 'Is your foot firm?' Madame D'Orsette did not know exactly that matters were not quite as she stated them; she had heard—and she supposed—and she made allowances for progress since she left her own country; and the sum-total of effect on poor Rosanne was complete shame.

'I have been too proud, I see,' said she; 'I did not know it till now; but it shall not hinder my learning: I am more ignorant than any girl you ever saw—for I do not even know what superstition is: I thought you could and would show me a little of it—how to begin to learn it;—and it was to ask this, indeed, that I came. I have seen a very few superstitious persons, and I like them so much, that I am determined to learn it: I would rather learn superstition than religion; I do not quite like my governess's account of religion—O then,' said she, seizing the marchioness's hands, 'do teach me superstition.'

‘I cannot teach you to be superstitious,’ replied Madame D’Orsette, drawing back—‘I am not at all so myself; you have been brought up, I dare say, on the new plan—I have been used to it, but I cannot say I like it; and I am sure my uncle would not: so I take care,’ added she, with humorous grimace, ‘as the good old soul has neither chick nor child, that Lisette shall be taught all the pretty stories in the Bible—more than that, I do not attempt yet, and indeed I make her maid do even this; for, as to teaching, you might as well set me to plough, or plant cabbages; but any body can teach such a child.’

There was nothing in Rosanne’s mind that could controvert any part of this information; and the attention with which she listened might easily be mistaken for acquiescence.

The marchioness’s frankness was every minute more pleasing. She was solicitous to establish an intercourse with her agreeable neighbour. She promised secrecy and patience while it was arranging, and obligingly offered to accompany Miss Bellarmine part of her way back; a civility which was gladly accepted.

Whatever conversation could do to facilitate acquaintance, was done in the course of their walk together. To the questions which the marchioness put, Rosanne could give little more than affirmative or negative replies; and when

she wished to be communicative, she had little more to speak of than of an indulgent father, and a governess 'who was ignorant of nothing.' For 'interesting adventures,' she had only the quarrel of the bailiff with the old man, the story of the 'revenant,' and the circumstances of Nannette's pious services and death, all connected by the principle to which they referred, and reverberating on that curiosity which at first had made them important to her.

The marchioness had much more to tell; and even if it was not all very interesting to another, her spirited countenance and lively manner gave it effect: she told of happiness preceding misfortune—of the indulgences of a father's house, contrasted with her miseries as a wife. She described the marquis in glowing colours, as one of those driven from their country in terror and despair; but when Rosanne, in her native simplicity, asked whether he might not have done some good by remaining, she had nothing to reply: she might have added, that he was young, ardent, presuming, a philosopher in his own estimation, and in that of revolutionists—something very different in the opinion of the conscientious and the prudent. Linked in scientific and speculative friendships, he was the dupe of others, till he learnt in his turn to make dupes. Having taken half-measures, which he had not the courage or the malignity necessary to perfect, he had

forfeited his estimation with the innocent, without sharing in the plunder of the guilty; but in escaping from his own country, he had the good fortune to avoid the resentment of those whom he had deserted and those whom he had renounced, and to arrive in England at a time when generous predilections prevented unhand-some interrogatories, and Compassion said to Prudence, ‘ In pity be still and sleep (1).’

Connected as he was, it had been his hope and belief, that his exile from his country would be short, and his return gratifying to himself (2); and his spirit had stooped to receive obligations, under the delusive persuasion, that he should soon have the requital of them in his power.—The parents of the lady whom he married, had, in the enthusiasm of feeling, been lavish of kindnesses to one who did so much honour to their sympathy: they had feasted, exhibited, and extolled him, till it became an enviable distinction when he chose their house for his abode: his manners, his talents, and imputed misfortunes, had enchained the young lady’s affections, and thwarted all the views of her family for her advancement in life. Their affliction had been as great as if they had not been, by their want of foresight, accessaries to the cause of it; and some emotion, when speaking of her deceased father and mother, left it to be imagined that the misfortunes consequent on her marriage, had sat too heavily on their

minds (3). She could not dwell on this part of her story. She turned from it to the kindness of her uncle, who, she really believed, did not like, even now, to trust her in the land of Frenchmen;—she was persuaded he gave her no credit for being willing to return to England; and, indeed, she must confess, that, were France settled under any secure form of government, she should prefer it; but there was no prospect of this at present, therefore it was certainly best for her to take Lisette to England, and she should have said, an hour before she saw Miss Bellarmine, that she cared not how soon she set off—for the manner in which she was living was forlorn to excess.

With the kindest reluctance—a sentiment which was new to Rosanne—the marchioness quitted her at the park-gate, expressing the most gratifying anxiety to see her again, and laying herself out to receive directions how she should be most serviceable to her. Rosanne's joy could be equalled by nothing but her gratitude: the ardour of juvenile hope saved her from all doubt, and her inexperience from all dissatisfaction. The mixture of feeble intentions and weak performances in Madame D'Orsette's description of her habits of acting—the tragi-comedy of her successive sentiments—the causes for seriousness, and the frivolity that counteracted them, could not strike such a novice in society, veiled as they came to her sight,

by prepossessions. She perceived nothing but the kindness, the politeness, the good humour, and the many personal graces of her new friend; and comparing her only with the very few ladies whom she had ever seen, and more closely with Mademoiselle Cossart, she was not to blame if she thought the world could not produce a woman equal to Madame D'Orsette.

NOTES.

(1) The reader will perhaps not be offended, if led a little out of his way to possess himself of some facts connected with the mention of the emigrations of this period, and tending to set in a fair point of view, the private conduct of distinguished personages.

Amongst those who took the benefit of that noble charity which Great Britain exercised towards the 'Emigrés' from the revolutions of France, some of the most conspicuous were the three sons of the deservedly infamous Duc d'Orleans, who, shame to say! had been, even in the full blowing of all his odious vices, the chosen associate of some Englishmen; who ought, like St. Paul on the isle of Melita, to have shaken the viper from their hand. As refugees from the fire he had helped to kindle, these princes of the house of Bourbon, after wanderings and sufferings that cannot be new in the recital, settled themselves in a house of a very inferior description in the outskirt of the village of Twickenham, where the bounty of our government, if not wholly, in great measure supported them. They lived in a way that could give no umbrage to any one. Instead of the splendid tri-coloured livery of their house, they gave a plain dark blue frock turned down with scarlet: the duke kept a handsome carriage and six very fine grey horses—this was the only distinction they assumed; and the decorous conduct of

their household was remarkable;—their steward and house-keeper were husband and wife, and two house-maids completed their female establishment. The affection between the brothers was most amiable, particularly between the Duc d'Orleans and the Duc de Montpensier, who were within two years of an age, and of the same quiet habits and elegant pursuits. Whoever had seen their house must have admired the utter disregard the elder brother showed to his own comforts, and the anxious concern for those of his brothers. The Duc d'Orleans' bed had neither curtains, posts, nor tester—those of the Duc de Montpensier and the Comte de Beaujolais were curtained and canopied.

A taste for painting, and a very great proficiency in the use of oil-colours, distinguished the Duc de Montpensier. One large room was hung entirely with the productions of his pencil, and he was indefatigable in his application, perhaps to the additional injury of a constitution which had suffered by his misfortunes and imprisonment. In March 1807, notwithstanding the great care he took to conceal alarming symptoms, the state of his health discovered itself by all the indications of rapid consumption. He fluctuated till early in May, when, a little recovering, he set out with his brothers and a medical friend for the coast of Devonshire; but at Salthill grew so much worse, that it was necessary to stop at the inn there.—A blister was applied, and he awoke the next morning relieved, and with a peculiar feeling of satisfaction, which he expressed to his valet when dressing, by saying he never in his life had felt so refreshed and so happy. To give him air without fatigue, he was drawn into the garden of the inn, in a chair which had been sent by a lady of distinction for the purpose, his elder brother and the physician walking by him. He had gone but a few paces, when, turning to the duke, he said, '*Donne moi ta main, mon frère—je meurs, mon ami*'—and almost instantly expired.

On opening the body, two large and five small abscesses were found on the lungs. The corpse was embalmed, and, under the imperious dictate of circumstances, it was pro-

posed to inter it by night in the catholic church, Soho, in such a way as to admit of its removal to France, in the event of a restoration. The sentiments expressed in the discussion of this business—the delicate forbearance of any thing that could give offence to a protestant people—the grateful acknowledgment that too much had been done by the government, for those who had no claim, to admit of asking more—and the sense of indefeasible pretensions, which must be veiled where the means to assert them were wanting, would have excited interest and respect even in persons the least inclined to pity.

Here was again an opening for British generosity to set a glorious example. He of our royal dukes who had the most consoled this branch of an illustrious family under its degradations, immediately went to the king, and stated the deliberations at that time carrying on, and the proposition as to the place of interment.—The reply given needs no decoration: ‘Why cannot the Duc de Montpensier be buried with *my* family?’

We all know what followed. What does pomp afford half so gratifying to the heart of a Christian, as the recollection that the funeral of the first of the Bourbons who closed his life in this country, attended by all that could demonstrate perfect charity and noble generosity, in passing through the streets to the place of regal interment, affected the minds of the populace with an awful feeling, such as nothing but profound silence could express.—‘You might have heard a guinea fall,’ said he, the descendant of the great Sully, who represented the body of French peers.—‘When the Abbey doors opened,’ said Mrs. S——, ‘I felt proud of being an Englishwoman.’

But regal goodness, though it might lead the way, did not monopolize these powers of consolation—nor, alas! did the need of their exertion cease with this perfected act of benignity. The sudden shock and extreme grief attending and consequent on this misfortune, deprived the elder of these affectionate brothers, of all ability to think for him-

self: but he was pursued with kindness; and an example of discretion, as well as of humanity, was afforded by a noble marquis, who possessing a variety of residences, offered one, not then occupied, to the Duc d'Orleans, and suffered him for several days to remain there, uninterrupted by the intrusion of any of the family.

Nor was this all. A return to a house, endeared by the Duc de Montpensier's society, embellished by his taste, and now rendered gloomy by his death, was not to be thought on; and this exiled prince would, by choice, have been again a wanderer:—but he who had stirred the royal feelings of his sovereign and father, had now a house to offer him; and thither he removed.—The thoughtless passenger might say, when waggons bearing a distinguished badge were seen in readiness to assist, that it was polite in a royal duke, thus to meet the want of the moment—or John Bull might growl out his hatred to foreigners, or advert to the just causes of dislike towards *these* foreigners in particular—but the contemplative mind looked farther, and presumed to offer up to Heaven a submissive wish that such deeds might be 'remembered for good,' where alone they can meet their reward.

Sad was it to perceive, that soon the cup of sorrow was filling again. The decorations of the elegant residence bestowed on these princes, were not finished, when the health of the younger gave way; and, to avert fatal consequences, it was necessary that he should quit England.—No command intended to produce good, could be more repugnant to the feelings of the Duc d'Orleans—he had an antipathy to the sea; and whither to go, and how they might go without being made prisoners, were questions. Nothing could have been more acceptable to the French usurper, than the capture of a vessel carrying any part of the Bourbon family,

To Malta—in a frigate provided by our government—they decided on proceeding; and the duke spent the two last nights of his residence at his pavillion, in taking care of the

pictures painted by his already deceased brother—he was seen in tears performing this office of respect—he embarked, reckless of every thing but the object of his voluntary exile—and—buried him for whom he submitted to it, at Gibraltar!—While we cannot understand, let us not murmur.

(2) Many were the emigrés seduced by the hope of return. A party of them who settled near Tunbridge Wells, when visited by the ladies of the neighbourhood, would show their garden; but when advised to allot a part of it for a store of winter potatoes, they admitted, that ‘the advice might be serviceable to persons likely to remain here; but they did not doubt that, long before the potatoes could be necessary, they should be again happy in their own country.’ This was in 1794.

(3) A sight of the late Lady D——, a short time before her death, might perhaps have made some young ladies, on the eve of disobedience to kind parents, waver. Being taken very ill in her carriage, in London streets, she asked for admission into a house which she was passing; and being received there with pitying attention, and recovered, in some measure, from a dreadful state of nervous agitation, she explained her indisposition by saying, that she had been to visit her wretched daughter, who having—as all the world knew—made a desperate match, was left by her unprincipled husband with two children, and not a guinea. ‘Her last words,’ said the old lady, ‘overcame me.—I asked her, what I should send her—and she told me—‘A halter.’

CHAPTER XXIX.

MISS Bellarmine reached home in safety, and in a mood of artificial courage that almost defied her reception there. She first sought Mademoiselle Cossart, resolving to impose silence on her, by taking on herself to plead her own cause before her father: but her heroism was all superfluous; for the lady had received visitors, whom nothing but Mr. Bellarmine's confinement to his chamber, allowed to enter the house, and had not been able to dismiss them when Rosanne entered her apartment. The time had flown; and she had not been conscious of that of Rosanne's absence. It was, therefore, Mademoiselle Cossart, who had to beg for forbearance and concealment.

She then went to her father's chamber. He had been engaged in an arrangement of affairs, which Rosanne's presence would have interrupted. Thus, it being convenient to both her guardians that she should be absent, the length of her absence passed unheeded: had it been inconvenient, it would have made itself felt.

Rosanne soon perceived that Mademoiselle Cossart had some secret to keep, respecting the persons whom she received. At the first opportunity, she introduced the subject; and with

so many good reasons for her fears of discovery, that Rosanne was convinced she had not yet heard the true one. The visitors might have passed unregarded, and the visit as matter of private concern; but she would not be quiet. She would not be satisfied with telling one falsity—she must tell a hundred; and, in doing this, gave the sharpened intellects of Rosanne time to contrive an attack where she meant only defence.—Rosanne began:

‘I have had a delightful walk to-day.’

‘Did you make the tour of all your favourites and collections? Ah! I have forgotten to ask you after your beautiful demoiselle: what can be so graceful as the movements of that bird? Indeed, my dear, you must study them. They are those of the first professors of the heroic ballet—such steps—such graces—are they not fine?’

‘O, very fine! but rather too short, in my opinion—I should like to take some steps a little longer—I hate measured paces: the bird and I are just in similar situations—I may walk as much as I please, but always the same dull round—if *I* had wings, *I* would use them.’

‘O fie! this is very unpolite to your dear papa, as well as to me. But you say you had a sweet walk to-day—how happy I should have been to have attended you! but I was so ill! and walking does always so fatigue me! and, indeed, I rather expected these friends; but at

any other time, I should be very happy to accompany you.'

'Well, then, you shall accompany me to-morrow; and I will show you my beautiful walk.'

The morrow came; and Rosanne held her governess to her professions, not letting her into the secret of her destination, but suffering her to suppose that a path which she had once explored, would be the extent of her fatigue.

Miss Bellarmine was always well dressed.—Mademoiselle Cossart was, in this point, perfectly French: it was either midnight or high noon with her external:—moderation, she had none; and cleanliness was, with her, a despicable anxiety. If she had never been obliged to appear before Mr. Bellarmine, she would have resembled a Hottentot.

In the vilest of her morning-attire, when indulging too long in her bed, she, who had no method of despatch, had run the employment of two hours into half an hour, slipshod, unlaced, unpinned, tied together with ligatures tied to each other, bustling to get her clothes into their places, she followed the sylph-like figure of Rosanne, snowy, light, and flexible as a perfect ostrich-feather.—She led to the garden; and Mademoiselle Cossart did not think herself at liberty to complain, when, having passed the toucan, the demoiselle, the American

plants, and the singing-birds' aviary, they had reached the new grotto.

But Rosanne proceeded still forward and into the park; and her companion then began to grow uneasy; nay, she went on to the extent of the park on that side, and this was alarming; and now she was so much before, that she might, or might not, choose to hear the call for her return. She reached a gate, and was seen to take the key out of her bosom:—the panting satellite was in dismay: she called—she screamed—she made a speaking-trumpet of her hands: it would not do:—Rosanne proceeded to the foot of the hill; there she stopt and turned about, but only to beckon with the authoritative pantomime of a stage-ghost. She proceeded.

Having reached the top of the hill, she again turned, and waiting for the toiling lady to reach the bottom, she encouraged her by pointing to some object near at hand, saying, as she approached, 'We are close to Madame D'Orsette's cottage: do not hurry yourself—we may rest here.'

A cottage was a palace in the estimation of one who was rendered unable to move, more by the want of a moral principle than of physical strength; and had it been a church—supposing Monsieur Bellarmine at a due distance—she would not have scrupled to enter it.

Invigorated by hope, she gained the summit. 'Now,' said Rosanne, 'only look round—what a

lovely view!—how well our chateau, and the woods about it, and the water, look from this spot, and how pretty Madame D'Orsette's cottage!—only let me look for a few minutes—just while you cool, and then I will not detain you. I will go back directly; and you know it is chiefly down hill home; we shall bowl along like two pippins.'

'What! and not rest *at all*? O! I shall be dead!—pippins indeed!'

'Well! if you are tired so very much, sit down on the grass, and I will sit by you and sing to you.'

'Sing?—I sit down? how am I ever to get up again if I sit down on the ground? You may, but what am *I* to do? No, no: I will not die for any body's humours; there is the house, and to the house I will go.'

'If my father should ever know it!'

'Let him know it, I care not; I must go in, and get something to eat; I shall faint.'

'Faint! why, we have not breakfasted three hours.'

'Well! and is not that long enough? I always now have my jelly before this time—I cannot do without it, so I must get something. O dear! how I wish we had not come!—if we had but one of the carriages—if there were any body to send!—how could you serve me such a trick? I am persuaded you did it on purpose to laugh at me—it's very unpolite.'

The unfavourable suspicion might have been confirmed by Rosanne's laughing immoderately, as she drew nearer the house, calling very loud to her companion, and unaccountably departing from the usual propriety of her behaviour; but the effect produced, and on which she had calculated, dismissed all surmises. Madame D'Orsette opened a porte-fenêtre, and her manservant soon appeared coming towards the ladies.

The weary one now found the use of her feet—she advanced to meet the herald of comfort, while Rosanne, completely sheltering herself behind her tall broad figure, left her to say, that Mademoiselle Cossart and Miss Bellarmine, being much fatigued, requested permission to enter the house to which they had approached.

'You had better be cautious,' whispered Rosanne, taking her governess's arm, and leaning a little heavy as she was posting almost at the heels of the man; 'I am afraid this lady is not a woman whom my father would like me to know.'

'I care not if she be a witch,' said the professor of philosophy; 'I will not die on the ground for any body.'

Madame D'Orsette behaved admirably—she received the ladies as strangers, and paid by far the greater attention to her who least merited it. Light refreshments were brought—Made-

moiselle Cossart begged for something more substantial, and was indulged. The child did not appear, and the visit was concluded in the common way, and with perfect satisfaction to the sufferer, who, in her gratitude for being well fed, saw her hostess in a very favourable point of view. An offer to send to Chateau-Vicq for the cabriolet, completed the obligation, and 'Madame D'Orsette was a woman with whom Monsieur Bellarmine must be acquainted.'

In the way home, the fertile brain of Rosanne's companion contrived a story of full exculpation, which she knew her pupil dared not contradict. Bellarmine listened with curiosity to her narrative, and felt some self-complacency in hearing that the widow of the Marquis D'Orsette so exactly answered to his idea of the woman whom such a man would have chosen.—Rosanne embellished the whole with what could scarcely be called caricature of her governess's distress: her father was amused, and expressed his willingness to make a visit to their agreeable neighbour, as soon as he could quit his house.

The danger which Mademoiselle Cossart had so narrowly escaped, perhaps more by the capricious apathy of Bellarmine, than even by her own dexterity, inclining her to be more vigilant in her guardianship, Rosanne saw that, unless she acted with firmness, she should be more fettered than heretofore, but that she had every thing to hope from the success of her first expe-

rimment. At the first opportunity, therefore, the next day, when the circumstances of their visit were the subject of their conversation, she suddenly quitted her tone of mirth and banter, contradicted every attempt to extol Madame D'Orsette's imagined merits, and, to the evident astonishment of her governess, said,

‘ I will tell you fairly what I have done, and mean to do.—When I told you, on Thursday, that I had taken a walk, I had made a visit to Madame D'Orsette.—You see, by this, how easily you are deceived.—I have long had a curiosity to see people who are what you and my father call *superstitious*, because I am sure they are happier than I am; and I should like to know what it means. Nay, do not start, my sweet governess; but hear me. You must not betray me—you will not, I am sure, because you recollect you suffered me to be absent more than three hours, without any inquiry about me, though my father has charged you, while he is confined, never to let me even walk in the garden alone; from which I begin to conjecture more than I choose to tell you.—In the visit I made to Madame D'Orsette, I found out what I had suspected, that I have been cheated and imposed on.—I have been most cruelly kept ignorant of that which I have been striving to learn, and which, I am sure, you must know I ought to be taught, or to learn for myself. What I have heard always blamed as supersti-

tion is, I am convinced, something good for the whole world. I cannot find any thing that has it not, more or less, except my father and you; and I cannot tell you how I feel, that nothing will satisfy me but knowing if I am right. If you will let me suppose, what I am almost sure is true, that some very good Being made this beautiful world, and takes care of it, and that, when we die, we do not die quite, but revive again; and that whatever state of existence we come into, will have some relation, in its happiness or its misery, to our conduct while alive here, there is nothing I ever saw, or heard, or observed, or wondered at, that I cannot account for. Now, when I ask my father, or you, questions, I perceive there is always some point beyond which you cannot or will not go;—both of you give me some answer, at last, that provokes me—I cannot believe you—I would not answer you so, to any thing you asked me; I should think you would find out that I was ignorant, or that I had some motive for deceiving you, if I did.’

She then proceeded to a succinct detail of those circumstances which had first awakened her curiosity and alarmed her suspicion. With correct memory, the most perfect honesty, and a firmness over which her auditor had no power, she recapitulated her ideas; she avowed her

bias ; and she related every occurrence that had aided her or distressed her.

‘ I have now,’ said she, ‘ almost by accident, or by what you call necessity, learnt that neither we nor the world made ourselves ; that there was a time when it was not made : there is no truth in what I have been teased with, of things that never had a beginning : in short, I do not believe there is a word of truth in what either you or my father have told me ; and how either of you could have the heart to tell such trumpery stories to a poor ignorant girl like me, who you knew, or thought, or hoped could not contradict you, I cannot conceive. Who was to tell me, if you and my father would not ? What were you afraid of ?’

The agitation of her mind now giving the appearance of passion to her manner, Mademoiselle Cossart had an opportunity of making a diversion ; and she began her often-repeated remonstrances against that dreadfully natural character which Miss Bellarmine *would* suffer to appear. ‘ What was the business of polite education, but to correct nature ? What was the fruit of all the pains she had bestowed in this endeavour, if Miss Bellarmine were still as shockingly inclined to give way to violent feelings, as when she was ten years younger ?’

‘ I would answer you,’ said Rosanne ; ‘ but I see you intend I should, in doing it, forget what

I meant to say. You cannot now over-awe me. I am not sensible of any feeling improperly violent: if I were, I would check it; for I begin to hate feelings—my father and you are all feelings, and they tire me. To myself I appear calm and firm; and as the idea now uppermost in my mind has occupied the hours when I might have slept, and my thoughts when awake, I cannot suppose I am committing any fault that can be ascribed to my impetuosity. I have striven, to the utmost of my power, to repress my curiosity, my vehemence, every thing that could be blamed. I have tried to be content in error and in ignorance—I cannot. Think of your own maxims of liberty and independence!—do I offend against them? or will you deem it prudent to treat me like a peevish fool or a refractory child any longer, when I tell you I *will* be heard?’

Mademoiselle Cossart started back, as if in astonishment and despair: she even took out her handkerchief; but Rosanne only continued:

‘My resolution is taken.—Madame D’Orsette must be capable of giving me the information I want: I dare say that her opinions are exactly the same as the old man’s, and not very different from any that I have obtained on the subject of what I shall, from this time, call Religion. If the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant, the young and the old, agree, without

any consulting between them, that there is a God—if I do not find, in their manner of stating their sentiments, that concealment, that inconsistency, that unsatisfactory stopping short, which I observe in talking to you and my father; it is natural that they should have more credit with me than those whom I have every day more reason to suspect, are—I cannot tell why—misleading me; and consequently I must believe that there is, what Madame D'Orsette called—and I like the term extremely—a SUPREME BEING, in inquiring after whom I shall obtain satisfaction for all my doubts.

‘My resolution, I repeat,’ continued she, ‘is taken. As I am persuaded of my ignorance, and nobody will teach me, I will learn for myself what I am to think and ought to do, and I will not mind being called superstitious. I will know this Maker of the world, and, as I suppose, of myself; and as something within me tells me that he must be good, and wise, and kind, and I am sure he must have more power than any other being, I feel that it is my duty to love him, and to strive to please him. I am astonished, that, as I am so shamefully ignorant, and he can do every thing, that he has excused me so long—I wonder he has not killed me. Why does he let my father and you neglect and despise him? All this puzzles me: sometimes I think there can be no such person; for, if it were a king *in the world*, and there were

people who presumed to deny that he was king, *he* would punish them.—O! you cannot conceive the head-ache of being so puzzled and confused; but I will not bear this head-ache much longer.—If I find I am wrong, I will tell you so; nay, I will own all my folly to my father;—but if I am right, and there was a God to make the world, and if he takes care of it—and if it is he who does us good, when he might do us harm, I will understand that God;—him I will know—him I will serve—him I will obey, if any body will but teach me how—and if it is not too late to learn.’

Mademoiselle Cossart opened her mouth—but Rosanne put out her hand, and she seemed to accept it as permission to be passive.

‘I shall, if possible,’ resumed Miss Bellarmine, ‘see Madame D’Orsette to-morrow, with you or without you, as you think best; for I must make the most of my liberty, before my father gets his. My purpose in seeing her will be to learn all I can of this religion from a book which she has; and if it agrees with my notions, I shall immediately begin to be religious. If you choose to betray this to my father, you certainly may; but remember the danger to yourself. You let me walk alone, and this I shall certainly not conceal. If he is angry, I will endeavour to appease him; but if I cannot do it, I know not to what I may

next be driven. I may endeavour to get to England with Madame D'Orsette; for I long to see my native country, and to live amongst religious people; and this would be all your doing.'

'But you would not go alone, or with only a person of whom you know so little as of Madame D'Orsette, into a strange country, my dearest anxious charge—you would want——'

'Not *you*, my gentle governess,' said Rosanne, with a triumphant archness. 'You may be assured,' said she, smiling significantly, 'whatever travels I undertake in search of good religious people, I shall never request the favour of *your* company. My father's friend, Monsieur Prieur's wife, was not much older than I am now, when we were first staying with them; and I could not but observe, how much less childish she was than you, Mademoiselle, at times. I suppose her being married and mistress of a house, makes her sedate: but I think, without being either, I could be very grave and steady, especially if I could read the book that I saw at Madame D'Orsette's, with good advice in some parts of it: I asked her if it was like Rochefoucault, but she told me it was not: by what she said—but I was so confused, I can hardly remember any thing—my head ached so—but it seemed to be the laws of the Supreme Being; and I saw some regulations which I think my father would have called very sen-

sible. This book, I suppose, would be a good guide—I shall try to get one like it.

‘But,’ said she, recollecting how far she had strayed away from her first ideas, ‘if you will only be quiet, and say nothing of what I have told you, you have nothing to apprehend from me: I do not conceive that any thing which I wish to know, can do me harm in any way.’

The guide of Rosanne’s youth took a few turns in the spacious apartment, while she deliberated on the choice she should make of two very opposite characters offered to her. Rosanne waited with politeness in silence and candour: she did not perceive that her governess had a wider field of action than the simple alternative she allowed her; but Mademoiselle Cossart was a little ‘scenic’ in some of her movements, and fond of interests, surprises, and striking situations; and she now indeed astonished her pupil, by raising her eyes and hands, and congratulating herself on the success of endeavours on her part, which she was sure every one must commend—blessing her talents, which had rendered her dear pupil—the pupil of her heart!—a perfect pattern of goodness; and, at last, thanking the ‘bon Dieu’ for putting it into the mind of Miss Bellarmine to act with this ‘liberality and energy of soul;’ it was ‘what she had always hoped, nay, indeed expected.’ It had indeed ‘grieved her to the

very heart, to see Monsieur so set against every thing that had the air of religion.' She, however, 'should not despair, since she had had the delight of hearing such noble sentiments from his daughter.' But she hoped 'Miss Bellarmine would not disgrace herself by taking up her religious profession in the beggarly church of the pretended-reformed: it was low—it was poor—beneath her.' She had a cousin, a charming young man, born in Ireland, and who spoke English with uncommon elegance; indeed, he was one of the gentlemen who had called on her while Miss Bellarmine was gone out on Thursday—for she really lived such a reprobate life, that she was glad, now and then, to get a friend to come to her for a little comfort: and in case of sudden death, she liked to have somebody near,—and her cousin would talk to Miss Bellarmine at any time, and she was sure she must like him; for he had a very soft manner. She hoped her dear charge, who had cost her so many anxious hours, would indulge her by joining the splendid communion of the church of Rome, or at least the Gallican church; it was so magnificent, and had such fine music!

'On these points,' said Rosanne, with some dignity, 'I have not decided; you must not hurry me—I am in the state of a person starved with cold—I tell you I will have a cloak; but it is not necessary at this moment that I should settle the colour of it, or even the material: but

before I say another word, tell me, may I trust you?—Will you be perfectly silent?’

Without farther entreaty, her governess assured her she had nothing to fear from her. She would be perfectly silent—her dear Rosanne might visit the amiable Madame D’Orsette whenever she would: she perhaps would not insist on her taking another such walk, for the way was really long—and the sun really hot—and she never was much used to bodily exertion. She would always keep out of Monsieur’s sight, when Miss Bellarmine wished it; and there was no occasion for him to know that she did not accompany her always—surely Miss Bellarmine was now old enough to go a little by herself.’

Mutual promises of concealment being exchanged, Rosanne gave way to her surprise and curiosity, by saying, ‘ But is it possible that you can sincerely rejoice in my wishing to learn religion?—you, who have, at times, almost led my father into his exclamations against every thing connected with it. Do you understand it yourself?’

‘ O, yes, perfectly,’ said she, smiling. ‘ I was brought up with as much religion, I suppose, as half the young people in the world, and it was indeed of the reformed church; but when I came to France, I thought it mattered little what I called myself—and it is so much easier to go with the religion of the country, that I

was a Catholic—and then, I do not know how, religion went entirely out of fashion of itself: it was the fashion to have none—none of the people of talent had any; and I did not like to be particular—and I formed connexions—and—and then I came to Monsieur; and he, I found, was a philosopher; it was all one to me—and religion is a thing that one may take up at any time—it is not, like music, lost by want of practice. What concern is it of mine if your papa chooses to say there is no God? if I were to say there is one, I should perhaps not stay in his house half an hour—and what then? am I to turn myself out of my situation and quit *you*, for a notion?—’Tis time enough to think on these things.—But, my dearest love,’ continued she, ‘I am shocked, positively shocked, at your manner of speaking—such common-place childish idiom! mixed with those elegant expressions which I have inculcated on your mind from the works of the best authors!’

‘Nay,’ said Rosanne, eagerly, ‘pray take your *own* share, if I speak ill;—my elegant expressions, if I have any, *must* be my father’s:—as for *your* style—I am afraid, indeed, I may have caught it.’

A discussion might have ensued, but Rosanne was too much interested to argue this point. She did not wish to disturb the serenity diffused over her governess’s mind, and they parted in perfect amity.

CHAPTER XXX.

MISS Bellarmine was now, to her own perception, in reality, what it was merely affectation or policy heretofore to style her, a creature enjoying rational privileges; and though she could not have named any one point but that of thought, in which her liberty was increased, yet this increase was so momentous to her, that it seemed to include, or at least to open on, every other species of free agency.

As soon as she met Mademoiselle Cossart, in the morning after this explanation, she tried to get farther information from her; but she said she had no books on the subject; and she had either forgotten, or confounded with after-creeds, the religious tenets which should have been hers, at least by right of inheritance. Blended with the philosophical principles of materialism which she had puzzled out for herself, and had sprinkled over again with the not very dissimilar dry rubbish of Bellarmine's theories, the little that remained of them existed in such a dust, that, when they came to be stirred, she had no power of describing even their outline; and however her real genuine superstition might incline her to a faith that, in desperate cases, offers desperate means, it was easy to discover

that the new philosophy had her best affections; for, as she very sensibly and prudently observed, 'what an immense job it would be to write over again, all the 'Perfectibility of human Nature!' and how difficult would it be, to accommodate it to the doctrines of the old school! 'On the whole then, my dearest Miss Bellarmine,' said she, at the conclusion of breakfast, 'I think it best to keep as I am for the present—a philosopher—out of regard to my book, which I hope to get printed in Paris this year;—and unless you will indulge me by giving a polite preference to my favourite church—if I *have* a favourite—I believe we should be safest if I had to say to Mr. Bellarmine, in case of any accident, that you never consulted me on the subject of superstition of any kind.'

Rosanne having ascertained the sort of conduct which her governess was the most likely to pursue, did not greatly regret, though she could not much respect, the prudence of her neutrality; but she was surprised, after she had acquiesced in it, to find her, at the next opportunity, bringing forward with every recommendation in her power, the interests of what she called her favourite church—if *she had*—as she always interlined in her oration—'a favourite.'—Music, painting, dresses, gold, jewels, magnificent buildings, led the way in her description, to miracles, intercessions, indulgences, raptures here, and eternal felicity hereafter. She

undertook to make every doctrine clear, and, in her attempt, made every one suspected; for it was fencing with a left-handed antagonist—it was submitting points of faith to the disconcerting interrogatories of a child, to argue with Rosanne, who scarcely knew that there was a Deity to worship, on modes of worship, or articles of belief.

Her first impressions were strong. She recollected the old man's having reproached the bailiff with the absurdity of his credulity as a Catholic; and it appeared to her, that much of what she now heard recommended, though dressed in far better terms, was, in effect, only what this man had treated with ridicule and contempt. Her reason did not admit half that was urged; and all that was urged, was in favour of the church of Rome: her reason admitted all that the old man had said, and his faith was that of the reformed church:—poor Nannette's piety was rendered puzzling by her looking at, and talking to, something which she held in her hand, and which, if left to her own ignorant construction, Rosanne must have called a doll, because she had never seen any thing else that it could resemble.

Mademoiselle Cossart would have succeeded better, had she said less. Like the gentleman-highwayman who made visits of explanation on his unlooked-for acquittal, she impeached her cause by her zeal—she gave a suspicion of some

latent interest; and it acted like his production of a crape from his pocket, which, as he said, he always carried to 'brush the dust off his shoes.'

'If there were no religion,' said Rosanne to herself, 'but such a puzzling one as my governess talks of, I should not blame my father so much, for wishing me not to learn religion. I must expect, certainly, ignorant as I am, to meet with much in learning what is so new, and particularly in teaching myself, which I cannot comprehend.—I do not suppose I shall be required to give credit to what appears to me absurd; but I will be very cautious, if I can, in distinguishing what is absurd to me, from what is so in itself:—yet perhaps it is only Mademoiselle Cossart who makes it appear so;—I wonder how she can know so much of what she calls forms and ceremonies, and so little of what I want to hear—for she hardly seems to know much better than I do, who made her, or why she was made; or—which is what I want to learn most of all, whether we are to be 'revenans' after we have been buried. I must inquire about this of the marchioness—I will positively make a list of queries which I want to have solved,—I wish she seemed to have learnt more—I wonder she has not been more interested in what is so very curious, and, in my opinion, so important; for, by what I perceive and can find out, a great deal depends on

it—more than on any thing I have yet been taught.’

Bellarmino's tedious confinement, and the irritability its continuance occasioned, which made even the conversation of his daughter, and almost her being in the same room, unpleasant to him, gave her opportunity and security which she could not otherwise have obtained. He could neither follow her nor see which way she took; and her first trial of her influence over the servants who drove or rode with the carriage, told her that she was beloved and pitied by them, with the common feeling of indulgence towards the juniors, and opposition to the seniors of a family, which is generally to be found in its dependents.

The weather and the time of year justified her preference of the open air; and her father expressed himself almost grateful for any care she bestowed on her health. Nothing, therefore, could be easier than her visiting Madame D'Orsette—without fatigue, or loss of time in walking. She drove thither, or went on horseback; and sometimes intimating that she had met her, or hinting that she had seen her in passing her house—and sometimes acknowledging that she had, on passing, spoken to her—she accustomed her father to hear of her without starting.—He would reply, ‘As long as you have Mademoiselle Cossart with you, I am easy; but I beg

you will never go any where beyond your own garden without her: I should be miserable, and I never should forgive her, if you did.'—The point-blank question, if it ever was put, was addressed to the vice-queen herself in private—and if she did, with her accustomed firmness, remove all Mr. Bellarmine's anxiety on this head, Rosanne had not the uneasiness of hearing her.

Every visit that Rosanne made to her new friend, increased her vexation at the imperfection of her knowledge. The talent of asking questions improved by practice; but the ability to answer them was, in such a mind as the marchioness's, stationary.—'You expect too much of me, my dear,' said she:—'I dare say, were you to go to London and enter it by London bridge, you would expect any of the passengers to be able to tell you the names of all the churches you would see from it.'

'Certainly,' said Rosanne—'Would they not be able?'

'So far from it,' replied the marchioness, laughing, 'that I know but one man in England, who could do it readily.'

Rosanne was astonished—and now, inclined to lower her expectations very much, she grew shy in interrogating.—Her happiness was not increased by the forbearance; but her ingenuity offered her a substitution.—She dared not yet bring home books; but she thought she might

spend her time, while with Madame D'Orsette, in reading some of those which she had shown her in a little travelling-library, a present from her uncle.

But here, too, she was baffled.—Her friend could not forego the pleasure of conversation; and Rosanne, now first sensible to her own importance, was obliged, in politeness, to listen to that which appeared to her very trifling; for, be it understood, that, sometimes when we profess ourselves extremely fond of hearing others talk, it is ourselves whom we mean—and that when we speak of the charm of a companion, it is the docility of a listener which we really extol.

‘I wish,’ thought Rosanne, ‘I could introduce myself to Lisette’s nurse—but this I dare not propose.’

Madame D'Orsette owed her very inconvenient want of information to various causes. Her mother had been a flattered humoured beauty; and her father, beside having a natural antipathy to the clergy, had quarrelled with his only brother, who had been brought up to the church on the motive that has influenced those whom we ought not to imitate, to devote their children to religion—the fancied necessity of family-aggrandizement. There is no surer preservative of ignorance than shutting out those who can inform us; and this had been successfully done, while the young lady remained under her father’s roof: she had teachers of all

sorts in abundance—all foreigners—all Catholics, or at least not Protestants;—and she had married a man whose family, always having been of the Romish church, left him educated to the same faith—and of this church he was called to recollect himself as a member, when the lady's parents, now first zealous in the cause of theirs, yielding to her decisive resolution, bound him under various pains and penalties, to leave her the free exercise of her religion. Adhering to his engagement, the marchioness had not even opposition to stimulate her; and in the spring-tide of romantic fondness, averse to every thing that created distance between them, she made excuses to herself for her neglect of public worship, lest she might point out to others, or feel herself, that they could not join in it—and endeavoured, without much repugnance of inclination, to think as little and as lightly as possible, on a subject on which they could not think alike.—‘No faith could be bad which the man whom she loved, professed—and it was part of the liberality of his mind and principles, that he never introduced the subject in any way—therefore they never could disagree.’

Marriage between persons of different communions, must, at best, bring disquietude; and the hindrance it occasions to a regular consentaneous practice of duties, is an objection that speaks to the conscience. It requires no algebraic-process to show the different charac-

ters of *plus* and *minus*, nor any demonstrations of mechanic powers, to prove that counteraction is not furtherance. Every master of a family should lead, in the religion of his house; and the example of a wife should add to, not subtract from, the power of his guidance. Under parents of opposite sentiments, children must be puzzled or cruelly neglected; and servants, under such authority, can be but very imperfectly kept in order. The only security for peace between the heads of a family thus circumstanced, or for respect from those subjected to them, is silence on that topic, on which, of all others, it is most culpable to be silent.

And even with regard to that not immediately obvious, some thought should be bestowed on the accumulating effect of small discouragements. That others of a family are going to church, is a motive with more to go—that some are not going, is a reason for omission in others: there can be no family-prayer when there is a want of religious agreement: and this will lead to personal neglect of the duty—the Sunday drags, and soon becomes profaned: the servants run wild, and are given up as irreclaimable—they are witty on the superstition, or offended at the want of faith, in one or other of their principals; and their secular interests, as well as their highest duties, suffer in the conflict. It is therefore much to be wished—but with every allowance of charitable regret, when the un-

ruly affections of young persons will not suffer reason to interpose—that this want of agreement, as dangerous to domestic comfort, and adding difficulty to duty, might be seriously considered, before the bridle be laid on the neck of that coltish little animal called Inclination!

Under the disadvantages already named, Madame D'Orsette must have changed her nature, had she been what Rosanne needed—but it was greatly to her credit that she wished to assist her, and rejoiced still more in the prospect of her uncle, Mr. Grant's, arrival, as it might conduce to the comfort of one for whom she professed a most ardent affection, as well as the highest admiration. 'I know little of my uncle,' said she, 'but by his kindness to me when I deserved a good whipping, and from his letters since my misfortunes: but I am convinced he is one of the best creatures in the world, or he would never have thought of leaving his pretty place in Kent, or the quiet life of a country-parson, to fetch me home.—I am a little angry with him for thinking me still a flirt:—a poor widow as I am, with a great girl here, who makes me look as if I were thirty—that *I* am not to be trusted!—he *will* fancy I shall do something girlish, or foolish, which I believe is much the same thing.—Ah! he does not know what I have gone through; or he would not think so.'

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN a few visits, Madame D'Orsette's daughter, the little Lisette, had become so sensible to the affection of Rosanne's young heart, ready to give its warmest feelings to any thing that would return them—that the expectation of Miss Bellarmine, and the parting from Miss Bellarmine, formed the joy and the misery of the child, who, forward in intellect, and comparatively her superior in point of information, had been now and then referred to, almost sportively, when the marchioness was at a loss to recollect that which had been too long or too imperfectly learnt, to be accurately remembered.

Rosanne, now avaricious to rapacity, of every source of knowledge, encouraged by Lisette's exceeding her mother's expectations in the answers she gave to the common questions of religious initiation, asked herself whether this child might not assist her, and conceived the bold design of availing herself, at a very great risk, of Lisette's partiality.

Madame D'Orsette's want of information would have operated on some minds as encouragement to the most unreserved confession, or at least would have been felt as abating

the sense of extreme inferiority; but not so did it act on that of Rosanne, who, too ardent in her pursuit to veil what she nevertheless felt as disgraceful to herself, was yet delicately sensible to the necessity she imposed on the marchioness of repeating her surprise, that, on things so commonly known, she should, on a sudden, now for the first time, feel herself so much at a loss.—‘I could,’ said Rosanne to herself, ‘ask Lisette many more questions, and without constraint, as to what people are first taught when they begin religion, if I could but take her home with me one day:—I am sure my father could not know it.’

It was not difficult to persuade the marchioness, when she had next a formidable task of postponed letter-writing for employment, to fulfil a promise previously obtained, that Lisette should once be allowed to go home with Miss Bellarmine, and remain till the following day.—A promise made in the hearing of a child of five years old, is in little danger of being forgotten; and Lisette, with great glee, saw herself transported to Chateau-Vicq, which she reached about an hour before Mr. Bellarmine’s dinner-time.

On entering the house, a servant whispered Rosanne, that Monsieur had inquired for her, and seemed anxious for her return. To deposit Lisette safely, was a still more immediate ne-

cessity; and for this, Rosanne went to her own apartments.—Before she could reach them, she was met by her governess, who, in the most distressing and distressed ferment of all sorts of feelings that her interests would bear, detailed at once her own alarm, and the admirable ingenuity with which she had parried the danger that excited it.—With as much of apology as served to show that she was proud of what she had done, she acted the several parts of Mr. Bellarmine inquiring for his daughter, the servant who was sent to summon her, and herself returning an answer to the summons.—To perfect her scheme, Rosanne's concurrence was requisite; and had she not, by bringing home Lisette, made it in her way to her father's apartment first to visit her own, that blundering imperfection with which cunning people generally defeat their own purposes, would perhaps have that day ended the indulgences of Mademoiselle Cossart at Chateau-Vicq; for, having forgotten to tell the servant to request Miss Bellarmine to come to her before she saw her father, Rosanne would, in her usual promptitude, have gone immediately to him, and would have heard with some astonishment, that she had been reported 'extremely indisposed,' and, at the time when his message was delivered, 'most happily asleep.'

'And now,' concluded Mademoiselle Cossart, 'if you will oblige me so far as to have your

boiled chicken, which I have ordered for your dinner, in your own 'boudoir,' your dear papa will not know that I was too unwell to go out with you this morning; and if you do not mean him to see Mademoiselle Lisette, you and she may amuse yourselves as you please without interruption.'

The temptation was irresistible; for the necessity of attendance in her father's study, if his humour should be that of wishing for her, had been a formidable apprehension set against her promised pleasure and her hope of profit.

Rosanne keeping out of sight, turned over to the framer the conduct of the deceit she had so felicitously projected.

But still there was an impediment to the free use of her holiday. Mademoiselle Cossart must now dine with her pupil and Lisette; and when once seated at the dinner-table, she was so little in haste to rise, that Mr. Bellarmine had found it necessary to have a signal agreed on between him and his daughter, for the retreat of the ladies.

Again she was fortunate. Mademoiselle Cossart having breakfasted slenderly, had taken 'a little fricandeau' after her jelly at noon, and would now wait for 'a little omelette from Monsieur's table,' as she was particularly engaged with her pen for the whole day.

Lisette's questions left no room for Rosanne's, till her dinner was served. To remove all remaining impediments, Miss Bellarmine desired the servants to wait in the ante-room, and then sate down to table with her little guest. Lisette's appetite was quite ready; and probably she expected chicken at Chateau-Vicq to be something far better than chicken at home; but she had not tasted her food, when, opening her eyes as wide as they could stretch, and spreading her hands with the action of dismay, she cried out, in a tone of self-reproach, 'O! no grace!'

There were regards to be observed with Lisette, which, with the marchioness, Rosanne's ingenuousness discarded:—she did not mean the child to know or to discover her deficiencies; nor had they, in her visit to Madame D'Orsette, ever been betrayed to her; but as she knew not what 'grace' meant, it was requisite, in some way or other, to obtain an explanation of her words.

Rosanne was hesitating, when Lisette relieved her by adding, 'Shall I say grace for you?—Nurse says, I shall soon be mamma's little chaplain:—now, indeed, I will say it very slow, and speak very plain, if I may say it.'

Rosanne's polite acquiescence, though general, was intelligibly encouraging; and Lisette, catching permission from her eye, stood, and raising her little hands, said a few words of

thankfulness for that which was spread before them, concluding with an humble wish to merit the continuance of providential favour, which, for the sake of an intermediate person, ‘perhaps,’ thought Rosanne, ‘some one worthier than ourselves’—was granted them.

Rosanne, with a thousand feelings about her, not one of which she could define, resting her elbow on the table, put her hand before her eyes.

‘You should stand up too,’ said Lisette; ‘Nurse always does—but poor mamma has got a bone in her leg:—have *you* got a bone in *your* leg?—O, you are crying!—am I naughty?—I can’t, indeed, eat any dinner if I am naughty.’

Rosanne appeased Lisette’s fears;—they dined, but with little conversation, as ‘Nurse did not allow talking at meals.’

A very slight hint made Miss Bellarmine understand the ceremony of ‘grace after dinner:’ she stood up—was less confused—and escaped reprehension.

‘Can you tell me,’ said Rosanne, with a grave countenance, as if seeking to discover whether Lisette knew as much as was required of her, ‘why you say what you call grace?’

‘Yes; because God is so good as to send us corn to make bread—and sheep, and lambs, and chickens to eat, and water to drink—and so; you know, we ought to thank him, or, may be, he will send us no more;—Nurse says so.’

To other questions of the lowest rank, which Rosanne intermingled with her endeavours to amuse Lisette, she answered in the same childish way; but as Christianity is the same 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings,' as from the pulpit, Rosanne could not be mis-led; and Lisette was a teacher not to be despised, by one so very moderately informed, even in the first principles of natural religion.

Having entertained herself as much as she entertained the child, and, at least in her own opinion, informed herself still more, Lisette's twinkling eyes, at an early hour of the evening, demanded a cessation even of pleasures. Rosanne carried her to her own chamber; and as if delight were increased by privacy, took on herself the attendance she required, and would accept no assistance in her new office, though her maid, understanding that the visit was clandestine, and the visitor to be concealed, promised the most obedient silence.

Under Lisette's direction, Rosanne went through the evolutions of a waiting-maid; and, having dressed her in her sleeping-clothes, she was going to lay her in her little bed, which had been her own some years before, and which she had called forth for the occasion, and placed in a corner of her chamber.

But Lisette, now awakened by the frolic of

preparation, did not, in her haste to sleep, forget her good habits.—In the manner of children imitating the actions of their seniors, but yet with proper seriousness, she said, ‘Now you ought to let me say my prayers—must say prayer for poor mamma—see poor mamma again to-morrow, if I am good—and Nurse too.’

Rosanne once more waited on her movements; and, as she directed her, sate down, and allowed Lisette to kneel at her feet. She joined her hands, and with an attention that did credit to her teaching, repeated, with some hesitations, her concise form of prayer (1). Her words were few and imperfect, but they were humble, grateful, and comprehensive. She paused, and then, with more ease, as if more fixed on her memory, repeated another prayer, of which the first sentence acknowledged a Parent dwelling beyond the limits of this world: the next professed submission to his will, with reference to that paid him in his high abode: then followed a request for a continuance of the supplies necessary to existence; and next, a supplication for pardon of transgression, and defence against the great calamities of life, and the greater that may attend us after it. It ended with ascribing to the object of adoration, the attributes of high dominion; and, after another brief pause, one word, that seemed to have its energy, closed the infant-devotions of Lisette; and the next

minute she was asleep, clasped to the throbbing heart of her friend.

Rosanne laid her down with gentleness, and with feelings almost of sanctified respect; and then turning her thoughts back on her own miseries, she, in deep humiliation, knelt on the ground, and reclining her face on the bed, burst into silent tears, the only vent for her dumb ignorance.

Bellarmino sent to inquire after his daughter, and Mademoiselle Cossart herself brought the message to her. Rosanne had locked the door: she arose, and opened it. Her governess started at her appearance, and would have persuaded her to cool her eyes with rose-water, and then to go to Monsieur; but she was more disposed to indulge her new ideas, than to feign assent to her father's theories, to read gazettes of bloodshed, or even to exhibit her progress in music or foreign language. She therefore, when the ambassadress came again to her, with the obliging offer of her plenipotentiary exertions, begged she might be reported still an invalid,—and sate down to think.

‘What an immense inquiry I have to make!’ said she:—‘every thing is a wonder; and I am not used to admit any thing without pausing.—This child’s saying grace strikes me—I must inquire if it be a custom—I like it—it is interesting and solemn;—and, if what I begin to imagine be true, it is right. I am sure there is

something that threatens some people, and keeps them in awe;—but then it does not affect all.—This child talked this evening of the wickedness of telling what she called stories; that is to say, lies. I can conceive that lies told to injure are wrong, but falsity for convenience, I am afraid, I do not mind:—it affords the shortest way of avoiding evil, and it preserves peace:—yet it has sometimes, I think, been worse than truth. Now, my governess cares not how many falsities she tells; yet, I cannot think this right—because, if every body told lies, there would be an end of all credit: but this child seems to have a horror of all falsehood,—why, I know not, unless some of us are born with more, some with less taste for truth. But what, then, gives this taste?—It must be in the structure of the mind:—it is then, I suppose, a part of the mind—and given to it by whoever made it.—I must know more of this.’

NOTE.

(1) If great gratitude be, as it certainly is, due to those who, by their early care, have laid the foundations of health in the constitution of children, no less is the obligation to those, who, by means, perhaps, sometimes very painful to their own feelings, have laid the foundations of good habits; and for no good habit ought we to be more thankful, than for that of a command of our attention in our public or private devotions. Mothers do not think sufficiently of this, when Julia and Emma, at church, are mounted on hassocks,

that they may look about them—the habit of ‘looking about them’ will continue.—On the contrary, the habit of ‘not looking about them,’ may be as easily, and far more usefully, established; and the good effect is invaluable. It is not in the power of novelty, or curiosity, or accident, to move little Blanche, during the longest service of our church. From the moment she enters, to the moment of departing, her eyes never are lifted up: she sees nothing but her book, or the carpet of the pew:—all the hints given her,—‘I nodded to you at church, but you would not see me’—‘It is of no use to make myself gay for church, for Blanche will not look at me’—‘How could you possibly avoid seeing the bride?—My dear child, where are your eyes?’—have no effect: Blanche’s mother, on taking her first to church, settled her future deportment: she was ‘not to stir hand, foot, or eyes, but on her bidding;’—if she transgressed, ‘she must be turned out of the pew and the church, every one rising to stare at her, and the beadle following her to drive her!’ The desired influence was produced; and Blanche’s behaviour in church, is what the behaviour of every one should be; and, to recommend it by a term that cannot fail to make an impression, far more *polite* than that of Lady Lavinia Gazely, who, in a most conspicuous situation, does certainly all that can be done, to defeat her own pious intentions, and those of her neighbours, in coming to divine worship. She would be angry, perhaps surprised, at being told she is very ill bred; but she is so; and not all the accomplishments in the world, nor even the height of her disdainful pride, will rescue her natural character from the suspicion of extreme vulgarity. The fault is not hers—it is a fault in her training—the rod should have been brought with her, for the first three months. Little Master Harry’s parents were equally wrong, when turning, in the Litany, to find out why he was in motion, they smiled at his having tied his pocket-handkerchief to two hassocks, in the strong fancy that they were convertible into horses.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LISETTE was awake early, and not at all inclined to remain quietly in her new lodging: Rosanne had waked still earlier, and felt, this morning, a motive to activity, which, of late, she had often sought in vain. All her employments had become tasks—all her relaxations had become laborious; and, even when the sense of right, which had never abandoned her, spurred her to exertion, it had only been obeyed to produce mortification.

Her situation had, to her own apprehension, been rendered more uneasy by the information she had obtained from Madame D'Orsette. She could make out that whatever she did was wrong; but she could not discover how to make it right. Aware of the creeping nature of that indolence which was overspreading her mind, and the peevishness which was destroying her temper, she had endeavoured to keep a private journal of every occurrence, and to mark every transgression; but the habit was irregular in general, and when not so, it brought only vexation, or the persuasion that all labour of this sort was vain. And now, inclined to carry her observations on herself still farther, she lived in a constant succession of defeated purposes, and of self-reproach. Angry with herself, because she

had to labour without guidance, she might have sunk into perfect indifference as to her conduct; but the little she could read in her visits to the marchioness, did not allow even this repose; and, frightened by her own awful apprehension of some undefined, mysterious, supernatural agency, she was as open to the weakest suggestions of religious faith, as to the conviction which truth demands and candour admits.

The unnerving imperfection of all her actions and endeavours, made her almost prefer the quiet of sleep to the irritation of activity; and, though able to allege nothing in excuse for her torpor, but the impossibility of pleasing herself, no arguments of her father's could prevail on her to think this discouragement too childish to influence her, and too universal to be pleaded as a singularity in misfortune.

Very desirous of improving her acquaintance with truth, as 'at least,' as she called it, 'one thing firm,' she had, notwithstanding her frequent substitutions of expediency for fact, made some progress in moral discriminations—and these only served still more to deject her, as, in those moments when she was honest with herself, her very best actions passed in a severe review before her; and putting her hands before her face, even when alone, and retiring from some deed which the un-analysing world might have applauded, she felt, with something a-kin to horror, that Rosanne Bellarmine, and she

supposed Rosanne Bellarmine alone, could not even relieve the want of a beggar to her own satisfaction.—‘Why,’ said she, ‘do I feel more pleasure in recollecting what I suffered about the lory, than all the money I have bestowed on those poor wretches that I found in the road?—I suppose, because, when I gave my money in a crowd, I pleased myself; and when I behaved so ill about the stuffed lory, I acted against my inclination:—supposing I were to try what acting against my inclination always, would do—O! no, no:—I should be starved.—Well, supposing I did my best in every thing, and yet owned that it was not my best, and tried to be sorry, and yet content! But who will hear me, or know it?—I want somebody somehow to excuse me;—and, indeed, I want somebody too to comfort me—for my life is a life of miserable doubt and blind uncertainty.’—Are not Rosanne’s wants the wants of us all? and does not the scheme of Christianity, and that alone, meet them?

But, this morning, no such gloomy ideas occupied the mind of Rosanne:—she was disposed to cheerful exertion; and, long before her servant had thought on her, she was in her morning-dress, ready to receive the instructions, or to wait on the inclinations, of a child of five years old.

Pleased with the call on affections which she did not know she possessed, she was offi-

cious in her services to Lisette; and having, under her direction, made her neat, a gentle hint now sufficed to give Miss Bellarmine to understand that she was to listen to the morning-orisons of the infant Christian, who, repeating nearly the same form, only accommodated to the change of hour, seemed to feel herself dismissed to the light tasks or pleasures of the day; and Rosanne was going to take her out into the open air, when, stopping and looking up at her, she said, ‘ But you have not read to me : Nurse always reads to me—I shall soon be big enough to read for myself now.’

With this suggestion Rosanne was not unwilling to comply, could she but discover what would please Lisette. She took her to her juvenile library of French and English books; but Lisette was not satisfied.

Determined to get at her meaning, she at last gathered from her imperfect hints and description, that what she wanted to hear, was contained in the Bible, but it was not mamma’s Bible that Nurse read—it was a little ‘ Bible-book,’ with pictures—‘ such beautiful pictures !’

Lisette’s allusions were very imperfect directions, and unintelligible to Rosanne, who, thoroughly grieved and angry, could only say—and she felt ashamed in saying it,—that she could not get at that book.—‘ But Nurse can say some of these stories without the book.’

Rosanne had nothing to reply; neither was

she at leisure to wonder that a mother should allow a servant to be the oracle of her daughter.

They proceeded to a part of the garden at a distance from Mr. Bellarmine's apartments, the child chattering all the way, asking Rosanne whether she ever saw her poor little brother Albert, who died and went to Heaven, and repeating all she had heard from her nurse on the subject, concluding by observations of her own, on what might be called, in better language, the necessity of a disposition to piety, in order to obtain the favour of Heaven and to avoid the punishments allotted to the negligent (1).

'Here then again,' said Rosanne to herself, 'I can trace the lowest motives to virtue with those who have happily been taught religion—those of bodily fear, and confident expectation.'

The child, as if construing Rosanne's silence into disbelief or disregard, enforced what she said on Nurse's authority; and, not at all shocked at Rosanne's ignorance, offered to prevail on Nurse to read to her, and to let her say her catechism with her.

Made by necessity an œconomist of moments, which must, at best, be scarce, and might never again present themselves, Rosanne dismissed, for the present, this consideration, that she might learn, from her chatty little companion, more of what it was so important to her to know. She asked her to repeat some of this

Catechism; but the child, not only being as yet very imperfect in it, but not knowing the questions to which she tried to give the answers, was soon puzzled beyond all extrication. Hurt that she could not do what she seemed to have undertaken, she offered, by way of compensation, to say what she called 'the Belief;' and Rosanne, indifferent as to what she heard, provided she heard something, stooping down to the level of Lisette's pretty mouth, listened to her, while, without accent or punctuation, she repeated the creed of the Church of England, mumbling and jumbling the invincible combinations of consonants, abridging long words, and consolidating short ones, increasing in velocity, in proportion as she became less intelligible, but concluding in a tone of triumph, as if exulting in having made her exactly calculated breath hold out, till she could utter the last word.—Want of familiarity with the subject, increased Rosanne's difficulty in understanding her; but still she learnt a little in corroboration of what she had imperfectly collected from the marchioness and her Bible.

In vain she tried to know from Lisette, how the book from which she had learnt what she had repeated, and what she had failed in repeating, was called. She could only tell that it was scarlet and gold, and that mamma sometimes read it on Sundays.

It was then, in a book printed and pub-

lished: therefore it could not be any thing adapted merely to the use of the marchioness, her daughter, and nurse.—It was an English book!—‘could it be to be found among any of those which lay in a heap, interspersed with shoes, gloves, and ribbons, on the floor of Mademoiselle Cossart’s dark closet? It was certainly a fearful task, to any thing on this side the chimney-sweeper, to exasperate the dust in which her treasures reposed—yet, if she thought there was any chance of success, she would brave the dirt. Her governess said her family were originally of the church of England—but yet, on second thoughts, she was sure she would not have ventured to bring such a book to Chateau-Vicq.’

Rosanne’s despair was well founded, though its foundation was not that which she gave it; for, if Mademoiselle Cossart’s father *did* carry out to America an article of so little use in a savannah; and if she *could* have thought it worth a place in her small trunk, or even needed it to fill it up, in coming to France; yet the many necessities of curling her hair, since that time, when paper and money were scarce, must, long ere this, have consumed the volume (2).

Amongst the servants, Rosanne could have little hope: her nurse had been the only English female domestic she had ever known; and her dismissal had been one of Mademoiselle

Cossart's first exertions of authority. Fear of the young lady's learning vulgar English, was a very fair pretext; but she might, very excusably, have other motives.

Rosanne's impatience was not to be controlled. It was so early, that she thought she might safely take Lisette home before either her father or her governess was stirring; and grown bold in her movements, and authoritative in her manner, she directed her walk towards the stables, and waiting while Mademoiselle Cossart's cabriolet was got ready, she ordered a servant on horseback to attend her, and drove to Madame D'Orsette's. There she deposited Lisette, and obtained a sight of the book that had excited her curiosity; but to borrow it, when she knew the owner had no duplicate, her natural politeness, aided by what may be termed anticipated Christian principle, forbade.—She still hoped she might find some one who possessed this book and a Bible.

The marchioness could laugh 'à gorge déployée,' at her supposing French Hugonots would have a Common-Prayer-Book in English;—but recollecting, that, when a girl, she was accustomed to use a French one, she, with a happy inconsistency, instantly forgot—or, indeed, perhaps she had never observed—that even that was a publication of mere local adoption, and not to be looked for where the

Liturgy of the Church of England was not recognised.

The sight of Nurse, who was waiting to take Lisette, suggested an expedient—‘Why, *you* have an English Prayer-Book, Nurse,’ said her mistress—‘you could lend yours to Miss Bellarmine: she never saw one.’—The woman’s whole person said, ‘Excuse me, madam;’ and Rosanne settled the matter by departing, not at all offended at that which her mind told her was strictly, though inconveniently, right.

Her meditations by the way did not abate her impatient anxiety to obtain the loan of this book. She recollected an old man, employed in the stable, the only English servant now in the family: him she sought out, on her return, and asked him whether he possessed the two books which she wanted.

The man replied in the negative; but civilly regretting that he could not oblige Mademoiselle, he followed her when she had quitted him, to say, that ‘he knew her papa’s gentleman, Mounseer Duroc, had then the key of the library, as he had fetched in two or three of the men, to help him in doing something he had to do there.’

The library was forbidden ground to Rosanne, but she now had a powerful motive for transgression, and, unhesitatingly, transgressed; saying, in a dignified tone, as she entered, to

the servants employed there, ' You are not to tell my father you have seen me here.'

There was a catalogue. She opened it, and was astonished to see, amongst the folios and quartos, the designations of ' Bibles' and ' Common-Prayer-Books,' to a number which she could not stop to count. She turned to the side of the room to which the catalogue directed her—the curtained doors of the cases were open—and she saw a battalion of books clothed in scarlet, purple, and gold, whose backs told her that any one would serve her purpose.

Her astonishment may be conceived; for she was too ignorant of the world to know the proceedings of book-collectors. She did not know that things, valuable only for their contents, were judged by external and by dimensions, nay, by even the name of a workman, or the circumstance of an error; neither could she have supposed it possible that Mr. Bellarmine, who would not hear of the Bible, would have thought himself disgraced, and his collection nothing worth, without specimens of the finest and the oldest editions (3).

Having contented herself with borrowing the least fine of the Bibles, and an elderly-looking Common-Prayer-Book, she was impatient to be gone; but her impatience was checked by her curiosity to see what sort of books filled the shelves of this magnificent room. The man, who had suspended his smacking and dusting,

out of regard to Mademoiselle, respectfully observed to her on the value of the collection, saying he had never seen one so fine. 'I am no judge on the subject,' she said: 'here are many books that I might like to possess, but many more that I could not use. My father has such general knowledge, that nothing is useless to him.'

'Very different, Mademoiselle,' said the man, 'from the first master I had the honour to serve. There we had the finest gallery possible;—O! it was superb; but a sad, poor collection—it was made out with pictures between the book-cases, and china on the top of them; and I used always to be vexed when the company noticed the only good-looking books in the library; for they were all covered in morocco and vellum. May I ask, Mademoiselle,' continued the man in a lower tone, 'what you are going to do with those books—because—Mademoiselle will excuse me—but I am responsible.'

'I am going to read them; but my father must not know it. I do not imagine,' said she, 'he can ever miss them.'

'Pardon me, Mademoiselle; Monsieur knows every book in the library; and were I to displace one, he would discover it. I cannot, while they are under my care, allow one to be removed,' said he, respectfully holding out his hands to receive them.

‘I cannot part from them,’ said she; ‘I have a great curiosity to read them—good Duroc!’

But good Duroc was obdurate; and when he pleaded that he should lose his place, and had a wife and children, Rosanne could not persist.

‘If,’ said he, as she was departing in grief and disappointment, ‘it is not those particular books that you want, I can tell you, Mademoiselle, where to find, I dare say, what would suit you. When Madame, your mother, went—I mean, when we lost Madame—I know all her books—they were not indeed many—were put together; and when we came here, I myself, that they might not vex Monsieur, put them into a closet over Monsieur’s dressing-room.’

She thanked Duroc for his wish to oblige her; and very willingly relinquishing her daring project, in hopes of procuring what she might enjoy more at ease, she went immediately in quest of her mother’s books. She found the closet—but the books were gone—and it was now too late for her to venture back to the library. An order to attend her father at his breakfast-table, prevented her giving way to her vexation.

If she was not her very best self when she obeyed the summons, her imagined indisposition of the day before, pleaded her excuse; but she was placid, and her sex were obliged to her for giving occasion to Bellarmine to remark on that patient enduring in well-disposed fe-

males which makes them exert their agreeable qualities the most when least flattered or encouraged.

Happy, however, was she, when she could steal away to indulge in her own ruminations; and doubly happy when she was allowed to take leave for the night, though this happiness was of a most melancholy kind, and she was sensible that her resolutions, if persevered in, must involve her in a warfare that might require all her fortitude, and occasion her great distress.

The acquisition of books seemed to her so indispensably requisite to her progress, that she could not rest satisfied without making a farther trial of the integrity of Duroc. She thought money might induce him; and this she could, to some amount, offer him. She had just decided on sending for him, when a doubt entered her mind, whether, at a time when she was striving to learn duties that were to regulate her actions in future, it was consistent to endeavour to make a dependent disregard his.—‘I am sure,’ said she to herself, ‘little Lisette would say this was wrong. I must wait. Yet still I feel, now I am beginning to be careful in what I do, a strange sort of satisfaction in having something which I can suppose I am accomplishing—somebody whom I can fancy I am pleasing, or, at least, endeavouring to please. I wonder I do not dislike the restraint; for I am not, in general, I confess, fond of being

controlled—but this control appears to me so reasonable: let me turn the idea which way I will, it always, I must own, shows the same face. It is not at all like philosophy or perfectibility: and it will be, when I am a little forwarder, such a comfort to have a rule to go by—a pattern to work by;—I have got a little by copying out those ten rules—the commandments:—I wonder whether they would tell me any thing to guide me about Duroc—let me read them over—one—two—they will not help me—three—no—but I can make that of use; for, when I am religious, I will not call out as Mademoiselle Cossart sometimes does—and I never before could understand what she meant:—I see now, that if I choose to act by those rules, it would be wrong—as to her, sweet creature! there can be no blame—for I am sure it would puzzle any philosopher to find out by what rules she lives—she is waiting, I fancy, for her perfectibility to operate.—But I must go on with my rules—four—O dear! how I should like to make a difference in this seventh day, such as the poor old man described—that shall be one of the first things that I attempt:—five—I must consider this; it will make me very cautious, and perhaps a little hinder me; but I will try to separate my father's goodness to me from his philosophy. I am not so disposed as I used to be, to think I have a right to all that he does for me.—O! here is eight!—Was it

stealing when I would have brought the books out of the library?—No, no; I meant only to borrow:—but, should I—am I sure I should, have returned them if I had liked them very much, and not been able to get others? This is like going into temptation; and not to go into it, was one of the wishes that Lisette repeated—I must keep out of this:—I see, by the light in my own mind now, that we must keep at as great a distance as possible from what is wrong. How shall I fix this in my memory firmly enough to have it always there, and so as that it may be always ready?—Why, I will consider myself as swimming on a large piece of water which has a whirlpool in the middle: if I go an inch too near, I shall be in, and swallowed up; so I will resolve never to go out of reach of the land:—I am glad, then, Duroc was so—I will not call it ill-natured, for it was honest.—I wonder whether I am to think that this Providence was so good as to interpose to save me from doing wrong, when I meant—I believe—to do right.—Well, there is only the last of these rules that can apply at all—Was my wish to have the books, coveting?—for I suppose coveting books must be wrong, as well as coveting oxen and asses and those other things—NO!’ said she, aloud—and Rosanne Bellarmine, for the first time in her life, felt the exhilarating encouragement of an acquitting conscience, and again rejoiced in having ‘a pattern to go by.’

In ruminations such as these, she could not but call to mind the comparative inconsistency of the precepts which had been used in forming her mind; and in weighing those which she had received from her father, against those which her governess more cautiously insinuated, the greater portion of her displeasure fell on the latter. The theories too of Mademoiselle Cossart, notwithstanding her boasted 'happy manner,' appeared now wholly contemptible; but there was always a part of what her father said that she could admit. For instance: though he expressed for conquerors, when once settled in the character of sovereigns, the utmost antipathy, she had remarked, that, till invested with this paramount authority, which perhaps it was not their intention to abuse, his observations, as she read to him, were in their favour; and that any opposition, any injustice, any ingratitude to a hero, called forth his displeasure. On the other hand, no virtues, no great actions, could entitle to his good opinion a man born to the office of a king:—a wanderer—an outlaw—a corsair was always a fine fellow;—and she could not deny her glowing applause to the points of character on which he formed his opinion—for she saw not the relation to the whole:—but it had surprised her very much to hear, that wild men were the best men. When she had inquired how it was that they became bad, the answer

served more than one purpose—‘Society was the bane of virtue; therefore her exclusion from society was a subject of rejoicing.’

But of late, in her more adroit conversation, she had, by simple questions timidly proposed, brought him, in his replies, to confess that ‘the sword or the treaty could confer a legislative authority’—that ‘a victor or a colonizer had a right to impose laws’—that ‘those laws, acquiesced in or accepted, were binding’—that ‘the means to enforce them must be in the hand of the recognised power’—that ‘it was his to punish and to pardon, and to declare the terms on which he would remit punishment.’ But, however correct his jurisprudence with regard to those from whose institutions it was gathered, no part of it applied to his own time—‘men were not now deserving the name of their species—they were divided only into the two classes of oppressors and oppressed.’—Neither could he admit the same conclusions to be drawn as to the government of the world: though they held equally good, and were infinitely more natural, they were ‘absurdities,’ ‘superstitions,’ ‘the emolument of the crafty, or the insanity of the foolish.’

But in some points Rosanne had cause for gratitude to her father: the constant practice in which he had kept her intellects, rendered them always ready for service; and his method of reasoning had given her a precision of thought,

to which the lively imagination of her sex is often an opponent. She was accurate in her recollections, and uniform in her appreciations: she knew, in seeking knowledge, exactly what she wanted, and the gradation which must lead to it: one step gained, made a new basis for her inquiring mind to rest on; and if the object happened to be matter of choice, she went on indefatigably.

NOTES.

(1) Lisette furnishes occasion for a remark on the ease with which sentiments of religion are implanted in the minds of children. In no families is this with more care made a part of education, than amongst the descendants of those, stigmatized by the church of Rome as the pretended-reformed, whom the unpardonable revocation of the edict of Nantes, sent hither under the title of 'Refugés.' He who instructs them in their religious duties, is of quite as much importance, in the routine of lessons, as the dancing-master; and it is expected that as much attention should be given to the language of the Scriptures, as to the languages of the world. The effect of this through life, is, if no other consideration were to have weight, sufficiently agreeable to recommend it to practice. Nothing that society in this country has to boast, is so attractive in manner, in heart, in look, and *in deed*, as the union of English integrity with the delicate politeness, the thorough wish to give pleasure and avoid giving pain, which some of these families still retain; and if in a house of this description, the descent be drawn, on one side, from that region of fabled virtue Switzerland, it is very difficult to say 'adieu' with the 'sang froid' of high breeding, when concluding a week's visit. The morals of such a family have a purity about them, that gives ease and confidence to all

who associate with them. The elders have their departments—the father is active, and able to guide his sons—the mother is careful, and competent to the education of the daughters. The sons show a manly obedience to their parents, regarding them with respectful and tender affection, while to their sisters they are guides and protectors: the daughters are united amongst themselves, solicitous for their brothers, and cheerfully useful to their father and mother. Other more distant relations sometimes make a part of the family, and are treated with the kindest affection. A husband's brother seems the own brother of the lady of the house; and a son-in-law has a son's situation. When the gentlemen betake themselves to study or to business, the ladies assemble, and, in quiet occupation, hear the word of God read to them with propriety and interest, before they enter on their more active duties of kindness and charity, which are followed by elegant and ingenious pursuits: the meals are animated by conversation, in which the lady of the house, without neglecting her guests, takes a lively interest and a due share. The evening at home is often varied by a family concert—but even without music or company, or any exertion of amusement, there is, in these well-disposed and well-informed people, a spirit of society, if it may be so called, which might be advantageously studied, as it tends to counteract the inordinate appetite for vivid pleasures, by making happiness consist in the absence of evil, entertainment in the relaxation from study or business, and the best enjoyments of life in the discharge of its relative duties.

The reader will accept a short memoir of a lady of one of those families, who, in a manner that must make all of us pray that 'our last end may be like hers,' closed her blameless life at the age of ninety-four.

Mrs. ——'s grandfather was of a highly respectable family in the south of France. At the revocation of the edict of Nantes he was thrown into prison, and his wife into a nunnery: they did not long survive their separation: their two sons were conveyed into Holland by a domestic, who con-

cealed them in the paniers of an ass. Of these two sons, the one, Mrs. ——'s father, after receiving a good education, finished by travelling and a residence in foreign courts, settled in England, and marrying and losing his wife, devoted himself to the education of two daughters, whom she had left infants: his talents and attainments enabled him to give them advantages then not common to females. Mrs. —— remaining with him after the marriage of her sister, her mind and taste naturally adapted itself to his: and having a love for elegant literature, she derived assistance from the resort of a few well-informed foreigners, who lived in habits of intimacy with him. His notions of the requisites in female deportment, were not, indeed, those of the present day; for she never quitted the house without him, or was seen in the streets on foot. She has often been heard to say, that, when she married, she was as much a stranger to the world, as if she had been brought up in a convent; and to this seclusion she, perhaps, in some measure, owed the simplicity of her manners, the sincerity of her heart, her uniform integrity, her undeviating rectitude, and a mind void of all envy and jealousy. There never existed a being more free from all the little arts and prejudices of which her sex is accused; and from her education she acquired that mental strength and Christian fortitude, which led her safely through the vicissitudes of life, and prepared her to resign it without a struggle or a sigh. No woman was better acquainted with the Sacred Writings; but she never touched on speculative points: all that was necessary for her to know, she used to say, was perfectly clear; and she carefully avoided all religious argument. She married at twenty-one: her manners and acquirements attracted to her husband's table, persons of talent and of the highest respectability; and she was permitted for some years to enjoy all that education and affluence can command, and enjoyed it with such moderation and simplicity that she never excited, in any one, the least unkindness. Wherever she resided, her benevolence and attentions to all ranks of persons were remarkable; and in taking possession of a new house,

a quaker greeted her with this expression: ' Friend, thy good name is come before thee.' Her father continued to live with her, and died at the age of eighty-seven, experiencing all the comforts that a dutiful and affectionate child could procure for him. Subsequent trials awaited her, and only served to show how pure was that gold, which, proved to the uttermost, yielded no dross, and how powerful is the influence of Christian virtue, in keeping steady the friendship of this world.

She possessed, by nature, an even, cheerful temper, which ever presented to her the brighter side of all worldly occurrences: and from religion she acquired a resignation which never permitted a murmur, and a submission to what she considered as the appointment of Providence, which prevented her ever using a harsh expression.

Conversant with the European languages, she read and wrote them with ease, till near the close of her life: she instructed herself in whatever was passing, preserved the elegance of her manners, and was polite to all who visited her. She neither concealed nor was vain of her age: every thing connected with her, seemed natural to her. A short time before her death, which happened at the close of 1812, she said she had been but once to the play since 1760, and that was to see ' the new queen,' which indicated humorously the tenacity with which her mind retained its impressions. About the same time, when more than ninety-three, being entreated by a friend to indulge her vanity, by allowing her to say she had received a letter from her, she complied with the utmost benignity, and wrote,

' Accept, my dear madam, of the underwritten lines, as a letter from your much obliged and sincere friend,

' WHEN years are past and age is come,

What place so proper as my home?

There see kind friends, hear what they say,

And sometimes give my Yea or Nay,

Ever rememb'ring mercies past,
 And humbly praying that, at last,
 My long, long life I may resign,
 With these words, 'Lord, thy will, not mine!'

Her last illness was short, and attended with little bodily suffering—a paralytic attack had deprived her of the use of the right side, but her understanding remained unimpaired:—her imagination seemed in a pleasing delirium, which made her appear as if conversing with her friends on some favourite topics. She repeated various passages from the authors with whose works she was most familiar, with accuracy and feeling; and in this state she continued, till within a few hours of her death, when she fell into a gentle slumber, in which, without a struggle or a groan, her pure spirit fled to its Creator, leaving those to whom she was dear, every consolation that religious hope could give, yet by her death producing a chasm in domestic cheerfulness seldom occasioned by the death of one so aged, and depriving, alas! those who are treading in her steps, of the assistance her clear judgment and ready counsel had the power to bestow.

(2) Can it excite any feeling but the most justifiable anger on the intrusion of such unnecessary advice in a Christian country, if not only the *young* people of England, but those who have the guidance of them, are entreated to show a little more respect than is now customary, to that which may, indeed, be *called* waste paper, but which is of a description entitled to an exception. It is not pleasant to some persons' feelings, to receive a parcel wrapped, even in the *cancelled* leaves of the Scriptures—and the ill usage of Forms of Prayer for fast or thanksgiving days, is an abuse that would be well corrected by the sacrifice of them.—There is a right and a wrong in every thing: we may, without fanaticism, make any action, if not a service of religion, conducive to its interest, and consequently to our own; and it is far better to keep the

mind delicate on this subject of apparently-trifling profanations, than to risk its becoming at last callous to all.

(3) Rosanne had never heard of fortunes paid for some books of only imaginary value; nor could it have occurred to her father's recollection, at any fit time, to tell her that he had acquired his Biblical taste from a man who broke as many of the commandments as came within his reach.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ROSANNE had now established in her mind one important fundamental point—a belief in the existence of what she delighted in calling a Supreme Being,—who, in a way which she supposed she might hereafter understand, but to which she was at present content to give her faith on the analogical testimony of her senses on other subjects, had created the world, animate and inanimate. Her own wants, and the manner in which those wants were supplied, had suggested the necessity, and convinced her of the exertion, of a providential care over this created world; but whether this care was composed of separate energies, or was a general result of benignity, she could not yet decide. In either way, however, she felt the comfort of such a conviction; and, but for the misery of craving ignorance, she would have called herself happy. ‘If,’ said she, ‘the care which the Supreme Being takes of his world, is merely an order of things given to them at their creation, I see what my father and my governess call Nature and Necessity; and I wonder they do not see it as I do;—but then Lisette’s *wishes* indicate that what is *wished* for, may be obtained; and if so, there must be new exertions made by our Supreme

Being. I am inclined to think this may be true, or else the child would not have been taught to say what she *wishes*—and Nannette seemed to me to be *wishing* to somebody when I was ill—and now I think of it, the doll I saw might be an image of the Supreme Being:—but then it must be a person with a body—and then, why does he not come and live with us, and govern us?—O, no!—perhaps he is an angel—it is not necessary for a thing to be, to be represented:—my father said, when I asked him about that beautiful angel over the door of the saloon, that it was painted from imagination, and no more a reality than a sphinx or a gryphon:—fancy then can dictate forms; and it does not make itself responsible for their existence. But I think my father meant to say that there was no such thing as an angel:—I know he said, he would have removed the picture if it had not been painted on the pannel, because he disliked

‘A faultless monster that the world ne’er saw.’

I remember this exactly—but neither does a fanciful representation imply non-existence:—a horse exists; but if I had never seen a horse, I might draw a circle or a triangle, and call it a horse; yet my ignorant attempt would not prove that there is no such thing as a horse. I think I can see the use of Nannette’s doll or image—and I think, if I can make it out to be as I suppose, I should like to have one.—

‘ Now let me see—O ! I am so glad my father taught me to reason with myself ! it is of great use to me now.—Well, I suppose Nannette understood the Supreme Being : she knew—for *she* had been told—how to *wish* to him :—then as even *I* can feel that I should beg more earnestly of a person present, than absent, it may be useful to have something to keep up one’s earnestness.—But no, no ; this will not do, for if the image be not a resemblance, I should be mis-directing my *wishes*.—What idea can I form of such a great Being !—none, positively. If I had to describe this Maker, this Governor of the world, I would rather describe him by effects ; but what effects ?—why, great power, great goodness, and a great light—but this is almost calling him the sun.—Again, why do I say He ?—No ; the sun cannot do all that we see and know is done. How I do puzzle myself ! I shall get a sad head-ache—O dear ! I wonder whether I ought, or ought not, to have an image ; perhaps the very poor, who have not been educated, need this help : if I cannot get one, I can do without ; for though my notions of my Supreme Being are not clear, the idea of him is in my very heart ; and whatever he will show himself to my understanding to be, I will admit :—surely *I* might *wish* as well as little Lisette : I will try.’

She knelt down—‘ I must now suppose myself entreating some person much above me :—

I cannot make a good *wish*—O! I will copy out Lisette's—but now, till I can get that, I will try.'

It was her hour of rest—she had dismissed her servant, under pretence of reading. In her delicate chamber-dress—elegant even in her utmost *deshabille*—with sentiments of timid awe, she imitated, as far as she could, the only example of piety ever afforded her; and, destitute of all guidance to which she could be conscious, whispered—'Supreme Being! I wish to know you—no—*thee* is more respectful. Supreme Being! in ignorance have I lived—in ignorance unwillingly am I living—but if thou art the powerful, the wise, the kind Being I believe thee, thou wilt not, I am sure, suffer me to remain thus ignorant. I am ready to learn—O teach me! I wish to obey—O command me! and as I feel myself very unable to do what I wish, assist me!—teach me thy laws, and if I have no one of whom I can learn, teach me to explain them to myself! I am ashamed of my ignorance—O do not punish me! Wilt thou punish those who will not learn?—my father? O! forgive us! and teach him too!'

'How deplorable,' said she, as she rose from her knees, 'is this sad want of ideas and of expressions which I feel! O! how I envy those who have had religion-masters! I suppose now there *are* masters—they must be the clergy: but then my father says, they are all bad, design-

ing, selfish men—but why should I believe this, any more than other things which I have disputed?’

She went to bed, but little inclined to sleep, and as little desiring it. Again her mind reviewed its scanty stock of acquired perceptions; and the more she thought, the more confirmed was she in her opinions. From the recognition of a general Providence, her mind proceeded to consider its acts in detail; and when she recollected, that of those exertions which came under her observation, she saw none which a human being could have made, and none that did not argue good will, the ideas of wisdom, power, and benevolence united in one Being, became still more grand, awful, and attaching; and her admiration and affections were engaged equally with her curiosity.

Her meditations did not increase her disposition to rest content without assistance: she was still vexed at missing the books, but nothing could have induced her to tempt Duroc. To borrow of Madame D’Orsette was less exceptionable; and to copy from her books she had found a possible, though imperfect substitution for reading. Resolving on this, she rose, and now ventured to *wish* to her Supreme Being, that she might succeed in her projected endeavours.

On quitting her chamber, she saw on a table in her dressing-room, a box, the contents

of which she could readily guess, as she had long waited for a collection of ores, which a friend of her father's had been endeavouring to procure for her. At first, she was inclined to consider their importance to her as gone by; but recollecting the new interest that would now connect, in her mind, with the works of her Supreme Being, she lamented to her servant that the box had not been opened ready for her, as, beside the cording, it must, she was sure, be nailed.

Looking to ascertain this, she saw that the manner in which the box was secured, did not indicate a long journey. The cord was easily untied; and the lid opened readily.—She saw books which did not appear new!—she let the lid fall, finished her dress with impatience, and was persuaded that Duroc had found for her, even more than she had sought.

An English Bible, with initials which she did not know to be those of her mother's maiden-name, was her first prize—an English Common-Prayer-Book, identified by a name obliterated, and the substitution of 'Ann Bellarmine,' was her next; and the box was filled up with the five volumes of that admirable compendium of religious knowledge as professed in the reformed church of Geneva—Vernet's 'Instruction Chrétienne,' which having, in the first volume, the name of Duroc's mother, who had died a few months before, told her that his sagacity

had made him discover the tendency of her inquiries, and that either principle or kindness had induced him to further it to the utmost.

Has any votary of the fine arts, ever devoured the elegant, the benign lectures of our country's boast, the amiable first President of the Royal Academy?—has any good girl, unsatisfied with the accuracy of outline in her groupés of figures, copied out, in beautiful neatness, the treatise of Leonardo da Vinci?—has any one, to attain the language of Italy, translated the whole of ‘*La Gierusalemme Liberata*’?—have hours been spent in learning to read the character of that which promised the communication of delight?—have Latin construction and Greek tenses had no terrors that could drive the leech of knowledge from its persevering hold? Such craving tyros only as have made these exertions, unconscious that they were exertions, can see with the mind's eye—and *they* must see very imperfectly—Rosanne Bellarmine endeavouring to learn from sources, which she yet knew not sufficiently how to value, what she ought to think, what she ought to do, what she must fear, and what she might be allowed to hope.

Every thing that was not done in her father's sight, or to be subjected to his examination, was now foregone. She was strongly tempted to feign excuses that would still more have left her time at her disposal; but aversion for deceit

increased daily, and she agreed with her conscience, rather to submit to the mortification of a little time spent unpleasantly, than to that of seeming, even to herself, to oppose the discipline to which she was, so earnestly and honestly, bowing her willing mind.

No novel ever engrossed the inflammable mind of a young lady pining for her turn in heroic life, as her newly-acquired books did Rosanne. To rise and dress in the morning before she began to read, was a degree of self-command, to which she had not attained. A little table by her bed-side held all she wanted; and she indulged to the latest minute. While her maid arranged her hair, she read; and, in a few experiments, she had improved on her practice, so as to be dressed without contributing her own labour; but an observation of her father's, that her morning robe did not sit with the nicety usual in her appearance, and that her shape was injured by ungraceful folds, recalled her to her accustomed solicitude to obtain the approbation of a taste, which in such matters, and many equally contributory to decorum, she could not arraign.

But still, by economizing, by avarice of minutes, she made progress, though inadequate to her curiosity. She read each book of the sacred volume twice; once to take off the edge of hungry appetite, too impatient to digest, and again with a more temperate hunger: feel-

ing out, as she proceeded, what would most answer her purpose, she analysed with her pen what she was committing to her mind, at the same time reading in Vernet as much as ran parallel with such portions as her time permitted her to read.

Her kind friend, the marchioness, rejoiced with her, in her gay manner, at the acquisition she had made; concurred with her in opinion, that, for the security of Duroc, it was best to make no inquiries as to his share in obliging her; and looked into a volume of Vernet, and thought it would soon suit Lisette:—she ‘would ask Nurse what she thought of it—and she was sure her dear Rosanne would now soon ‘beat her hollow’ in understanding the Bible.’

We do not always perceive the exact moment when what interests us, and has appeared to interest others, becomes an annoyance to all but ourselves.—Rosanne, at every interview with Madame D’Orsette, ‘reported progress,’ and was listened to, first with cordiality, and then with politeness; but Rosanne’s perseverance was intolerable; and her friend, after a few endurances, frankly and good-humouredly put an end to them by saying, ‘Now, my dear girl, we shall have my uncle here soon—our time is precious—you certainly are already much wiser than ever I shall be, were I to study these hundred years—and you will, I am sure, be fit for a queen Solomon before you have finished

your studies. I am sure you mean very well; and I would not for the world discourage you; but now do let us talk of something else beside the Bible and your dear Vernet.—I have a hundred things to say to you.'

Rosanne shut the Bible, in which she had been seeking a phrase not clear to her, and took up a delicate bit of work in which she had engaged for the marchioness:—she said nothing—she endeavoured to look nothing; but the repulse went to her heart, and, for the first time, her new studies furnished an expression for her feelings—'Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of thee,' were words of *consolation* to the royal Psalmist, but of *direction* to her.

Minor tyranny is best perfected 'sub silentio'—Madame D'Orsette did not look to inform herself that she had not wounded her friend, but she rang for Nurse, and, with peculiar and contrasting goodness, desired her to bring the frocks just arrived from Paris for Lisette, 'as she could not be satisfied without Miss Bellarmine's opinion of them; and if *she* did not approve them, they should, every one, be returned. She was obliged to take a new set with her; and Lisette, poor little soul! would be quite sneezed upon in London, if she had not French frocks.'—The pause was filled up by observations on the extreme inferiority of British manufactures, and the absolute necessity of the utmost exertion of

human prudence, to get all the commodities which she meant to convey to her own country, into it, without losing them by the cruelty of a seizure.

The frocks were brought and displayed—Miss Bellarmine commanded herself—she looked at them, and endeavoured to think of them—a tear dropped as she held one that was particularly recommended to her regard—‘Take them away, Nurse,’ said the marchioness: then patting Rosanne’s cheek, she said, ‘My dear girl, this is what I feared—religion will make you quite nervous and hysterical—it always does so; and indeed, I believe, that is one reason why it never suited me; for I am very nervous by constitution.’

Had the floor under her feet given way, Rosanne’s feelings would perhaps not have been very different from those produced by the failure of that which she considered as an important support in her new pursuit, the power of resorting to the marchioness, at least for sympathy. The kind warning conveyed in her expressions might have alarmed the tepid; but on her it had no force—all the alteration effected in her by her endeavours, had been in her favour; and she was not to be frightened by threatened nerves or fancied hysterics. She concentrated her attention on the loss of friendly aid; but a moment’s recollection restored her to her insulated fortitude; and that high politeness, which almost deserves

the glorious appellation of Christian charity, carried her through her visit, in a patient substitution of paltry concerns, for the furtherance of her own invaluable interests. She made a point of seeing the marchioness again the next day, though but for a few minutes, and carried with her various elegant trifles, which excited her admiration, and were accepted with the warmest gratitude.

‘ Why should I be vexed with her, or dejected as to myself?’ said she, in her way back from this visit. ‘ If she had had a taste for religion, she would have pursued it long since; and if she has not, it is no more subject for unkindness, than her want of taste for other things of which I am fond: but I am sure she is quite mistaken in her notion of any bad effects from learning religion; it requires no application that can hurt; it does not make me stoop; and it is so interesting, nay so amusing, that, instead of fatiguing me, I always feel refreshed by it. Then the relief, the comfort, of telling my wishes to my Supreme Being, is so inestimably consoling, that I can never give it up. One thing comforts me—her giving me this hint, though it was mortifying, is not any real loss to me; the less knowledge she has, the less important; and it is, I perceive, so seldom that she can answer me, that I may as well be silent. Perhaps Mr. Grant may be more serious.’

No such effects as those with which the marchioness had endeavoured to discourage her, had been observable in Rosanne. On the contrary, a gentle, even, sober complacency of mind diffused itself over her conversation and deportment, the merit of which, when her father expressed his approbation of it, Mademoiselle Cossart uniformly took to herself, blaming his impatience, which, as she figuratively, and as she thought elegantly, expressed herself, had looked for the fruit before the blossoms could form.

Her employments she now methodized so as to avoid all necessity of artifice. In those most congenial to her inclination she allowanced herself; and in those of which she had to render an account, or to produce the effect, her industry and her care accomplished all that was necessary to a fair acquittal. ‘The shortest way, I find,’ said she, ‘is to be as correct as possible: an incorrect outline in drawing—a negligent practice of music—a hasty translation, require repetitions. I will do my utmost in the first instance.’

Silence respecting the marchioness, perhaps recommended her to Bellarmine, more than any encomium his daughter could have bestowed on her: he sometimes spoke of her; but Rosanne’s interest was so diminished, though she did not neglect her, that he might imagine her disappointed in her expectations, and thence infer

Madame D'Orsette was not one of those from whom any thing could be apprehended: he still talked of visiting her, but he had now no encouragement from Rosanne, who thought with anxiety of the expected arrival of Mr. Grant. She had hitherto concealed every thing but general circumstances. Bellarmine knew that a Mr. Grant, the uncle of the marchioness, was expected, but nothing more; and his coming he considered and spoke of as very liable to obstacles.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A NOTE from the marchioness—the first message she had ever run the risk of sending to Chateau-Vicq—gave Rosanne a hint that some relaxation in their intercourse was perceived and lamented. Lisette had been ill, and in danger, during the short interval since they had met; and Madame D'Orsette's experience, under her anxiety, seemed to have awakened new sentiments in her mind, entirely consentaneous with those of Rosanne, whom she entreated to see, with as little delay as possible.

Bellarmino was not stirring when his daughter received the billet; and, according to his usual routine of restricted occupation, she had time in abundance, to relieve the mind of her friend before she could be wanted. She therefore set out, carrying with her the agreeable tidings that her father would, after dinner that day, allow her to drive him out for his first airing.

Her visit was gratifying. The marchioness was solicitous to own that she had been wrong, and to atone for it; and Rosanne never quitted her and the convalescent Lisette with so much regret or with so much satisfaction.

But unfortunately she had gone out too hastily to hear that her father meant to rise earlier

this morning, and to try his wings before he made his flight, by previous practice in a long gallery that gave access to the principal rooms in the body of the house, and connected, but at a very safe distance, his apartments with his daughter's.—Still the matter was unimportant:—he had asked for Rosanne, intending that she should accompany his crutches; but hearing that she was not in the house, he was satisfied, not doubting that Mademoiselle Cossart was with her; and she might have stayed out much longer, had not her maid thought it prudent 'just to let Mademoiselle know that Miss Bellarmine had been asked for by her papa,'—which intimation induced the said Mademoiselle, under the conviction that what we do ourselves is best done, to go in person to the stables, and dispatch a man and horse to recall Rosanne.

But, even yet, all was well, and Bellarmine would not have known even of this embassy; but, on returning, Mademoiselle Cossart's eye was caught by some fruit of exquisite ripeness—its juices almost boiling in a southern sun—and never yet having refrained, she was not, at this moment, at leisure for a battle with her palate:—she gathered—she ate—and carried off 'no inglorious spoil'—and, perhaps not choosing to let mortals know that she had tastes in common with them, she took the short way of a back staircase—and—alas! popped on Monsieur Bellarmine and his crutches!!

Her messenger, conceiving that Miss Bellarmine's enjoyments were to be shortened by the orders with which he was charged, contented himself with telling one of the maid-servants to enact the part of her young mistress, and by a mock delivery of his message to her. Rosanne therefore entered the house, unconscious of any cause of alarm—nor was she intimidated when one of the servants said that her papa wished to see her. Manœuvring kindness made him conceal that Michel was sent in quest of her; but the moment of meeting her father, was the moment of dismay: his countenance was all in motion; and her inquiry, whether he wanted her, seemed almost, by the gentleness of her manner, to offend him. He was aware that she had been absent alone, and beyond her boundary!—he knew whither she had been, and, in short, all the circumstances of her excursion!—and, to her astonishment, she heard that Mademoiselle Cosart was already dismissed, and, by that time, a league or more on her road to Paris.

The truth now stood Rosanne in some stead, and could injure no one. ‘Mademoiselle Cosart had refused to accompany her; and had permitted and encouraged her to go thus far alone.’

His resentment took the right direction in this point; and what remained he smothered, dismissing Rosanne to her own apartment, in a way that did not prepare her for any thing unpleasant.

She was stunned by the suddenness of her governess's dismissal; but to regret it, was not her present disposition. The short time spent in passing to her side of the house, sufficed to present to her two possibilities of opposite description—the one, that she was rid, for ever, of a spy—the other, that one whom she could manage, might be succeeded by some one unmanageable.

She might not have been at leisure to look thus far, had she known that her departed governess, rendered ferocious by Mr. Bellarmine's cool anger and positive rejection of excuses, penitence, and promises, had given way to her own exasperated feelings, without consideration for persons or things. As if desirous only of wounding him, and careless as to the weapon, she had exultingly told him that his daughter was deceiving him and was studying the Bible; that he might see it, at that moment, on her table, and that he had not a servant in his house who did not, or would not, aid her in any plot against him.

To ascertain a part of these appalling communications, no means were so ready as those his crutches afforded him; and before Rosanne had recovered from the stupor in which she had thrown herself into a chair in her sitting-room, she heard the tick-tock, tick-tock, of his cautious approach—for, as yet, he dared not at-

tempt that swing on his supporters, which is obtained by practice under such a misfortune.

His coming, and the expression which his countenance bore, awakened her. She endeavoured to recover herself; she rose, and went forward to meet him, and was going to express her surprise at his ability to do so much, when, perceiving that his eyes were not directed towards her, but to the table which she had passed in approaching him, she turned to inform herself of the cause; and seeing her books, which in her haste, when she went out, she had left open to the inspection of her governess, her countenance and manners declared to him that he was not misinformed, when told that she had a clandestine pursuit.

He sate down on a couch: in a stern voice he demanded to see what she had been reading. She had no choice: she was obliged to carry the books, and lay them by the side of him, waiting his examination of them. She was not unaccustomed to see him in fits of passion, which made her and all within their influence, tremble and fly; and aware that his anger was kindled, and had juster cause than usual, she felt it impossible to endure it: she drew towards the door; he stamped with his most serviceable foot, and ordered her to remain where she was.

The impending storm did not baulk her expectations; and he exhausted his power of speech in reproaches and threatenings. She prepared

herself to hear what she did not know she had even bodily strength to support; but, to her own surprise, she was little moved: the time of his speaking was sufficient for her to recover from the first shock; and she felt that she had the fortitude which she needed. By this time, convinced that she was, in common with the rest of her species, not only the work but the care of an Almighty Guardian, she resigned herself to his protection; and though she dared not speak her confidence, the iron locking of her fingers, as she held her hands joined, said for her what her heart prompted her to say for herself.

Acquiescing therefore in her detention, and every moment gaining fresh courage, she stood before her father, respectfully ready to receive the weight of his displeasure.

Her unexpiated crime was simply the possession of these books; for, with regard to her absence from home, one victim satisfied him; he could not justly punish her for the laziness of another; and former experiments had taught him, that, to accuse her rashly, was a service of danger: he had not lectured day after day for nothing: the freedom of speech which he had hoped to make the index to her mind in obtaining him applause, was not acquired in vain; and he had sometimes proposed an armistice, lest he might have to endure a defeat. He did not think it prudent to exasperate; and perhaps

some feeling for his own comfort, influenced him, when he recollected that, even now, Rosanne might be innocent, and those interdicted books might be a part of the possessions, and an additional article in the treachery, of Mademoiselle Cossart.

He cooled—he seemed to seek causes of acquittal. He asked fearfully, to whom those books belonged; and by naming Mademoiselle Cossart as the supposed owner, he almost gave the hint for a falsehood; but Rosanne was already Christian enough to reject the temptation. She avowed them as hers—as least as far as the possession of them was culpable. He inquired how she had procured them: in his suspicion he named Madame D’Orsette—Rosanne showed her mother’s name in the Common-Prayer-Book—he took this for insult;—he supposed her, after all his care, in the secret of her mother’s ill conduct. He was now almost mad with rage: he talked of her dependence on him for her bread—he threatened dismissal from his door, from his heart, from his thoughts.

Here the offence was imaginary; but, persuaded that he should have next to endure the abhorred name of his wife, he could not suspect himself mistaken, till the undeviating submission of his daughter’s look and manner suggested the possibility of her having found the books by accident. Still the will to make use of them, the disobedience in having made use

of them, remained ; and here was no admissible palliation, unless Mademoiselle Cossart had introduced them, and Rosanne's confidence in him were proof against their contents : but this he could scarcely hope.

Hastily interrogating her again, as to the first suspicion, he ought to have been pleased with her persisting in exculpating the absent partner in his displeasure ; but it was impossible he could be even patient, when she replied to his next question by pleading the pleasure which these books afforded her. She did not put her reply in affronting language ; but it could be put in none that did not offend him ; and not yet perfect in forbearance, but called on to defend herself by every exertion that she could make, passion came in aid of zeal, and fortitude was degenerating into vehemence.

There was nothing new to him in this temper : his usual management of it had been to quit her, and then devise a correcting punishment ; but it was now some time since he had had occasion for extreme methods ; and having no one to whom he could commit the charge of her, he spent a few minutes more in altercation.

But to no purpose. Desperate, and in agitation almost pitiable, he at length disposed himself to withdraw ; but to rise was difficult, in his state of lameness. He wished, too, to carry with him the interdicted volumes ; but

this was still more difficult. Rosanne, alert and agile, had now the advantage; she swept away the books, and darting them into the next room, her spirit broke, at the instant they were safe; and she returned to offer her assistance to her father.

It was rejected with a degree of fury that threatened to hurl her as far off as she had thrown the books. Mr. Bellarmine called, in a loud voice, to his servants; no one heard him. She begged a parley—she tried soothing expressions—she professed a disposition to obedience; but all was received as the aggravation of unpardonable offence: every thing that could wound her pride—that could mortify her self-complacency—that could make her contemptible to herself, was brought against her; and the severity of reprehension seemed not to leave the alternative of repentance.

He might have done something, had he been cool; he could do nothing in his rage: that to which she now again resorted as the citadel of her weak fortifications, she had no time to recollect was a personal feeling, and very different from the spirit she meant to have exhibited. Had she been, previous to this misfortune, asked in what way she hoped to meet it if it occurred, she would have replied, ‘With all possible respect and duty to my father, but with a sense of my responsibility towards the Supreme Being.’ But she was not rooted in

her acquired virtues, and she was now, as, but for her own exertions, she would have been for the rest of her life, subject to the influence of accident. Yet she had gained a little; for self-condemnation instantly followed transgression; and her anger turning on herself, neutralized that which harsh language had excited. Mortified at having fallen below her own sense of right, she was on the point of sacrificing her most laudable wishes and surrendering herself at discretion, but something told her this was betraying a cause not exclusively her own.

Her courage returned moderated; and in a lower tone, she avowed to her father firmly, but with respect becoming the character she sought after, her intention to persist, and live and die the servant of Him to whom, she was convinced, she and all the world owed their being and their gratitude.

‘Hear me, Sir,’ said she, throwing herself on her knees before him. ‘Forgive, I entreat you, the violence of temper into which I have been betrayed by the want of instruction how to govern my passions. I shall soon know better; and then, I am sure, I shall be a much greater comfort to you than I have ever yet been. I have been trying to learn my duty from the books that have incensed you. My duty teaches me to fear and to love my Creator; and that Creator has commanded me to honour you:—I will honour you with all my heart—do but

let me indulge that liberty of opinion which you have so often told me was my right. Consider what you yourself have taught me. Sit down, my dear father; I see you shake—let me sit by you, and try to persuade you.'

He sate down;—she placed herself near him on the couch, heated, flushed, thirsty, feverish, and disordered, but still firm, and subsiding into calm resolution. 'You did not mean, surely, my dear father,' continued she, 'when you told me to use liberty of opinion, that liberty should end in having no opinion—this would not be your wish on any other subject. In botany, in chemistry, in mineralogy, subjects in which you are so admirably informed, you have shown me that the exercise of your free judgment has led you to adopt some ready-formed system, not to reject all. This I have watched and observed; and this practice I have followed. If I am wrong, you should have given me positive as well as negative instructions. When you tell me to please myself in my choice of what I would eat and drink, you do not mean that I should fast;—if you allow me to choose my clothes, it does not mean that I should go undressed. Well then; this liberty which you have allowed me, and commended me for exercising in other instances, I have used in this. I was led by curiosity, as I have seen you led in other things. I had a persuasion that there was a cause for what came every

day under my notice, in the same manner as I have observed you curious to know the causes of many effects. I have heard you often say, that such a thing could not be so, without a cause. I remember your words; but I dared not ask, How then did the world and we creatures exist? because I saw the least mention of this displeased you.

‘In some points too,’ continued she, finding him silent, ‘you have, my dear father, allowed me to differ from you; but you have always laughed at my obstinacy, and told me to maintain my opinion till I was convinced it was erroneous, and then candidly relinquish it. The opinions I have now formed, are of far greater consequence to me. O! then, forgive me, if you cannot admit them. But could you know, my father, how much happier I am than I was some months ago, your kind affection would, I am sure, be pleased, even with an error that made me so. Have you not observed, nay, I am sure you have observed, an improvement in my general behaviour, and in the evenness of my temper?—till now, indeed, that I was betrayed into want of duty, by the danger of losing my enjoyment:—but that arose from my want of practice in what I am learning—for I see already, that, when I am perfect in it, I shall be all that you have so often wished I were. I shall not be obstinate;—I shall not care what the weather is;—I shall never fret;

—I shall never wish for any thing I have not;
—I am sure I shall not mind sickness or danger; for I shall be assured that we are the care of a powerful and a good guardian, who has a better life in store for us.'

Bellarmino rose.

'My father,' said Rosanne, 'do not leave me;—tell me you forgive me;—tell me I have a right to my own opinion, or at least that you will not control it;—or say even you pity, and will indulge this weakness.'

'Say one word more,' said he, 'and abide the consequence. You have been your own counsellor in that which, you knew, must displease me. You wanted no one to tell you could not like this: you cannot rank such opinions with those which I allowed you.—I have had my reason for keeping you free from superstition: and now you have been introduced to it, I see plainly, by this woman in the forest;—I have been deceived in her.—I would not have degraded you so, as to fill your head with this nonsense. Now, Miss Bellarmine,' continued he, 'hear what I say;—you shall have your choice—you shall have the liberty you ask—but I will not be insulted by my daughter. We cannot live under the same roof any longer, if you will not obey me.'

His voice faltered.

'Not live together, my father!—Where then?'

'Any where but together,' he replied, in a

high unnatural tone ; ‘ one in Siberia, the other in Africa : at the greatest distance possible—as distant as our opinions.’

‘ No, no, my dear father,’ said Rosanne, endeavouring to keep her firmness ; ‘ not separate.—Never, never.’

‘ Yes, yes, for ever ; for ever, I tell you. You shall not starve, though you are obstinate ;—you shall have your mother’s jointure—no more : it will just keep you. You go west, I go east ;—and you will then,’ said he, rising and shaking his crutch, ‘ know what it is to have free opinions.’

The utmost exertion of Rosanne’s influence over the affection of her father, was now necessary. Every blandishment, every artifice, was innocent in such a case. She silently called to mind his helplessness, and her power of atoning for it. She pictured him to herself, without her—and she pictured herself to him, without him.

He was little moved.

At length an option was afforded her : a renunciation of her superstition—or of her home and father.

She persisted in asserting that they were not incompatible.

He denied it, and repeated the option.

She paused.

She spoke :—‘ Will you give me time, Sir,’

said she, 'to inform myself what I ought to do?'—'No.'

'Then you treat at an advantage, Sir.'

'It is your own fault.—Say——'

'Then, Sir, I must trust to——. I dare not rely on my own judgment; but I know so much as this, that honour and obedience to parents, are taught as the will of the Maker of the world; if I quit you, you may be ill and want me;—you may die, and, when dying, wish for me, and I may not be near;—I too may be dying:—I don't know what I ought to do. I was made your daughter—I suppose I am to obey you; my inclination leads me to it—my conscience is almost against it.'

'Then go.'

'No, my father; let me only say, and avouch it by every possible testimony of my own feelings, that, had you acted thus by me some time ago, I should have disdained submission; but the law you disregard is *my* law;—I will *not* leave you.—Take the books—I will never mention the subject more—leave me only my own thoughts.'

'This will not satisfy me,' he replied; 'the mischief is done—your mind is corrupted—I shall be taunted by own ungrateful child.'

'Never, my father; never will I, even in thought, reproach you for not thinking as I do. I will suppose that men have in their minds

that which supplies the place of this support which I seek. I cannot be happy without knowing whence I derive my happiness: I cannot receive benefits that argue kindness towards me, without seeking the object of my gratitude. But what effect can this produce on me or my conduct as your daughter? Obligated, as I must be, by your indulgence to me in this point, shall I not be more assiduous for your comfort?’

‘No, no; you will wish my death, that you may enjoy your superstitions.’

‘Why not, then, let me enjoy them while you live, and take from me the temptation?—But, my dear father, anxious as I am to prove my love and duty to you, what can I do?—I cannot *unknow*—I cannot *unthink*—I cannot, I fear, in any way dismiss ideas that have once laid hold on me as these have. Tell me how to prove my obedience.’

‘There is but one way, Rosanne. You must tell me that you will, on my authority, believe religion to be what I have always told you it is; and that you are convinced no more credit is due to Christianity than to the Pagan mythology.’

‘Consider, Sir, what you require.’

‘I consider it while I speak.’

‘Is not this tyranny?’

‘Not more than I have a right to exercise over my child.’

‘What is the reward of my obedience?’

‘A restoration to my favour—the entire government of yourself, under only such restrictions as I shall lay down—and every indulgence in my power—far beyond what you have had. You shall have no governess; and you shall go to England next year.’

‘And what the punishment of disobedience?’

‘An utter separation now, and the loss of all that I can give away from you.’

‘Will not my perfect silence, my most perfect submission in every other point, be accepted?’

‘No; renounce your superstition—promise your concurrence in those opinions which you know are mine, and ought to have respected as such, and I will forgive you:—but I will not be trifled with; I will not be tormented with your folly.’

‘To what extent, Sir, does this renunciation reach? Tell me what I am to renounce, and then what I am to adopt.’

‘You know, as well as I do.’

‘Allow me to ask you, am I to deny that which I am just beginning to believe?’

‘I know not what you are beginning to believe. With your disposition to credulity, you may believe any thing: you may be a Mahometan—a Hindoo—or a Jew.’

‘No, Sir; I am not credulous, Sir. I will tell you what I am beginning to believe, if you

will tell me to how much of it you object.—I am persuaded we are not to live in this world for ever.’

‘ I never told you you were.’

‘ It seems—it seems—it seems,’ said she, beginning to be frightened, ‘ that we are intended for greater happiness than we enjoy here—and for—’

‘ Nonsense ! where are we to find it ? Have I not proved to you, that death is annihilation ? Would you see a corpse decomposed before your eyes, to satisfy you ?’

‘ If this be so perfectly certain, why are there two opinions, Sir ? Mademoiselle Cossart used to tell me that death was an eternal sleep.’

‘ A child—nay, even *you*, might see the fallacy of this : sleep does not produce the change in our bodies that death does ; every church-yard would prove the truth of what *I* tell you.’

‘ Well, Sir, on this point we will not dispute ; but I cannot forbear asking myself who made me and the world about me.’

‘ Is it not enough that you find yourself here, and see a world about you ? Do you not see that minute particles throw themselves into forms—and why not into the form of you, or any thing else in the world, or the world itself ? I had, I thought, proved to you that the world was, of necessity, a globe of the form it bears :—necessity, that is to say, the impossibility of being otherwise, produces every thing.’

‘But, Sir, though this may be true in some things, it cannot be so in others. I can see that the mill-stream affects the form of stones—that local circumstances produce results;—but what gave me life, and thought, and perception, and the power to tell you, by my tongue, what is present in my mind?’

‘I will not be interrogated, Rosanne; you are too inquiring.’

‘Did you ever think me too inquiring, Sir, in other things?’

‘I should have thought you so, had I foreseen the excess to which you now go.’

‘Well, Sir, then I will only state to you what I am inclined to believe, and submit it to your judgment.’

‘Submit!—well, that’s right.’

Rosanne quitted her seat involuntarily—she stood before him; and not conscious that she was out of her usual habits, but, warm to her finger’s ends, she joined her hands together, and looking up, said:

‘I believe, on the suggestion of my own intellectual faculties, judging in this case as I would in any other matter of importance to me, that I am a created being, accountable to some invisible Power for my conduct, and to be punished or rewarded by the same Power after my death. Urged by this feeling, and led by accident, and, I confess, by curiosity, I have satisfied myself that there is a God above who

made this world, and who has continued in it a succession of human creatures;—that, by means known only to his wisdom, he is leading such as obey him, to eternal happiness; and of this number I desire to be.—Father, can this be wrong?’

‘You are mad, Rosanne.’

‘Nay, not so, Sir: hear me. I am informed, nay, I am assured,—I am confident,—that the world is governed by laws immediately bestowed on it by its Creator. These laws are such as, I should think, every body who can listen to them, must admire. They teach me, my father, what will prevent my ever disturbing your repose, even with my opinions. They teach me to honour you, to obey you—need I say, to love you?’

‘This is mere cant, Rosanne; you cannot move me—I *will* be obeyed.’

‘Teach me then, father, how to obey you. You would not, I am sure, ask me to *unbelieve* any thing; you know it is not in my power: you might as well bid me not breathe; nay, it would, you know better than I do, be easier——’

Bellarmino had hitherto spoken with an eye that seemed to avoid meeting his daughter's:—he now threw all the fury of his mind into his countenance, and, with a darting look of indignation, directed fully at her, he said sternly and loudly; ‘I COMMAND you.’

‘What is it that you command, father?’

‘It is enough that I, in general, command.’

‘Do you command me to renounce any part of this belief?’

‘Every part of it.’

Rosanne’s whole character came out—the character last impressed on her mind—the character she wished to make her own. She stood humble, but erect—submissive, yet dignified—a daughter, but a Christian. Not ungently, not ungracefully, she waved her pretty hand, she bowed her lovely head; and stepping back, said, in the mildest but the firmest accent,

‘Not a syllable, my father.’

He made an effort, rose, and then passed her in silent rage;—she retreated, to let him pass: he left the room, refusing her offered assistance.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MISS Bellarmine spent the day alone. A servant, not one of those whom she was accustomed to see, but a man who had, for a time, once supplied the place of another, was commissioned to forbid her quitting her apartment—her dinner was sent to her, and the manner in which it was dressed and served up, struck her as indicating a change of servants in the lower offices.

The man would answer no question.—To compel him to tell her what she wanted to know, she affected to conjecture much more than she could suppose true.—‘I dare say,’ said she, ‘my father has heard that I went out this morning alone, and has discharged all his servants on this account.’

‘Every one, Mademoiselle,’ said the man, not able to keep so big a secret—‘Monsieur Duroc and all;—we have hardly any body to do any thing.’

Rosanne burst into tears.

She had just finished her miserable meal, of a little soup, when her door was opened abruptly, and the bailiff’s lady showed her disagreeable person, with an offer of her services, which,

under the present circumstances, Rosanne made no scruple of refusing, telling her that she needed nothing which she was not able to do for herself.—‘This,’ said Rosanne, as soon as she was alone, ‘is like declaring war against me—mine, I am determined, shall be only defensive; but I think, by being firm, I may induce my father, when he has thought on what it would be for us to part, to give way a little to me—only just enough to let me live in peace—that is all I will ask.’

The persuasion that she was right, and the very honest wish to act properly, gave her courage and temper. She replaced her books, and tried to be calm and industrious; but the one was as difficult as the other, while awaiting her sentence. Before her hour of rest, she sent a request to be allowed to see her father; but, if carried, it was refused; and in grief, perfectly new to her, she prepared to pass the anxious vigil of the night.

Noises, near and distant, convinced her that the servants did not go to bed; and it was scarcely perfect day-light, when, relieving her feverish restlessness, by pacing her chamber, she saw her father’s carriage coming towards the house, and, awaiting its nearer approach, was convinced that the person whom it brought, was Monsieur Laborde.

Her imagination instantly told her, with the

most positive certainty, that her father had suffered by his violent anger, and was dangerously ill.

Scarcely conscious of what she was doing, she dressed herself, and would have gone immediately to his chamber; but she found she was locked into hers: she listened, and heard the deep snoring of some one in the room which Mademoiselle Cossart had occupied; but to interrupt the notes of this double-bass, was not in her power, and she was obliged to desist from her endeavours, and remain, if not quiet, inactive.

There is no common occurrence of domestic uneasiness more painful than the partly-certain and partly-suspected suffering of others, when there are no means of getting at the truth. All this Rosanne, a novice in calamity, had to endure, till her breakfast was served, when the bailiff's wife, with her characteristic tenderness, was so good as to corroborate her supposition, by saying, that 'Monsieur had been as ill as possible, and that the doctor had been sent for'—but how Monsieur was at that moment, whether in increasing or diminishing danger, Mrs. Bailiff had not concern enough in the matter, to inform herself, previous to her attendance on the young lady.

Whatever entreaties, remonstrances, threats, could effect, Miss Bellarmine tried, and tried in vain, to induce the woman to give her her li-

berty, or to make inquiries for her;—her next experiment would not perhaps have failed, for the argument was drawn from her purse; but the necessity of using it, was superseded by the humanity of Laborde, who, having learnt that Miss Bellarmine was implicated in the general confusion of the chateau, found his way to her.

He relieved her greatest anxiety by telling her that her father had been alarmed without cause—that he had been in no danger, and was then in no suffering. He then inquired, with the interest of a friend, into the cause for the changes he had seen and heard of, and into the truth of the reports which Mademoiselle Cossart had scattered in her retreat.—Rosanne related what concerned herself, and explained its connexion with what he had remarked, and concluded by entreating him to use whatever influence he had over her father, in her behalf.

Laborde promised every thing in his power; for though, at first, he hinted at the expediency of her endeavouring to give up ‘points of so little real importance’ as those on which the father and daughter disagreed; yet when Rosanne added, that, through the medium of Mademoiselle Cossart, she had obtained from her father an explicit confession that she had been baptized according to the rite of the church of England, he could not but own—as he would have done on the production of the title-deeds to an estate—that her claim was good, and her

right indefeasible.—She authorized him to offer for her, every thing consistent with the maintenance of this right, and was greatly comforted by his zeal and his promises, and his undertaking to see the marchioness, and explain her situation.

One other service he rendered her, which was that of placing the servants under her authority: he represented their master as, at present, suffering the influence of anger, founded on misapprehension, but which, averted from his daughter; would direct itself towards them, if they failed in any point of respect towards her. This procured her liberty and civil treatment; and he came daily to enforce his orders.

But, during three days, no success attended either her own applications, or good Laborde's endeavour for her: her father, he told her, out of mere ill-humour, would not quit his chamber, or resume any of his usual habits.—How all this was to terminate, remained still problematical, when, on the fifth morning of her misery, which no entreaties of Laborde's could prevail on her to alleviate by quitting the house, or suffering the marchioness to visit her, she was waked at sun-rise from her harassed sleep, by a voice under her window, which bade her 'go to Monsieur, as he was very ill, and had sent for her.'

Half persuaded that she was dreaming, she rose as quickly as possible, and went to his

chamber, where she found him, in a state of frightful perturbation, and unable to speak—he shook his head, as if regretting his inability to make himself understood; and pointing to various parts of the room, he called her attention to appearances which indicated that he had had visitors of no very honest intentions. Every place that promised plunder, had been ransacked.

A woman, who seemed a servant of a low description, and whom Rosanne found standing just within the door of the chamber, could only tell, that, alarmed by hearing an unusual noise, she had risen, and, losing her way in endeavouring to get to the lodgings of the other servants; she had passed Monsieur's apartment, the door of which was open—that looking in, not knowing who occupied the room, she had heard him make a noise as if in distress, and had then perceived him, nearly in the state in which he then was. She could just understand that he wished for his daughter, and, not knowing how to seek her, had called under the window. Her supposition was, that his people had fancied him dead; and to this his motion of his head assented.

As if released from some spasmodic terror, he, in a few minutes, recovered his power of speaking, and Rosanne's extreme alarm abated sufficiently to allow her to be serviceable to him.

He did not now spurn her assistance. Under the persuasion that he was at the point of death,

he showed, in contrast to Addison's invaluable lesson, how an infidel *ought* to die and must die, unless the utmost severity of divine punishment be his lot, and he imagine peace where there is no peace. He was sitting up in his bed, unsupported, and too weak to sustain himself, but by grasping the bed-clothes with one hand, and propping himself with the other arm: his appearance was disordered: his lips were parched; his eyes, as far as the imperfect light of his chamber allowed them to be seen, looked orange-colour: his whole frame shook; his teeth chattered; and the alteration since Rosanne had seen him, was appalling: he stared round, as if fearing the approach of something; and then, overpowered by feelings which he could not make understood, he sunk down, gasping for breath, yet struggling again to rise.—The drops stood on his face—his hands were cold and clammy, and shrunk from Rosanne's gentle grasp.—‘It's all over—poor gentleman!’ said the woman. Rosanne had only time to give a firm contradiction to this exhilarating sentence of condemnation, before the servants whom she had ordered to be all called, came to her.

The women were, without exception, strangers, and appeared rather peasant-girls than servants. How they had been procured, was divulged by the lady-bailiff's calling to them by name, when Rosanne was at a loss to address them.—‘What can I do with a set of such people?’ said

Rosanne aloud to herself: she turned to the men—she espied a groom whom she knew—he pushed forward to receive her orders, saying, ‘Milady, all we stable-people are here.’—‘Then,’ said she, ‘let him who will go quickest, fetch Monsieur Laborde.’—‘*I will go,*’ ‘*I will go,*’ ‘*I will go*’—ran through the lobby, in which they had assembled; and Rosanne felt comfort as she turned to her father, who, to her infinite joy, seemed recovering.

His acquaintance with his constitution and with medicine, enabled him to direct his daughter in her assiduity; and, in an hour, she was convinced, that, if he had not suffered entirely under fright, it had very greatly increased the appearance of danger. He could now tell her that his new valet and his wife, who had been, nevertheless, very strongly recommended to him, by his heretofore confidential servant, the bailiff, and who, for the sake of rendering him assistance, were ordered to sleep in an adjoining room, had robbed him while he was dozing, and that he had waked in time to see one of them on each side his bed, and to hear them debate whether they should not lay his pillow on his face, ere they departed with their plunder.

The vote had fortunately been in his favour; fear—*on the part of the man!*—had saved him; and they had contented themselves with a booty of apparel.

Rosanne continued her exertion of chafing

and bathing, and administering stimulatives as she thought requisite, till Monsieur Laborde arrived. Her father had neither opposed nor encouraged what she did : his philosophical notions of necessity seemed here in their proper place : he and his daughter were now certainly drawn together by necessity—at least on his part there was no volition—there was no scheme ; and, like his necessitated existences, it was to be apprehended that they would separate again, as soon as the necessity of cohesion ceased.—But the endeavours of the physician, interested by the laudable conduct of Rosanne, were well directed to keep up this necessity : he enlarged on Miss Bellarmine's judicious exertions ; and, not sparing of his opinion, he made his patient aware of the jeopardy to which his rejection of his amiable daughter's cares exposed him.

She was now no longer in exile ; and if there was not peace, there was an armistice between father and daughter. ' You must not leave me,' said Bellarmine to her, when Laborde, after a stay of some hours, committed him with confidence to her vigilance. ' You will make advantage of my situation, I do not doubt ; but be silent, and take care of me—for the present.'

She could not resent the precipitate undertaking for her, that she *must* act ill. She felt happy in being allowed to correct his error by her assiduities ; and, in a few days, he could

not but be sensible that to them he was indebted for the freedom of his mind from terrors of external violence, added to those attendant on such a man, in such a situation.

Having obtained his authority to countermand the dismissal of servants who had waited for successors, and to recall those who had been discharged, she restored to their situations Durroc and every one who had not gone out of her reach. Three vacancies remaining, she must have accepted strangers, had not a letter from the quondam terror of the castle, Jaques, of ghostly memory, who was just returned from a service in the town near them, offered his duteous wishes to be allowed the honour of attending on her. On an interview with him, she ventured to take him as a substitute, till her father was able to look abroad for himself; and with still farther views, she accepted of his sister as her personal servant. She gave a suitable situation to one of Nannette's daughters, and, but for the entire occupation of her thoughts, might have felt the pleasure of patronizing.

It was pardonable in Rosanne if, while she waited on her father's convalescence, she was particularly desirous to recommend herself to his favour. He had never yet seen her what she now was; and when once satisfied that he would recover, she forgot, in the happiness of her situation, all that had distressed her, or that remained

to distress her. Bellarmine, with the exception of that 'mental reservation' which each was conscious existed between them, was kinder to her than ever: he could not withstand the parental feeling of gratification in seeing any thing so admirable, the pupil of his mind: his youth had never offered to his affection, or perhaps his acquaintance, a female so lovely as his daughter; and she was now in a responsible situation, where much was required from her, which she did not know she possessed: she was so useful, so amusing, so cheering, and so gentle, that he was in no haste to put an end to her services; and concern for himself taught him the prudence, if not the duty, of avoiding to exasperate the feelings of one, to whom he must probably again resort, under the infirmities of declining age.

The pleasure resulting from, at least, his forbearance, was increased to Rosanne, by her freedom from all other control. She missed Mademoiselle Cossart; and she regretted that any thing should have driven her away, in a manner that precluded farther attention to her; yet the release was invaluable, and Rosanne could not but confess to herself, that, had she foreseen what she now experienced, her impatience of the fetters under which she was held, would have been far greater.

From her father's room, whenever he bade her leave him, she went to that occupation which

gave her fresh courage, and from which she endeavoured to gain directions for her conduct. She had the comfort of a decent, conscientious, grateful young woman to wait on her, and who, well instructed in the principles of religion, could often inform her. On Jaques she could rely, and had it in her power to be kind to his father, and to make Nannette's daughter happy. Having now nothing to conceal, though she was studious not to provoke, whenever she was allowed to go out for air, she visited Madame D'Orsette; and from her conversation and the blandishments of Lisette, returned with new vigour to her duty.

Uninitiated as Rosanne was, in the common views and purposes of the world, she fancied she had, by her own sagacity, discovered the most important use of the various accomplishments bestowed on her, when she saw them contribute to amuse her father, during his remaining indisposition. That which, in even his usual state of health and disposition to exertion, would not have caught his attention, was now matter of speculation; and his intolerance of imperfection in what she did, drew him out to activity of thought. Vain computations of the product of persevering industry—the rule of three questions, ‘If so much in an hour, how much in a year?’ and ‘If so much in a year, how much in a probable life?’ served the different purposes of satisfying his curiosity, and increasing hers—

her silent questions went much farther than his which were uttered. Secure now, on the faith of repeated experiments, against any unpleasant effects on her patience from the use of unsparing criticism, her sketches were effaced, her mode of shading was condemned, her nicely-finished botanical drawing was torn, and a fresh specimen ordered for a recommencement of her labour; her musical science was sifted, and proved deficient; her execution was contemned; and spleen, which she was disposed to accept as benignity, sent her back to the first elements of that which she thought she knew well. But all was favour to a creature who seemed to have now no privilege but that of submission, and ‘Yes, Sir—Willingly, my dear Sir—As you please,—and, I am certain you are right, my father,’—were the substitutions for attempts at questions and proofs of reluctant obedience, which had threatened, in due time, a division of the empire of Chateau-Vicq.

Acknowledgments of services—approbation of endeavours—or sensibility to the cheerfulness with which every necessary sacrifice was made to him, it was not the fashion of Bellarmine’s mind to return: he received his daughter’s assiduities as he did the dew of Heaven on his fields, as the offering of necessity to necessity. Had either been withheld, he might have murmured; but while Nature held her course, and Rosanne performed her duty, he was not perhaps content to the full—but content not to complain.

To a spoiled child, this sparing meed of encouragement might have appeared discouraging; but though it seemed, from the time when Rosanne could be sensible of care, to have been the business of two persons, unremittingly, and of more occasionally, to contribute the perfection of their powers to the improvement of hers; though consideration how their movements would affect Miss Bellarmine in her studies or her pleasures, seemed to precede every undertaking, happily for her the selfish principle in those who ruled her, had been strong enough to counteract the common effects of indulgence and importance, by rendering her as much a slave to them as they made themselves slaves to her.

The usual feeling of weariness and worn-out patience in attending on the sick, was thus by circumstances kept aloof from Rosanne's mind. She served with alacrity for small praise, and found reward in that which might have been accounted by others hardly requital.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ROSANNE's calm delights were uninterrupted during the next fortnight. Her father recovered, as fast as she could hope, from his late attack; and his broken limb gained strength daily. She heard, though not from him, that the bailiff was dismissed and his family disgraced by this withdrawing of favour, and by an investigation of their character and conduct. The father of Jaques had, by zeal and good fortune, recovered a great part of the plunder of the new valet and his wife, and was, for this service, not only restored to his occupation, but put into the situation of bailiff. Perhaps Bellarmine began to find that what he called superstition, was, at least, profitable to masters, if it influenced the morals of those in whom they must confide; for he did not supersede the servants whom Rosanne had engaged conditionally.

He seemed, at length, disposed to requite the solitudes of his daughter, by his own for her, and watched the return of her vivacity and the roses of her complexion, with an anxiety now doubly gratifying to her. She, on her part, made every effort that could give him pleasure, forbearing whatever could renew the cause of uneasiness, prosecuting her delightful inquiries

in private, disregarding the advice the marchioness gave her, 'on her knowledge of the world,' to venture farther, and try whether a little exertion might not produce more than all her acquiescences. But Rosanne, if she knew little of the world, was not without a guide; and perhaps the novelty of Scripture-axioms gave them more authority; for they were, to her, bit, bridle, and spur; and her highest wish was, to learn how to conform to the spirit of that which she was fixing in her mind. By comparison she was happy, and, on the dictate of her heart and her reason, grateful: her pursuits, if not encouraged, were not thwarted, and for any better state of things she could wait.

To remove a little evening-feverishness, Laborde had prescribed for her; and she had persevered, with benefit, in taking the medicine, when one day, some trifling want of punctuality in a servant, keeping her without it, Bellarmine, who had made himself acquainted with the practice of pharmacy as connected with chemistry, and had amused himself by analysing what was ordered for his daughter, offered to supply the deficiency from his laboratory. Rosanne thought the case not important enough to require this; but knowing her character with her father did not stand high for persuadability, and fearing to be reproached with obstinacy, she yielded. The light was hastily departing, and to any one else

she would have said, 'Be cautious!'—He mixed the medicine: she took the glass: neither the colour nor the smell satisfied her; she paused—she ventured to ask if he was sure he was right—for the first time since her attendance on him, he was offended—he was positive, and she submitted, rather than irritate him.

But he was mistaken. That which at first was only mis-giving in the mind of Rosanne, was, in a short time, converted into certainty: and effects consequent on poison, made themselves felt. As long as possible, she combated them; but when, deceived by her wish to escape his observation, her father was preparing to dismiss her for the night, it seemed to her that he ought to know the truth, and that what he must hear would be more dreadful to hear, and rendered more overpowering, by his hearing it suddenly. Yet, unwilling to tell it, wishing that he would discover it himself, and urged, by the recollection that she had probably no time to lose, to the obtruding on his notice that which she had striven to conceal, she feigned delays and an unseasonable indisposition to sleep.

He reproved her delay, and, without looking at her, told her *she* had only to court sleep to call it.

Hitherto she had kept behind him; but as if feeling that his incredulity required conviction, she came forward to the lights, and, looking at him with a dejected movement of her head,

while she held with both hands on a chair to support herself, he immediately discovered that she was in violent pain; but not even then, did he make the application to himself.

She could not assist him to make it: her tongue had, indeed, yet the power; but there was something, seated deeper than even her affection, that would not permit it. She only begged to be led to her chamber.

While she was carrying out, he was writing a hasty billet to Laborde; but not even now, though he began to suspect himself, dared he be ingenuous:—he said that Rosanne was alarmingly and unaccountably seized with, what he believed a bilious disorder.

He did not yet admit the worst; but he could not quite separate a conclusion from its premises:—having given Rosanne a medicine, and she being ill after it, he could not but *fear* there was some fault in the component parts of it, or some inaccuracy as to the compounding; but it could not, he was convinced, be of more than temporary importance. He ‘was sorry she suffered; but in the nature of things it would soon be over:’—he ‘almost repented having interfered; yet, as she had not her medicine, and wanted it, and wished so much for it, he had done for the best: he would never again concern himself with her ailments.’

But whispering memory telling him, that, in fact, she had declined taking the medicine, and

had only yielded to him, in doing so, he deduced, from his knowledge of human nature in petticoats, another consoling error: 'she had set herself against it, and either exaggerated sufferings, or suffered by her spirit of resistance.' This presumption—a breaking wave in the agitated surface of his mind—could not serve him long—he heard that she was every minute growing worse, but entreated him not to come to her; he therefore seemed inclined to visit her, and only to yield to 'her capricious disinclination to be seen.'

Laborde had been fortunately met on the way. Bellarmine stopped him to give *his* account of the accident.

Rosanne had not chemical knowledge sufficient to inform him precisely what had been given her; but she was very soon convinced that it was something the effect of which, if not averted, must be speedily fatal. She had lost time in her unwillingness to distress her father; but this was all she lost: her understanding told her what she could and must attempt for her rescue; and this she coolly ordered, alleviating the apprehensions of her servant—who, if she had only taken magnesia instead of cream of tartar, would equally have supposed her poisoned—by showing that fortitude which was inspired by her danger, and consequently no proof that it did not exist.

Whenever she could recollect herself she was calm.—‘I am now,’ thought she, ‘in the situation for which my new study seems particularly calculated to prepare those who will bend their minds to it. I am now alive—here are all my books and employments about me—every thing, but myself, is, as if this accident had not happened; and in a few hours I expect to be a corpse! a dead body, to appearance, without any consciousness of having existed. So far I regret this, as it takes me from my poor father, and stops my pursuits;—and what will be his feelings, if ever he finds out what he has done!—if I live to see Laborde, he must never tell him.—It is sad to be taken away, and by such an accident—young as I am:—and if it had occurred some time ago, I should have struggled obstinately, though in vain, against my fate. I wish I could live a little longer, for I feel I am not sufficiently informed, and that I may have been too confident.—Am I sure that there is a part of me which may survive me?—that, when I am a corpse, still there shall be something escaping, as it were, from my earthly character, carrying with it all my consciousness and perceptions, and living freed and for ever after me?—There may—and I think there is—and all that I have read tends to convince me of it.—But this belief I must, in justice, take on its own terms—and, joined with it, there is what I find called the doctrine of future rewards and punishments.

This makes what was only in itself melancholy, awful—and, placed in the hands of Irresistible Power, it is tremendous.—Reward I cannot hope—punishment I cannot presume not to fear.—But it is not Jupiter—it is not Mars—it is not Mahomet, to whom I am to turn my thoughts. *Paradise Lost*, that glorious poem which the marchioness was so good as to lend me—I hope I may trust to it—represented the love, the pity, the compassion of *our* God, and his grand means to re-instate us in his favour, after that sad transgression of the first inhabitants of the earth.—I have more confidence in this poem than I should otherwise have, because it appears to me not to contradict any thing in the second part of the Bible:—it only amplifies it, as poetry may be allowed to do; so that I hope I may rely on what I learn from it.—I must try to methodize my ideas, or I shall get quite confused; and I have so little time, I fear, that I must consider what is most important to fix my thoughts on. The making of the world, and the sad weakness of Adam and Eve, I have in my mind: the history and laws of the Jews are a preface to the part that appears to me most to be studied.—I wish I had time to compare the predictions of the coming of that Divine Person, whose character I so love, with the events of his life. This I intended; but now I cannot make use of any thing but what concerns myself, that is to say, his power to procure pardon by that

exertion of goodness which is much too great for me to comprehend—though I give it my entire and most submissive belief—his offering his innocence, as an atonement for our—nay, I may say, *my* sad want of worthiness. Had I not got thus far in religion, I must now be the most wretched creature in the world; for I am convinced by my own observation, and by my understanding and feeling, that, to do any thing completely good, is not in my power, were it, ever so much, in my inclination, which it is not, invariably; and how incessantly am I made to confess to myself, that I cannot avoid doing very wrong! Yet it seems to me, and this is great comfort! that this Divine Person, in what he did and said, provided especially for those who are well inclined, but who have wanted opportunity to be his scholars. He seems to have foreseen that there would be persons in my unhappy situation.—If so, as he has made such great allowances for them, I hope he will for me; for, if most ardently desiring to learn of him, can be any atonement for my former ignorance and the many, many faults I see I have committed—that—and it is all I have—I have to plead.

The dreadful wringing, writhing agony again came on—the servants stood about her—her face was wiped—her hands were bathed—her temples were stimulated—she had pungent effluvia to smell to—but all would not do.

‘I must give up—thank you all!—it is to no purpose. Take care of my father—I shall soon wish to die. O! that I knew but how—I have so few things I can repeat! Surely I could say my little prayer; but I am confused. Is there nobody can read or speak to me? No; I dare not—I must die for myself: but He needs not words—He needs not even looks—my heart He knows. What are those words?—where—whose are they?—‘I know that my Redeemer liveth.’ I know it too, and it must be He who has taught me.—I am ready.’

Laborde entered. ‘You have not taken enough to be fatal,’ said he, ‘but enough to make you feel worse almost than death. You must suffer, and it is not in my power to prevent it; but I will be responsible for your life at present; and the effects we must get over as well as we can. Your father has told me of the mistake he has made.’

‘Does my father know I shall not die?—He is, I hope, then happy.’

‘Not very happy, but recovering from a very great fright, though I had to inquire out what he had done. I wish amateurs would confine themselves to their amusement, and not play with lives!’

‘O! he meant kindly,’ said Rosanne; ‘but pray let him see me.’

‘Not till you are relieved, young lady. I have more concern, just now, for you than for him.’

She was relieved, and as soon as possible she sent for her father. There had been time for what he had done, to reach his keenest perceptions; and he had been in a state of self-execration, without the comfort of wholesome repentance; and even now, with all his misery hanging about his feelings, he was disposed, as he could not deny, to palliate and to lay the fault on any thing or any body rather than himself.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BUT the mistake, even after she was rescued from the immediate danger, had consequences that seemed to threaten her life, and rendered her father anxious, though he was still, in appearance, confident. Her feelings were now different from what they had been when surprised by this accident. She was, as much as then, aware of her situation; but she was tranquil; and spending every interval she could command, in preparing herself for the probable event, she could, in her father's presence, conceal all but what most commanded his respect, the character of pious resignation to that which no attempts to raise her spirits chased from her thoughts.—It was only when she looked at him, now precipitately borne down by suffering and anxiety, and thought on the forlorn state to which she must resign him, that it was difficult to command her feelings, or not to regret her own destiny. She talked to him, at times, with hope and confidence of amendment and recovery; but he did not see to the bottom of her heart.

She could not long attempt deceiving him. The daily reduction of her strength seemed to

call on her to confess, that nothing remained for her but to familiarize him to the prospect that must soon be realized; but all her attempts produced effects contrary to her intentions: his share in her fate was recalled to his recollection more strongly at every mention of it; and his replies to her were alternately dictated by the most positive contradictions, in which Laborde did not support him, and the most gloomy murmurs at evils made, as he estimated them, purposely for himself.

When she had been permitted, by physicians called from every place within reach, to eat and drink whatever her fancy pointed out, she, well understanding the permission, quoted this seeming indulgence, and made use of it to beg of her father something still more the object of her wish—liberty of speech. He could not but admire her, and feel his own misery infinitely increased by what he termed her heroism: and, averse as he was to listen, he could not impose silence on a creature so destitute of comforts, the suffering victim of his own rashness.

‘Speak,’ said he; ‘say what you please:—if there is any comfort in speaking, speak.’

‘I wish,’ said she, ‘to say a little as to my own situation, and also on yours;—but whatever I say, you must consider only as if you were reading, against your inclination, a book that had been recommended to you. You ought to know, for your comfort, that, excepting

yourself and my concern for you when I shall be gone, I have not in this world an object to make me regret quitting it, or any thing to occasion me uneasiness. I cannot explain to you what I feel—it is a sort of support equivalent to happiness; and this I certainly owe to the having made myself acquainted with the grandest scheme of beneficence that my mind is capable of understanding—even imperfectly as I understand it. I have just had time to go through it; and to you I am indebted, perhaps, for the disposition and the application necessary to the comprehension of it. Your kind endeavours to teach me to get at truth, and certainly your methodizing my wild desultory ways of obtaining knowledge, have been of infinite service to me; and how happy should I be, if you would only yourself look at my books and papers! Could I but hope, that, when you have not me to amuse you, you will give the system of the Christian religion a fair consideration, I should be convinced that you would be happier, without me, than I can ever have made you, or than I have the power to make you.—Might I ask it?

He was silent.

‘Recollect, my father, what were your feelings, when you thought yourself dying. Were you as calm, as tranquil as I am? and would you not have wished to be so? It is no merit of mine; it is nothing peculiar to me. You

may be happier than I am, because your powers of understanding and reasoning are so much superior to mine. I can attribute all I feel, only to the calm soothing influence of opinions with which I am scarcely yet acquainted. What must they be to those who have time to study them?—as you will have, I hope.—They open such a delightful prospect—they account for every thing so satisfactorily! Think what it is to have lived as long as I have, ignorant of these things.—I am afraid I ought to have done more for myself:—had it been matter of worldly knowledge, I think I should have striven more: but then, indeed, you could and would have helped me. It appears to me, from what I see in some of the sermons Madame D'Orsette has lent me, that young people are frequently not sufficiently sensible of the happiness of a religious education. I wish they could know what I feel now. O! how I wish my mother and you had been ever so strict and severe to me!—for I have had all to do for myself.—Ignorant as I am—so ignorant, that I can hardly tell whether I am right in my notions, how am I instructed? and here I am on a couch, from which probably I shall be lifted to my grave; and my soul—for I am sure it will survive my body—may be immediately tried by its Judge; and if I am asked how much of my life I spent in preparing for this judgment, what can I say?—A few months:—and all the rest spent in a way, per-

haps deserving punishment!—For if neglect of God does deserve it, I am sure I must! How unfortunate!—O that I had been the child of the poorest beggar! But then, my dear father—you are more to be pitied: for I am sure you would have taught me, had you been taught yourself. Was my mother religious, Sir?’

With his habitual savageness on the subject, which overcame even his concern, he replied,

‘Rosanne, I give way to your weakness; but do not purposely irritate me.—You cannot suppose, with my principles and opinions, I should have chosen to unite myself to a weak, superstitious woman, or have encouraged her in such sentiments. We never talked on the subject; nor would you now have it so in your mind, were you in health.—You will be better soon.’

‘Forgive me, father; you do not know what has been the state of my mind, even in health. I do not mean, indeed, to blame you, and I hope and pray that no blame will ever be imputed to you: but if you had but let me be taught when I could have learnt——’

‘You would have despised the instruction.’

‘Perhaps so: God only knows his creatures. I feel my own presumption.—You have shrunk me into nothing, my dear father:—I will not again repine:—I will be thankful for any light, even at the last moment. I am astonished, when I recollect what I have heard people say of their indifference as to the length or short-

ness of their life. I remember that your friend Monsieur Prieur used to say, that there is more danger of living too long than too little a time, and that it is of more importance to make life comfortable and pleasant while it lasts, than to prolong it. Now, I think and feel so differently from this! If our time in this world is given us to prepare ourselves for another, the longer the time, the greater the mercy:—and if it be for eternal happiness that we are to prepare, and that happiness has degrees which we have our option of reaching according to our endeavours, how much is it our interest to ask for the longest period that can be granted us! and of how little consequence is it, at last, whether we make that period pleasant to ourselves! For myself, circumstanced as I am, I would ask the utmost minute, during which disease might spare my intellects; and on any terms I would accept the inestimable gift of more space for religion, and more opportunity of showing my sincere attachment to my good and gracious Maker, who has not suffered me to depart this life, wholly ignorant of him and his laws, and has not permitted his merited chastisement to reach my mind.'

After many impatient attempts to stop her,—
'You think too gloomily, Rosanne,' replied her father, 'even on your own principles. I need not say I am grieved for your situation—my heart is almost broken by it:—but you should—'

it is the best advice I can give you, encourage hope, and not suffer such dismal forebodings to occupy you.'

'My father, what better hope can I encourage? what are my dismal forebodings?' said she, raising herself on her elbow, and directing upward her eyes, brilliant beyond their natural brilliancy, and as it were illuminated by the expectation of death; let me convince you your kind intention is anticipated: hear, then, the state of my hopes at this moment. It is strange to say my fears do not affect my hopes—but it is so:—I fear I am unworthy; yet I *do* hope for forgiveness, because, as far as I know myself, I am sincere.—I dread punishment for what I have omitted and what I have done in ignorance of my duty; yet I hope for mercy for the little I have accomplished. I must indeed be weak, or rather mad, to entertain these hopes and expectations on my own account; but the deficiency which my reason, as well as my conscience, shows me there must be in the best deeds of creatures who, like us, have lost, I conceive, the power of acting without fault, is, I know, I am persuaded, I am convinced, made up by the added merits of—Nay, father—forgive me, it is the last time I will offend you; it may be the last I may speak; for I feel as I never yet felt: I am acting and speaking on strength not my own.—Weak as I feel in body, I seem as if I could speak for ever, and loud

enough for all the world to hear me.—I must—I cannot die happy if I do not—profess my belief that, on as simple a system as if one man paid a debt, and that not blamelessly incurred, for another, because all he was worth could not pay it—the merits of the ever blessed Son of God, who came down from Heaven, and took on himself, without diminution of his divinity, our nature, such as it was before the fall of Adam, will be accepted in lieu of our perfect obedience, when we have done the utmost that our corrupt state allows us to accomplish. On these merits I rely; and I expect, as soon as I cease to breathe, to feel myself conveyed, if not into the presence, at least into the consciousness, if I may say so, of my Maker and my Judge. Whether I shall in any way be judged immediately, my small knowledge does not permit me to know; but I expect that, finally, unless I am found, which may God avert! unworthy, I shall be received into a community of perfected beings.’

‘This is fanciful,’ said he peevishly; ‘but still, if it pleases and cheers you, I would not discourage it:—yet let me ask, In this society of perfected beings, what occupation would *you* or I find? All that we do in this life, you know, is matter of necessity. Now, in a society of perfected beings, in a state of perfected happiness, there must be, I should think, a sad monotony of employment.’

‘Employment! my dear father; I suppose the desire of employment one proof of our imperfect nature:—but yet, if I am wrong, this cannot frighten me; for, when I consider only my own limited curiosity, and the employment which even that would find for me, did I give way to it, I can figure to myself an endless accumulation of knowledge as one of the circumstances of perfect happiness. I am encouraged to think that the roots and seeds planted in our minds by education or by nature, must be intended to bear fruit beyond this world. So strong an impulse as that which makes us desirous to learn, would not have been given us merely for amusement, or even for its use in this short life. Even our very discontent with this world is, to me, a proof of another. If the mind had not a pre-sentiment of something better, it would be satisfied.’

‘You are no reasoner, Rosanne.’

‘Perhaps not, my dear father: I should never wish to reason or argue on religion; it is enough for me, that, however ignorantly, I feel its rational, its undeniable, its spiritual influence. What should I be at this moment without it?—If I had nothing to hope but that I should crumble into dust, and be trodden under the foot of the passenger, should I not now look back, even on those exertions of industry which you have most commended, as a frivolous waste of labour? On the contrary, you

know not how grateful I have lately felt for all you have taught me, because I am sure my future happiness will be increased by it.'

'Fie, fie, my Rosanne; how childish!'

'Why so, Sir?—Am I to suppose that the greatest and wisest men of the world will find that they might as well have spent their time in dancing or at cards, as in promoting the interests of mankind, and teaching the will of God?—If *they* have a *great* advantage, *I* may hope for a *small* one—and be it ever so small, I shall rejoice in it.—O! you know not how happy this makes me; I only wish I knew more.'

'Then, my child, do you really feel no reluctance in quitting this world?'

'O! I cannot boast this—I can say, indeed, none, equal to that of leaving you; but then that reluctance is as great as all others added together. But for myself, I feel only an humble joy:—I should, I think, be sorry to leave the landscape of the world, if I may so call it—I can conceive views of hills, trees, water, and the other features of a fine country, that I should grieve to quit—the sun, too, I should mourn for—but that I know all will be made up to me. I suppose every body frames a Heaven, according to natural inclination;—mine presents itself to my mind and expectation, as an atmosphere of the brightest sun-shine, whose centre is a glory that cannot be beheld, and adorned with every object that can give pleasure. I can fancy

a society united in love and gratitude to one great Being, whose power and paternal care ensures their happiness. I suppose the employment of the soul two-fold, part adoration, which exercises all the benevolent feelings, and part the pursuit, or rather the enjoyment, of knowledge which satisfies the intellect:—to these—O! forgive my folly—I add the charms of music, such as I have never heard—the sight of colours, such as I have never seen—and, above all, a never-diminishing sense of self-congratulation in being freed from the infirmity of human nature!

‘It is too late, alas! Rosanne, to warn you now against superstition!’

‘No, Sir, it is not—convince me that I am in error, and I will even now retract. You have so often talked of superstition, that you made me curious to know in what it consists; and I find it described as being ‘the credulity with which a false religion is believed to be true;’ but as a false religion is said to be ‘that which is founded on fables—which gives false ideas of God, or enforces a culpable manner of obeying, and which neither contributes to private nor public welfare,’ I cannot conclude the Christian religion superstitious, when it appears to me to give those ideas of God which I was before inclined to think must be proper, and when our obedience to him, and our mode of worshipping him, as far as I can discern, tend to render the

people of this world just and happy. To take only this country for an example, have not the miseries of it been the greatest when it had the least sense of religion?—and any body who reads the Bible without prejudice, must see that religion and prosperity, in the case of the Jews, were the same thing. Beside, in the neglect of acknowledging the goodness of God, there is something so contrary to my ideas, my feelings—so ungrateful, so unamiable—that—I beg your pardon, my father, I make allowances for your opinions—but I speak for such as myself, when I say I dislike it. And as to the use of religion, I can see nothing so useful as the making people agree and unite in paying respect to one superior Being. Since I have known any thing on the subject, I have wondered how it was possible to do without such a Being—for people must agree in some points, or they could not proceed. Now, suppose, my dear father, every man were to insist on having his own will in every thing, and no two persons would agree to call red red, and blue blue—they would have no means of communicating their ideas;—and in medicine, if—but I did not mean to bring this proof—I see it would not hold here;—but in all things there must be agreements of some kind; and the agreeing to honour a superior Being, when they have agreed that this Being deserves honour, must be productive of great good. All the oaths that are mentioned in his-

tory, must, I now see, derive their power to bind those who took them, from this common sense of mankind. Respect for a superior Being, must produce faith in each other; and in time of adversity, what a comfort it is to have some one to look to!—some one on whom to rely!—It appears to me, that if any one wished to make a very happy world, there would be no better plan than to have it made by some one Being immeasurably above the people of it, whom they should agree to love and obey: and then, to prove their love and obedience to the satisfaction of others, there would be times, and places, and forms in which they must make their sentiments public—and here I see the proper use of what the Jews called the Sabbath, and which I like better to call the Lord's day.'

'And pray,' interposed Bellarmine, 'which day of the week do you fix for this?'

'O! Sunday, certainly—what we call here Dimanche.'

'Because, I hope you have learnt in your deep theological studies, that the Jews would correct you in this.'

'Yes, I am aware of that; but it does not stagger me.'

'No, no; the credulous never start—they can reconcile any contradiction: but you must give me leave to remark, that if your Supreme Being told you, as we are to be made to believe, to keep the *seventh* day in this state of wasteful inactivity,

and you obstinately keep the first, you are some way off the obedience you seem to think so amusing.'

'O! no, no.—I will tell you how I understand it—it puzzled me; but I have found it out by reading and comparing. When the Jewish dispensation had done what the Supreme Being designed by it, and the corruptions that had undermined it, if I may so say, had served to humble the minds of those who adhered to it, so as to make them wish for that new form which was to succeed it, perhaps their disgust at the manner in which the Sabbaths had been perverted, made them desirous to keep, for the purpose of serving their Maker, as well as resting themselves, the day on which that Divine Person came again to them after all his sufferings, and after what they supposed his natural final death; and as he had been particularly anxious to teach them, that they were to consider themselves in greater liberty, and, as it were, committed to their own discretion;—guided rather by the spirit of laws that were now explained to them, than by temporary forms and significant observances, they had, I think, a right, and they did what was respectful and cordial to their hearts, in saying, 'We will not rest on the day that has been made odious by the Jews, but we will rest and serve our Maker on what we shall call the Lord's day;' therefore, I think, if I had a child to teach, I would not

let it call *Dimanche* the Sabbath,—I would make, it, out of respect to that Divine Person, call it the Lord's day.'

'There is something like reason in this; or, at least, there is consistency—if there can be any in castle-building.'

'No, no, father—not castle-building:—but I have a little more to say.—If this Supreme Being consulted the happiness of his world, he would give it clear laws, which, for the sake of the inhabitants, and not for his own, must make them respectful towards him, and kind to one another;—whence would arise piety and charity.—and if these people offended their Maker, it would be for him to name the terms on which he would forgive them; and hence springs the Christian dispensation, which has a farther regard, in its promise of that to which we cannot be entitled, the rewards of a future life. I am astonished that any one should ever hesitate in believing this.'

'There are other hypotheses that have had their very warm supporters.'

'But can there be one so satisfactory as this?—I never could, in any way, account for a feeling I have always experienced when a thing is quite right—it seems like something just fitting into the only place in the world, that it would fit. And when I was but a child, though I believe I was very passionate and unruly, I remember I used to observe, that what-

ever I did which I felt to be quite right, always made me happier, even if it brought some vexation to me, than what I felt to be wrong, even if I gained by it.'

'This shows nice feeling—which you always have had, remarkably.—But let me ask, would you be content with admitting the notion of a God, and indifferent as to the manner of his worship, if it were but agreed in?'

'No; the worship I should join in, must not offend my understanding. I suppose, that what we first learn will seize the mind—*my* first ideas are taken from the reformed church; and I prefer it, because it appears to suit my notions. It is respectful to God, charitable, peaceable, and benevolent towards my fellow-creatures: it is, as far as I can see, directed towards the exercise of all the virtues we can bring into use;—it admits, very modestly, the existence of some things which it cannot explain; but, as I see reason to trust it in what I *can* understand, I would trust it where I *cannot*:—it holds out, certainly, enough to encourage—it is very plain in its promises, and in its threatenings;—nobody could fairly plead ignorance as an excuse for error, under its guidance.'

'The Church of England would suit you best.'

'Perhaps so—but there are religions, I suppose, of a different character:—that of Mahomet, I know, was propagated by the sword—

all pagans and savages seem to love bloodshed: the Roman church has, I am told, no charity for those out of it; and, as far as I can learn, its modes of worship are so gaudy and childish, that I cannot suppose such a wise Being as, I am sure, the God of the world must be, can like its customs, though he may excuse them:

‘Then, now, my father,’ concluded Rosanne, exerting all her force, ‘if you see me die—and I hope I shall, as tranquil as I am now,—will it not convince, will it not encourage you?—Consider, you must be again in the state in which I once saw you—would you choose to be terrified as, I am persuaded, you were then?—Believe me—I do not pretend, you know, to superior wisdom; but believe me, the human mind shrinks even from the idea of being nothing—but being nothing, cannot be the worst of our lot: we cannot, if we would, consent to be the lowest we can imagine:—the soul will not endure death—it will quit us, and rather stand before its Judge, at the risk of punishment, than consent to perish.—Will you think on this?—Relieve my anxiety; for I feel that I cannot entreat much longer. Do not leave me, my father:—it may pain you to see me die; but it will comfort you to see how I die—it may teach you to die happy. I cannot speak longer.—O! that you could but read to me—for I could hear.’

‘What shall I read? tell me, my child; I will

do any thing for you—but take my word, you will not die.’

She pointed to her Common-Prayer-Book—a paper made it open at the Burial-service. ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth’ met his eye, and seemed to echo Rosanne’s words:—he shut the book, and covered his face with one hand, while he grasped her chilly fingers with the other.

‘I will not pain you,’ said she: ‘O that I had but a friend to whom I could speak!—Prejudices, my dear father, I dare say at this moment you would give up—if Madame D’Orsette might but come to me!’

He did not refuse; but, as he did not immediately acquiesce, he might have found some expedient of procrastination, had not a message of inquiry been, at the moment, brought from the marchioness, which Rosanne always answered herself. To her affectionate and grateful acknowledgments of her friend’s solicitude, she now added, and without contradiction, her request that she would come to her, and, if not inconvenient, remain with her for a short time.

Bellarmino said nothing: but when Rosanne began again to speak, repeating his assurances that she would recover, and wishing, tenderly, that he could accelerate the return of her strength, he rang for her maid to attend her, and quitted the room. ‘This,’ said Rosanne to herself, persuaded he was deceived, ‘I must

bear—he will not stay long—he must soon be summoned again, if he would see me once more.’—But he did not wait for a summons: he returned, and, as she thought, in improved placidity.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE father and the friend had never before met, though the outline of the former was familiar to the marchioness. What he expected or feared to see in her, he alone could tell. Perhaps he thought, that, engaged in a conspiracy with his daughter against his authority and his opinions, she would meet him with high and haughty airs of superior sanctification; or he might fear the wily arts of a woman, who professed to have thrown herself into the arms of superstition, as a refuge from adversity. Nothing better than this was to be hoped; for he had long ceased to express any inclination to make acquaintance with her.—Something unpleasant too he might feel on his own account; for he could not flatter himself that his share in his daughter's imminent danger was a secret.

But no disagreeable expectations whatever, were fulfilled by Madame D'Orsette's arrival. She was shocked at seeing the tremendous alteration in Miss Bellarmine:—for some minutes her feelings were ungovernable; and on a mind less firmly supported than Rosanne's, her want of disguise might have produced effects not at all favourable to her recovery; but the sufferer

took on herself the duty of consolation; and receiving her friend alone, she made use of the opportunity, to palliate the accident by which her health had been injured, and to entreat, that, if her regard for her was sincere, she would prove its sincerity by assisting her to support her father under what she could not but feel, however free from arrogance, must be a heavy affliction.

Nothing but personal acquaintance with the varieties of human character—an acquaintance in which those are sometimes the most deficient who decide the most readily on possibilities and probabilities, and contend the most tenaciously against matter of fact—can render credible the extreme facility with which minds prone to extremes, will pass from one eccentric feeling to its opposite. Madame D'Orsette, overwhelmed with grief for the situation of Rosanne, grief so sincere, that, at the moment, perhaps, there was nothing, within the power of her renunciation—except her child—which she would not have sacrificed to save her, was no sooner familiarized to the spectacle of her emaciated person, and taught her lesson of prudence, than her ideas, her feelings, her sentiments, appeared to change. The imminent danger of Miss Belarmine seemed to become of secondary importance, when, having promised every compliance

that a person so situated could ask, she was to prepare for an interview with Mr. Bellarmine.

On a message from Rosanne, he came; and she, whose solicitude to avoid offending, not even her miserable weakness could supersede, was comforted when she saw nothing more awful than shyness of a stranger, expressed in her father's manner. In a few minutes, he could speak as if obliged by the kindness of this visit to his daughter; and perhaps accepting as confirmation of his own sanguine hope, the non-appearance of any thing like despair in the deportment of the inexperienced marchioness, he felt as if, thus supported, it were possible to persuade Rosanne to recover.

There is a set of paltry associations which have, in their concatenated form, a power not to be granted by reason, and which should be positively disclaimed by religion:—these associations are formed by the follies of each sex; and their power results from their acting on each other. Madame D'Orsette, before this interview, had considered Mr. Bellarmine as worth pleasing; and Mr. Bellarmine, as soon as he could look the marchioness in the face, forgot all his prejudices and presuppositions. Vanity on one side, and what is called sentiment on the other, suspended painful interest, and blunted the edge of recollection; and they were dialogues not of a gloomy description, which were interrupted

through the remainder of the day, by the ‘Can I assist you to change your posture?’ of the friend—and the ‘How are you now, my dear child?’ of the parent.—Rosanne felt no impatience;—she was gratified by seeing her father in any degree, or by any means, amused; and the marchioness having promised to remain at *Chateau-Vicq*, she willingly postponed the comfort she sought. Medicine supported her through the evening; and she herself was convinced that, at least, she was not worse.

But when left for the night with her friend, who was to sleep in the adjoining room, and who had engaged to call Mr. Bellarmine, should Rosanne wish to see him,—she felt that she had indeed all that the marchioness could offer of comfort and assiduity, and yet that this all, was too little to supply her want.—Every trace of mind was gone—perhaps Rosanne had forgotten how little there ever was in her friend. The humble endeavours of her maid were more efficacious—she knew but one fountain of consolation; but one ‘arm’ that was ‘mighty to save;’—and Rosanne, too weak to sleep, and expecting to close her eyes for ever to this world’s light, before the morning dawned, had decided on trusting herself to this humble instrument of a benign Providence, without disturbing her father or the marchioness, even at the last moment.

The sinking sensation of extreme debility

is so like sinking to rise no more, that Rosanne had all the merit of fortitude and composure, when, as she felt her eye-lids more and more oppressed, she commended herself, in pious resignation, to Him, in whose presence she expected to awake. But when she opened her eyes, the species of light was the only circumstance of alteration, except, perhaps, a little imaginary increase of weakness. She sent a report of herself to her father, and admitted her friend to her bed-side, from which she was presently called, by the arrival of Lisette's nurse, who came to render her account of the night.

Rosanne entertaining respect for a woman whose endeavours had fortuitously been so useful to her, expressed a wish to see her: she came; and Rosanne, as if she might collect from her first start at the sight of her, her opinion as to her hopeless state, exerted herself to watch her, at the moment of her approach. She saw nothing that she had expected. Nurse, admitted to conversation and inspection, rather gave courage than alarm; and when Rosanne asked her if she did not think her very ill, and how long she supposed she might live, she answered to the first question, indeed, in the affirmative; but to the latter, by saying, that, if she had her in England, she should say, perhaps, three-score years.

The marchioness seemed almost ashamed of the absurdity of a servant, in whom she pro-

fessed to place such confidence; but the woman was not weak enough to be daunted: when her mistress, with thorough absence of all caution, bade her recollect herself, she replied, 'Why, my dear lady, what would you have me say?—I speak as I think—Miss Bellarmine is very ill, and feels as if she must die—and so must every one whose stomach can bear neither solid food, nor food that is not solid:—but do you not remember how I recovered *you*, when every body seemed to give you up?'

'O my unfortunate head!' exclaimed the marchioness; 'never thought on it till this moment—O! certainly, I remember; but then, consider—you know what Miss Bellarmine took by mistake.'

'Yes, I do; but all that she took must be out of her constitution long since—and if she dies of weakness, it is a different thing. If somebody will have the goodness to show me the way to the larder and the kitchen-fire, I think I can venture to say, she may, with God's blessing, recover.—Let her have what liquid she can take, while she must wait. Take my word for it, young lady, under a kind Providence, you will do very well again. You say you are allowed to eat and drink what you will: I have often found this permission made it fast-day with sick stomachs.'

Rosanne smiled, as in acquiescence with this

opinion, and forbore every inquiry that might indicate want of confidence.

On Nurse's departure, the marchioness seemed to resume her suspended judgment. She was now 'au fait' in the plan of restoration; and could recollect perfectly that this 'good soul' had, in a case of extreme debility, and when the powers of digestion were lost, devised for her a nutritive aliment which communicated the invigorating properties of animal food without its weight. It was now all vastly easy—the simplest thing in the world—nothing but just extracting the juices of meat and vegetables, by placing over a gentle fire, one vessel filled with them, in another filled with water. O! that well-intentioned people would but reflect, for a moment, on the inefficacy of their intentions, if they do not carry their memory about with them.

Monsieur Laborde made his visit, and approved the prescription: it was tried, as it has been in many cases, with wonderful efficacy; and, in a week, Rosanne herself began to look forward with hope. It had not required many hours of that time, to call up her gratitude to the Source or the stream of this blessing;—in the latter direction, her father's accompanied hers, Nurse was looked on, throughout the chateau, as little less than a witch or a divinity. Mr. Bellarmine requited her with distinguishing generosity; and the marchioness, calling to

mind, occasionally, the trifling circumstance of her 'just not happening to think of the remedy in time,' talked of '*our* recipe,' and '*my* essence of meat.'

Bellarmino's confidence of his daughter's recovery, had supported him through the period of her severe suffering; and, but for the revelation which she had been compelled to make, of her principles and sentiments,—that she had suffered might have worn out of his recollection, without leaving any subsiding associations: but when, in nights of disturbed sleep, or at times when her quiet advised his absence, his mind ran over all that had occurred in the space of the last three months, his reflections were not easily to be dismissed.

Convinced that Rosanne was now incorrigibly given up to superstition, and feeling it impossible to resume the posture of mind in which he had threatened her with his severe displeasure, he had no eligible option. What she had, in spite of his endeavours, rendered herself, she must remain:—'and in peace, poor girl! she should remain, provided she forbore annoying him with her credulity.'

In reviewing what she had done in his terrific distress—for the medium through which he regarded *his own* suffering, did not diminish it—he could not but confess her conduct exemplary in temper, energy, and prudence:—no

ill had resulted from her domestic arrangements—the effects were rather desirable. Macniel had already proved himself worthy of confidence; and it was probable that, ‘after all, the lower classes must be restrained by something less liberal than the philosophy with which universal philanthropy and undistinguishing citizenship meant to have blessed them.’

Calling up next for discussion, the state of his daughter’s mind, that he might thence calculate his probabilities of comfort from her, her behaviour during her illness could not be overlooked:—nothing, certainly, that had ever come under his observation in life, had exhibited what she practised—it was perfect philosophy—it was admirable—it was heroic fortitude—nay, it was more, even than these.

And ‘the marchioness, as she called herself, he could not see was the worse for any superstition which *she* might entertain.’ He ‘supposed she must have it, but it did not appear; and she was, on the whole, a most charming woman.’ He ‘should not be sorry if Rosanne got a little of her vivacity—her play of character—it was very fascinating; but then it might allure the men, when she entered the world, as she must now soon do, whereas, if she retained her quiet, elegant, retired character, she was safe; they then would be afraid of her; and if no nonsense were put into her head, and he in-

dulged her to the utmost, attached as she had shown herself, he thought he might keep her (1).

Then again wandered his thoughts to the marchioness. 'What age could she be?—it was hard to guess the age of some women. Lisette would be a nice little 'pet' for Rosanne to bring up. What sort of a man was this uncle, Mr. Grant?—her family-property seemed considerable—a man had a right to look to his own comfort, if he did not injure his children by the first marriage. What a rambling machine is the human mind! Duroc——' He would then rise.

The marchioness remained three weeks at Chateau-Vicq; and now, as Miss Bellarmine was greatly advanced towards perfect recovery, she politely asked if she could be longer useful. The reply on the part of father and daughter, might have been an ardent affirmative; but Rosanne considered Lisette.—Her mamma had preferred leaving her at home under the care of Nurse, observing, *with great propriety*, to Mr. Bellarmine, that a child, between five and six, was, without exception, the completest spy and the most fettering shackle in the world. 'Little toads!' said she, 'nothing escapes them, and there is no end of their questions; and yet,' concluded the lively parent, looking towards Rosanne, 'I do love the little wretch with all my soul—that *you* will witness.'

'How truly well bred!' thought Rosanne,

‘and yet how judicious!—she conceals her impatience to be again with her little girl, yet she does not subject herself to the suspicion of indifference. This is the ‘air of the world’ that poor Mademoiselle Cossart used to talk of—I am afraid I never shall get it.’

At the next meeting with her father alone, she remarked on this amiable trait in the marchioness’s character. Rosanne’s deficiency in the ‘air of the world,’ rendered unintelligible to her an odd suffusion in his countenance. She perceived it; but she dared not say, ‘What is the matter, Sir?’—It was gone in a moment:—and he replied, in a way that either accounted for it or dismissed it from recollection—‘You have reason for your partiality, Rosanne—you cannot have a more zealous advocate than your friend; you owe a great deal to her.’

‘I will not ask how,’ said Rosanne to herself; ‘I can guess—and I am convinced it is best to be quiet while my father is so kind.’

Zealous, indeed, was the marchioness for Rosanne. Her first use of ascendancy over him, was to obtain toleration for his daughter; and to do this, she had gone the great length of setting herself forward as his example, and professing herself, in her private opinions, of his school, though meeting what she styled ‘the enthusiasm of Rosanne’ with acquiescence. Belarmine took a lesson ‘of the world’ from her, and, with a lenient ear, listened to her vivacious

eloquence on the necessity of external conformities. 'I shall be a good Christian,' said she, 'when I get home. I see, by my letters from England, that nothing else will now do. Why, my uncle tells me—but then he is a prejudiced man—that even those charming writers Lord Sipskull and Miss Mundane are obliged, of late, to put a few dashes of 'Providence' and 'Religion,' and so forth—you know what I mean—into their works;—'t is a pity, because they did, I am sure, so well without. Yet I know I shall be obliged to give into this, and so must you too, my good friend, if you live a few years longer—take my little word for it: but then you and I may always have our own private feelings; and these I shall not give up for any body. But dear Rose shall, I insist on it, enjoy her superstition and enthusiasm to her heart's content: she is quite made for it; and she is such a charming girl! What a sensation that girl will excite whenever you bring her out! I really never saw such a girl—you must not immure her here all her life—do let the world see her.'

'I am afraid,' said Bellarmine, 'if once the world sees her, it will snatch her from me; and then what am I to do, in my miserable forlorn state of solitude?'

'O! a man may always make himself comfortable—you must marry again.'

‘ Who would have such a poor creature as I shall be, and with a broken leg ?’

‘ O! your leg will recover its strength ; and I am sure nobody will ever find out that it has been injured—you and I shall dance together at our race-balls yet.’

Was Bellarmine going to reply? and did nothing but the marchioness’s vivacity stop him, when she said—‘ And, depend on it, if you wish your dear daughter not to rust into bigotry, the best way is to bring her to England ; for she will there be so puzzled by choice of what she is to do and believe, that all her time, poor soul! will be spent in thinking what she shall be.’

A gentle tap at the door of the breakfast-room, and Rosanne’s voice, saying, ‘ Is the marchioness here? will any body be so good as to walk with me?’—stopped the conversation. ‘ I will go out this way,’ said Madame D’Orsette, escaping through a ‘ porte-fenêtre’ to the garden. Bellarmine, put off his guard, caught and kissed the hand that hung down as she passed him, and was then at leisure to let his daughter knock once again, before he, in the kindest terms, offered himself and his stick as her companions.

Perhaps Madame D’Orsette concluded, as she had not had time to caution Bellarmine, that he would have reported to his daughter, a part, at least, of their conversation ; for, when the ladies met, theirs took a direction which allowed the

marchioness to reproach herself with 'the great latitude that *must* be given, where people whose minds are full of prejudice are to be brought over to reasonable opinions—' do not you therefore wonder, my dear Rose,' said she, 'at any thing I say to your papa—I tell him, my religion is like my dress; I put on what suits the occasion, and wear the least when I am most in 'gala,' and wish to look best: if I did not do this, I should scare him away from me; and then what would become of *us*?'

Something, not exactly what Rosanne wished, might have been betrayed, when, the marchioness having returned to her own abode one morning, she spoke in warm terms of her, and seemed inclined to trace her kindness of heart up to a higher source than it could boast: her father drew his hand over his face, or she would have seen him smile, as at a notion too silly to be combated. 'But do you not think,' said she, 'that revealed religion might save parents and teachers some trouble, at least in educating girls?'

'Yes; but it is turning the labour of individuals over to an engine.'

'But if an engine will do the work of twenty horses——'

'Why, the engine is a good engine, as to itself, certainly.'

NOTES.

(1) The chance of such a girl as Rosanne being passed over, is not rashly calculated.—‘Who, do you think, is going to be married?’ said Mrs. Lynx, just married herself at sixteen.—‘Nay, I know not.’—‘The last person you would guess—Laura Graveney!’—‘Why the *last* person? she is a most amiable, accomplished, well-educated girl.’—‘Y—e—s, but she is so quiet—so retired!’—Query, what was Mrs. Lynx before she married?

(2) Madame D’Orsette should have read for herself, ere she had presumed to judge; and she should have waited a little, before she decided that the compliance alluded to, was no more than convenient temporizing—very allowable in those who have so important a point to carry, as the liberation of the human mind from the fetters of religious faith. As to any injury which a work of genius can sustain by such an admission, it may, to use the language of experimentalists, be so ‘neutralized,’ as to be made harmless: for instance, if in one page an author makes one of his personages express trust in the goodness of God, he has only, at a due distance in the volume, to say, that, without morality or religion, we *English* people—O! who will accept the compliment?—might think and act rightly—and then what harm can the former introduction of God’s providence do?—But to be serious——

There is, notwithstanding our sad warping from the rule of right, still so much common sense remaining in this country, as to sanction a large portion of its population in an honest reprobation of that which is affronting to our Maker; and though we are still much too hungry for novelty—too idle in our avocations—too much dazzled by ‘talent’—there are few amongst us, who would venture to justify authors professing to do good, and omitting the only radical cure for evil: if we write to excite laughter, buffoonery is excusable

—if we strive to amuse, religion and lessons of morality are confessedly out of place;—nay, if we teach only a system of our own, we have a right to confine ourselves to drawing odious portraits, and showing the rising generation how to hate, to despise, and to fence against their fellow-creatures. We may reveal to them, with our own additions and imaginations, the moral turpitude of persons in power or in dignity;—the state, the church, the law, may all, in turn, be made ridiculous and contemptible; and we may play even with crowned puppets. Boys may be taught to rely on themselves alone, in the race and the battle,—and girls may be admonished to wait decorously for husbands: but let no such deficient moralists presume to teach truth, or to instruct in the search after happiness. Not all the puffing, and blowing, and garbling of the trumpeters of their regiment, will avail to persuade one rational believer in the doctrines of revelation, that they deserve confidence. And when that hour arrives, which, by the mercy of God, may, in the mirror of our own unclouded sense, set before us the motives and the views of our labours, it will be no answer to the ‘Cui bono?’ of an interrogating conscience, to say, ‘We taught how to make the best of *this* world,’ if, in doing that, we barred the access or destroyed the inclination to seek the path to another. It is a fearful looking-for of judgment that must occupy every thinking mind, that has ever opposed truth;—for conscience is, it is to be hoped, reclaimable by all.

It would be to no purpose that such writers should deny their principles or their covert intentions—to speak of a favourite character as having ‘a right to be proud,’ is to wear the cockade of their party—it is in the teeth of the Gospel, and to persons of extensive and of just views, absurd.

With no hostile view—with no desire to depreciate—but with a sincerely-charitable wish to see the great gifts of our Maker better employed, is this censure expressed.—A work of that excellent imagination—that brilliant power to draw character—that admirable use of sportive powers, which have so long gained applause—but fairly, and without enthu-

siasm, doing *something*, at least, for the glory of God, would call for blessings, in addition to fame. The world is on the point of demanding this; for the circle trodden by the interests, the strifes, the follies, and even the vices of mankind, where religion is passed over, begins to weary the follower; and connexions with the opinions on which this restriction is founded, are divulged, or supposed not at all favourable to any better affection than that of curiosity.—Who would not rather have written ‘the Cottager’s Friend,’ than volumes of such works of genius as make the happiness of the first character receive its completion from the fruits of a vice which we are warned may close the gates of Heaven against us? Are we to trust such teachers, or the express words of Scripture?

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ROSANNE, restored to health, and strength, and beauty, with perhaps the exchange of a little of her impetuous vivacity for a gentle, placid, unvarying cheerfulness, was again the pride of her father, who, in the unbounded admiration which the marchioness expressed for her, seemed to have an earnest of the applause of the world.

To those who live in situations favoured with natural beauty, every admiring visitor is ‘euphrasy and rue’—that is seen again, which had ceased to be seen; and the landscape is a new picture when we hear the question, ‘Who can paint like Nature?’ It was nearly a similar service which Madame D’Orsette rendered to the excellencies of her friend;—nay, she did more than call attention—she gave the picture its proper varnish; and Bellarmine saw, daily, new shades of character in his daughter.

It was but a short time that he wished her to borrow graces from the marchioness: compared together, with the just deduction of parental love towards the one, and of ‘sentiment’ towards the other, there could be no question in adjudging the superiority; and Rosanne had as little cause as she had disposition, to be

alarmed at the fascinations of her friend. Bel-larmine's feelings did not blow as large bubbles as when they were preparing the gas for a longer period of delusion—they burst with the first inflation ; and the marchioness was again in her proper place, that of polite friendly regard made cordial by a sense of obligation. How many such transient attempts to be foolish, occur daily in the *penns* of what is called society, where the necessity of filling up the outline of unwillingly still life, brings under the same roof, the cameos and intaglios, whose business it is to receive and to give impressions ! If the wishes, the purposes, and projects of a set of speculating autumn-visitors in some fine houses, ranged themselves in legible characters on walls and draperies, the *library* would be left for those who want time rather than employment.

But the halcyon days of Rosanne's new life—a life every day more valued, more enjoyed—were now threatened with the approach of the cloud long seen in the horizon. Every arrangement was made for Madame D'Orsette's return to England. Her uncle, it was known, held himself in readiness to fetch her. With kind unwillingness, she wrote to invite him ; and, to make the separation easier to Rosanne, she now again lived at home, but with daily intercourse between her house and Chateau-Vicq.

Rosanne had been an object of pity and of care, till she had become an anxiety by prescription:—to please her, was motive sufficient for any undertaking; and, consequently, a necessity so painful as that of giving up her friend, was looked to as connected with her health, and almost with her life: her father was wretched in contemplating the increase of misery in store for him, against the time when the worst should take place.

If it be true in experience, that we are sensible of our advance to old age, only when we attempt something out of our daily practice, it may befall us, in an even and progressive conduct, to be surprised at our own alterations in temper, or in modes of thinking and acting. We may have been imperceptibly growing better, without the satisfaction of self-approbation, or worse, without the alarm of suspicion. Now, against this ignorance, which, on the one hand, cheats us of our right, and on the other endangers our most important safety, that best of all schemes, the scheme of Christianity, provides. Its ceremonies are periods which warn us that it is time to strike a balance in our account:—we are exhorted to examine ourselves: the examination does not bid us forego the modest, honest pleasure resulting from a balance in our favour: nor does it command us to sorrow as those without hope, should it be a little against us. The worst feeling we are con-

signed to, is just as much serious thought as will enable us to see we are wrong, and to resolve that we will do right. No more is asked of us by Him, who having our destiny in his hand, has still, in his mercy, set laws to himself, than common sense would ask of a servant who had been tempted out of his way, by the hope of pleasure or the suggestion of curiosity. He meets some one who warns him, informs him, shows him his right road, and offers to bear his excuse to the master to whom he is responsible for his time. Acknowledgments of gratitude, submission to direction, acceptance of the benevolent offer, followed by a resolution to err no more, would be the natural track of his feelings. What more is required of us? Happy, happy those, who, before they have erred, find a finger-post or a friend to guide them!—We have both.

But poor Bellarmine had neither the friend, nor the finger-post, nor the account stated, nor the warning of a time to balance it, nor the will to wish for any of these things. With all his enlightened philosophy, he knew little of the human mind in general, or his own in particular;—with powers of analysing and decomposing, there was a subtle spirit that escaped him;—with all his calculations, his sum-total always wanted something of proof;—and with all his knowledge of history, and his acquaintance with the characters of individuals, he knew neither the real motives to many of the greatest

actions, nor the end to which private virtues lead or vices hasten. And in another nearer concern, he was still more ignorant; for he knew so little of himself, that he took for the alarming remains of indisposition, or the havock made in his nerves by anxiety, not only his tender feeling of pity for Rosanne, now called on to resign her friend, but of comfort in her possessing an enthusiasm that alone perhaps could enable her to bear it. For himself, he had reasonable care; and he could not refrain from a tacit confession that he could willingly 'put up with' the Christianity, to detain one agreeable woman, and keep another in an agreeable disposition.

He could not, even when alone with her, speak to Rosanne on the subject. He remembered how she had once suffered by him; and he did not like to be, himself, the mover of her feelings, when those feelings, he knew, must be painful. Yet he wished to ascertain, for his own satisfaction, if possible, how far this separation would affect his comfort. He called to mind the infantine battles, and juvenile poutings and murmurings, on former disappointments, comparatively trivial; and he could not but feel, that, if ever his daughter could be justified in, at least, complaining, it was now—when she must be left to his society, and that alone, till the time of year again admitted of his offering her amusement.

But his resolutions to avoid giving pain to his daughter, ended in his saying to her, the first time that she was alone after the arrangements were completed, how much he feared her spirits would sink when her friend was gone.—Rosanne replied :

‘ Why so, my dear father ?’

‘ It will, I am fearful, leave a sad vacuum in your existence.—You will feel that you have only me; and you will grow discontented again, and make me uncomfortable.—But the world, as far as I have ever observed it, holds out pleasures only to withdraw them.’

‘ I am sorry to hear you say so; I cannot think it. You are, indeed, as far as I know myself, mistaken in supposing I can *now* regret any loss that is the gain of another; and as to being left with you alone, my dear father, let me see you happy, and I shall be so. I can, even now, rejoice in Madame D’Orsette’s prospect: she must, though she is so polite as to be silent, be so delighted with returning to England!—and perhaps, at some time or other, we may see England and her.’

‘ Nothing is certain in this crazy world:—but when she is gone, you will have a new mode of life to begin; for you have hardly yet been sensible to the liberty in which I meant you to live. Her departure will throw you very much on yourself; for, if you and I cannot think alike, which we never shall, you cannot expect

much assistance from me. You will, believe me, find that her going is a sad subtraction from your happiness.'

'My dear father, forgive me if I say you cannot judge of me. You will see, I hope and trust, that my ideas are very much corrected. Allow me only to avail myself of the aid of pure simple Christianity, and you will find that its duties will be to me a substitute for every privation:—Next to my Creator, you will be my first object:—to make you as happy as you will allow me, will be my daily endeavour; and when you consider how much I have to learn, and how new this study is to me, you cannot imagine I shall want amusement or employment. I have enjoyed very much, the indulgence you have allowed me in letting Madame D'Orsette be with me; and I shall equally, I dare say, enjoy the quiet leisure I shall have to examine what I have been endeavouring to teach myself, and to learn from her. Every thing now appears to me in such a new light: there is so much reason for every thing!—there is such a stimulative in all that is to be done, that what I used, I confess, to think mere arbitrary necessity, is now, as far as I can comprehend, to be referred to common sense, founded on common convenience, and tending to common good. And if you would but acquaint yourself with the system and the bribe it offers even to selfishness, you would, I am certain, think it

admirably calculated to operate on the higher classes by noble motives, and on the lower by those, not so generous, but still bringing all to the same point at last; leading mankind, even by their passions, their prejudices, and their infirmities, to virtue, and to a happiness that, it is expressly promised, never shall end. With these opinions——'

Bellarmino had exercised great patience in listening thus far;—more indulgence to that which he despised and denied, could not be expected. In tenderness to Rosanne, he replied only:

'Do not teaze me with enthusiastic absurdities.—I see it will be vain to attempt bringing you back to reason:—I do not intend to try, if I see your conduct what it ought to be towards me. You must go your own way—you were always obstinate. But, if I am to be perpetually beset with a parcel of absurdities and nonsense, I cannot answer for my forbearing to resent it—you know me, and what I expect. Were you my son instead of my daughter, my disappointment would distress me more than it does now; but to women, who have neither mind, talent, nor ambition, this systematic stuff may be well proportioned.'

Rosanne would gladly have accepted a lower degradation of opinion than this, for the sake of the implied permission:—she expressed her-

self gratefully ;—and, taught by an honest unaffected zeal for what she felt to be right, not to press the matter beyond the boundary of filial respect and sensible prudence, she confined herself to acknowledgments of obligation and assurances of inviolable duty (1).

But now arose a new anxiety. Mr. Grant might be every hour expected;—and Bellarmine had not only been deficient in promises of welcome, but, on every mention of his name, had observed a silence too pointed to be called *even dead*.

The marchioness appeared to know very little of her uncle's habits and pursuits. That he was eminently worthy and cordially kind, she could, on her own experience, assert; but Rosanne could not discover how far his conversation would attract the attention of her father. All that she could learn was discouraging: his niece could tell that he was of one of the English universities, and had been head of a house there: his Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew, she had heard ridiculed when a girl:—he had opposed her father, she remembered, in an election-business; not by coming forward, not by any one personal exertion,—‘which,’ as she observed, ‘made it so much the more provoking’—but merely by the bias his living in his parish had given to the minds of his flock.—Poor old soul! he had persuaded himself, and so he persuaded the poor people, that because ‘Fear God and

honour the king' came in the same line of their Bibles, they ought to do the one if they meant to do the other.—' Now really,' said the marchioness, in her agreeable lively way, ' I cannot go quite so far as my good dear uncle.—I am, like my father, a friend to the people, and I think they ought to be enlightened and taught to know their claims—and keep their rulers a little in order.'

' I beg your pardon,' said Rosanne; ' but can the people of a country in general be trusted thus far? Would not the ungoverned passions of a multitude now, as formerly, produce, what the Scriptures I see call, 'the madness of the people?'

' Well!' said the marchioness, ' you and I, Rosebud, will not talk politics. I cannot bear to hear women giving their opinions on subjects which they cannot possibly understand.'

Rosanne could comprehend and feel this; but she could endure it. Where our interests are involved, it is astonishing to see how much may be borne in silence; and Rosanne had either too much regard for herself, or too much good sense, to adjust the rights of ' Whig and Tory,' when it was of importance to her rather to hear all that was to be heard of Mr. Grant.—' Has he ever been abroad?' said she.

' O Lord bless the man! no, I believe not. My dear, good quiz of an uncle at Paris would be, to the dear Parisians, I am persuaded, a grand 'spectacle!'—I think I see him there.—If

he is what I have painted him on my imagination, an elephant in the pit at the Opera, would be as much at home. I have no notion of him, to tell you the truth, but as a muzzing old country-parson, spending his mornings up to the ears in folios, relaxing over the newspaper, abusing the poor French; and thanking God every time he hears a good account of his dearly-beloved king;—then taking his horse, to go and talk over the news with some of his neighbours—for he has a good neighbourhood, and, I am told, is a great favourite, notwithstanding all his queerities;—then poking his jolly face, or his lantern jaws—for I forget his dear phiz—into the farm-houses and cottages in his way home, and easing his pocket of all his halfpence and silver;—then coming home to his beef-steak or his pork and pease-pudding;—sleeping till his man pours his tea down his throat;—then reading again till he blinds himself; then taking his squeaking fiddle, and setting the cat's teeth on edge—for he talks in his letters so much about music, that I fancy *his* Bible says, 'Fear God, honour the king, and play on the fiddle, or else you will never get to Heaven.' But, God bless the good creature! if he will not annoy me while I am his guest, he may do as he will afterwards.—I am very wicked to laugh at him, for he must be one of the best men that ever lived, if I may judge from his own *report* of himself—I was

going to say, but I ought rather to say his *letters*:—I did not mean to be pert—and I am sure he does not puff himself—for he is an excellent man; and I am very much obliged to him for putting himself out of his way, and taking the trouble he has done for me.—I do really think, though he is such a true Englishman and a country-parson, Lisette and I might have been much worse off, even here, if his interest and his knowledge of the world, and his understanding how to set about things, had not served us—so I will not abuse my dear good uncle.’

‘Such a character as this,’ said Rosanne to herself, ‘will never propitiate my poor father; so I must be content without any acquaintance with good Mr. Grant.—I may as well burn all my notes of questions which I meant to ask him.—I shall hardly know how to conduct myself.—I cannot bear to tell him that my father would not like him.—Perhaps I had better take leave of the marchioness before he comes:—but this would be sad punishment:—I will not do that;—I will trust to Providence:—O! how delightful to have such a trust!—I cannot, nor do I, expect the Supreme Being to stretch out his power on every occasion to serve me, even when it would be assisting me to do right; but I am persuaded that the order of things is such, that the result of his care and government is the same as if a king were to write an order for any

favour I had entreated, and his servants obeyed him—and more than this confidence I have:—a king might indulge me to my hurt; but my Supreme Being will, like a good and wise parent, only indulge me as far as is for my benefit; and I am as thoroughly convinced, that, without my giving myself any anxiety about seeing Mr. Grant, the thing will be made to arrange itself; as I *ought* at least to wish, as I am, that the path I am in, will lead me home if I pursue it. The great point of prudence, is to avoid doing that which will make it necessary to correct me severely, which would be equivalent to my choosing to wander out of this path, and needing force to bring me back;—but correction I must, I perceive, need, and submit to; for, even in this path, I dare say I do not always go straight, or keep the middle—and I may feel tired before I get home; or I may lose time if any thing strikes my curiosity: beside, I know I must expect trials to prove my sincerity—if I can but distinguish between them and punishments! I must learn my duty as I have done grammars:—it is an arduous business, especially with no one to consult—but yet what is this anxiety to the wild misery of having nothing to act up to?

As far as she dared, she mentioned to the marchioness her solicitude and her apprehension. ‘Leave me to manage it,’ said her friend. —‘If my uncle is at all like his letters, I am

sure you may trust him to do all that can be done to coax your father; and I do not despair. He will soon be tired of me and Lisette;—your father will be curious to hear of England—I will undertake for my gentleman, only keep yours in good humour; they will not be long enough together to disagree. Do not let us suppose any difficulty. Let us rather think how we shall bring them to an interview. Shall I send to ask your father and you to meet him? or shall we call to ‘return thanks?’

Bellarmino soon settled the matter of ceremonial in debate, by issuing a decree on the subject. In very good time to prevent any mischief, he enjoined his daughter to take care that he was not troubled with ‘the priest;’ and painful as it was to her to communicate this sour prohibition, she dared not risk the consequences of neglect or disobedience. She was therefore under the necessity of translating the order given her, into more decent language, and delivering it; and Madame D’Orsette relieved her by taking on herself all the responsibility of its observance. It did not include any restriction of Rosanne, as to visiting her friend, while Mr. Grant should be with her; but this vexation presently followed, and was inflicted in a wayward ‘tête-à-tête’ breakfasting, when Bellarmino had been alarmed in the night, by a visitation of cramp, and Duroc had not heard his first call. She had imprudently suggested, in his exculpa-

tion, the recollection of former instances of attention; and the readiest way to correct that for which it was not easy to find a fit punishment, was to forbid her entering Madame D'Orsette's house, while her uncle, 'the priest,' remained in it.

She had looked forward to an acquaintance with Mr. Grant, however short and however interrupted, with that certainty of advantage which a young artist would have expected from a day spent with a communicative painter; and the marchioness, knowing her sentiments on the subject, had postponed her preparations, that she might have a reason for detaining her uncle a little longer than was necessary to their setting off. But Rosanne did not hesitate; she could firmly trust, when she dared not hope; and even when the most disappointed and the most precluded from present consolation, the submission of her will and her judgment was accompanied with the confidence she had cultivated, that, at a future time, all would be well.

Like an ingenuous student in any other branch of intellectual excellence, she avoided copying her own ideas: she was desirous to learn those of a higher order, and to get out of herself as much as possible; and as, to improve, was her sole aim, the task set her was of little import, did it but answer the purpose. Referring to her feelings in other instances, and to the exercise her father had given her faculties, she

persuaded herself a harder lesson was equal to approbation of her diligence, and the consolation it brought with it, was superior to all the rewards or commendations which her former exertions had ever procured her.

NOTES.

(1) Christianity, professed on its own pure and correcting principles, will never suggest to a child any thing inconsistent with the filial observance demanded of the Jews, and enforced by our Saviour. Its doctrines are very ill understood by those who make a merit of *professing* to be superior in religious information or practice to their parents. If they are so, and are sincere, they will avoid, as much as possible, the expressing their sense of superiority; and if they are not deluded enthusiasts, they will see the wisdom, the prudence, the conscientiousness of complying in small things—things which, to coax the stubborn into docility, it is common to call ‘indifferent;’ but indifferent they are not. Of this description are the dress, amusements, and in some measure, the employments of daughters in the house of their parents; and it may seem extremely meritorious, in the eyes of young enthusiasts, to be sordid in appearance, sour towards that which education has provided as the harmless occupation of a refined intellect, and ascetic in their graver pursuits; but in all this there is very little merit, and, on such a basis, there never was, nor will there ever be, consistent, equable perseverance. Persons of this description will readily go from one extreme to another, but the mean they never can hit; and it is not more certain, that a pendulum kept in violent motion, will reach the extreme point to the right as well as the left, than that they may be found acting diametrically opposite to the principles for which they have pledged themselves. Nothing is more easy than to be

singular—but nothing is less in harmony with the spirit of the Gospel: no reward is promised to the rejection of the embellishments of life, or to seclusion from the world; the spirit of revealed religion rather teaches us that we may ‘take up serpents’ and be unhurt;—and observation will prove, that there is not one of these things which are pleaded for as *negative*, that may not be turned into *positive*, calls on our best feelings. The good mind will, even at the toilette, in the dance, in the theatre, in journeys, in walks, in seeing or practising works of art, in hearing music or performing it, find some motive that shall raise it towards its kindred skies—cheerfulness becomes a stimulus to piety, and animation is added to rectitude: while the perverse stagnant feeling of enthusiastic pride, stamps a mark of rejection on every thing that requires it to yield, the bland ingenuous mind is convinced that

‘God alike pervades,

And fills the world of traffic, and the shades—

And may be fear’d amidst the busiest scenes.’

Let it not be understood that any violence to conscience is here sanctioned: there may be ‘spirits finely touched;’ and there may be circumstances that call for the tenderness, and even the respect, of parents; but these will always prove their genuineness, by the candour, the moderation, the duty, and the wish to be informed, that will attend them.

Neither is it to be supposed that any one asserting the just claims of parents, includes in them the vicious compliances demanded by a few. Mothers, who make it matter of complaint against daughters, that they will not expose their persons, or obtrude themselves on notice; who, by professing themselves ashamed to appear with them in their natural complexion, drive them to meretricious arts; who prefer the waste of time to the use of it; who encourage those odious rivalries and paltry emulations which degrade the female sex; who show their plan for paying themselves the expenses of education, out of the purse of any weak man whom they can

allure;—such mothers can claim no assistance from the moralist; but even such mothers will have no cause to complain of daughters, if the opposition made to their folly be gentle, steady, respectful, and good-humoured. Many, many are the instances of well-behaved daughters, who, by the propriety of their conduct, have secured the affection, and at the same time nearly directed the movements, of their parents. ‘She is so correct in her ideas of the caution we ought to use in speaking of others,’ said the late Mrs. A——, of her daughter, ‘that I often check myself when I am going to give an opinion.’

Of this only child of worthy parents, this dear daughter, who, alas! died at eighteen,—a short memoir may be interesting as well as useful: it shall contain nothing but simple fact.

And first, for the consolation of Miss Viperina Despite, and Lady Pulchrina Selfogle, it shall be conceded that she was, as to features, not handsome:—to Mrs. Dandle, who values herself on being taken for a child, it will be comfort to know that she wanted not more than two inches of six feet in height; but in justice to the goodness of Providence, and as fair encouragement, let it be added, that mind and temper had so taken possession of Elizabeth’s countenance, as to give her the preference in competitions where she did not presume to interfere; and that the quietest movements, the most graceful, dignified deportment, the loveliest humility of manner, and a style of walking, learnt under her father’s arm, made her fine height entirely advantageous to her well-proportioned figure.—Of her temper, peace, charity, and filial love, were the striking features.—‘Do not let me see you do wrong; for, if I am asked, I must tell the truth;’ was her expression to her play-fellows at ten years old.

As she grew up, without any vulgar or designing purpose of making her an object, every accomplishment that could render life useful and agreeable, was allowed her; and her sensible kind mother, by entering with interest into her pursuits, forwarded her in them. Whatever she attained, was

well attained: whatever she undertook, was finished, and well finished; and she was incredibly industrious, under all the obstacles of health, hardly good enough to be called fluctuating. Of the strong impression which the affections of her heart made upon her intellectual powers, a proof exists in her extraordinarily accurate likenesses of her father and mother, which she produced from sealing-wax dissolved in spirit, while they were absent from her.

After submitting, with the meekness of a Christian adult, to all the privations most grievous to young ladies entering on life, hearing of all that was gay and brilliant, without repining that she could not share it, and politely consulting her anxious mother's health and cheerfulness, by persuading her to mix in society, because her report of the world was a substitution for her own view of it: after enduring pain that sometimes forced tears from her eyes, she sunk into a complication of desperate maladies—yet, even then, she was perfectly herself: she confessed to others that she had no hope of life; but to her mother she talked as if preparing for a time of better health; and never did a word or look add to parental anxiety, the corroboration even of her acquiescence in her fate. It was in a whisper, which only her maid heard, that she resigned her breath with the words, ‘My poor father and mother!’

Her papers showed how and where this fortitude was obtained: she had drank at the only pure fountain; and the source never failed her. On opening the readiest drawer of her cabinet, which contained various little paper-books filled with pious and moral extracts, the first object was this appropriate injunction in her hand-writing:—‘Say not to thyself, ‘There is no comfort for me,’ while it remains in thy power to do good to others.’—The advice came to a well-prepared mind; and the few years which her mother survived this severe blow, were marked by daily and hourly deeds of charity, and by the practice of whatever could give her hope of joining, never again to be separated, the glorified spirit of this exemplary daughter.

Now, dear young friends, you who feel interested in the story of Elizabeth A——, is not such conduct, in every way, preferable to that which you daily see producing nothing but childish hopes and vexatious disappointments? Do you think emulation in finery, rivalry in the attention of the gentlemen, ill-natured wit, or proud pretensions, would have made Elizabeth more agreeable, more happy, or more fit to leave this world, and enter on that where her portion of never-ending bliss or everlasting punishment is to be adjudged to her, just as her merits or demerits may be found worthy or unworthy the intercession and atonement of our blessed Saviour?

CHAPTER XL.

THE marchioness's intimacy at Chateau-Vicq had long allowed her to enter it by the garden, and to introduce herself to Rosanne's side of the house without ceremony; and every visit paid in this way, was now accepted by her to whom it was made, as an implied 'farewell,' or, which was almost synonymous with it, a notification of the arrival of Mr. Grant. But circumstances arose, under which Rosanne thought herself secure in the possession of her friend and Lisette, during another week.

Bellarmino and his daughter were one day standing near a bed of flowers, and he was *extemporizing* to her on the uniform succession of disappointment to hope, as exemplified in the sudden withering of a plant, of which he had hoped to be the naturalizer in France: when, at the same moment, they perceived Madame D'Orsette not far distant from them, and accompanied by Mr. Grant!

Common politeness would not admit, on either side, any notice of the uncivil prohibition of intercourse, or its breach. Mr. Grant's manner betrayed no consciousness of it. Bellarmino did not repeat it. The blame of disregard rested indeed between the niece and the uncle; for

Rosanne's duteous acquiescence in her father's command was known to him; and her countenance and manners removed suspicions, perhaps not now very active.

Mr. Grant introduced himself with frank, handsome acknowledgments of the kindness and the alleviation of her solitude, for which his niece was indebted to her hospitable neighbours. His person was respectable; his manners were simple and benignant: all the wit that ever was brought forward against 'parsons' by those who, to show that they wear jewels, would borrow even the light of the nether world, could not have made Mr. Grant ridiculous, because he was just what it was best and fittest to be: truth was the basis of all his opinions—and a sterling interest for his fellow-creatures, wherever it was admissible, gave them utterance.

He had heard that he might not be a very welcome visitor at Chateau-Vicq; and had he *expected* thanks, this information would have deterred him—but when he thought *himself* under obligation, he construed the communicated prohibition into an irritable delicacy or that shyness which, like the rust on metals, the mind contracts for want of disturbance.

'What a world of oddities—what a set of left-hand gloves,' said he to his niece, when first speaking on this subject, 'we should become, if, because one man has, by circumstances, contracted singular habits, a whole neighbourhood

should make up a mode of behaviour, individually for themselves, on the same principles, or even adopt an imitation of them! I never could see any reason, even taking things at the worst, for my being deficient in good manners, because another man is brutish: it is taking from him all chance of amendment—it is case-hardening him in his error: if, as you say, this great neighbour of yours be a polite brute, he will have the advantage of me if *I* am brutish; for there can be no politeness in my leaving him to guess whether I feel his kindness to you; therefore, for my own credit, I shall go—and to make it as easy as possible to him to behave decently, I shall suppose he has the feelings of a man and a gentleman. I will not affront him so much as to fancy he will not be glad to see one of his countrymen.'

Mr. Grant's approach to Mr. Bellarmine, who certainly did not meet him half way, was such as must have disconcerted plans of repulsion still better formed. Rosanne, to hide her dismay from herself, ran towards the marchioness; and, turning to look whether she dared be civil, she heard and saw enough to encourage her. Her father and her friend, taking each one of her hands, presented her to Mr. Grant; and perhaps Miss Bellarmine never appeared to more advantage than in making, not the ephemeral bow or measured curtsy of the day, but the lowly intellectual obeisance of an humble mind,

to one of the most assiduous ministering servants of Him who taught ‘Glory to God, peace on earth, good-will towards men.’

‘Young lady,’ said he, taking her hands, ‘I rejoice to see you—but I would, we had met on my side the water; for I do not, I confess, love this country well enough to congratulate it on having you.—If I were to tell you I have seen nothing so pretty as yourself, since I left England, I should only make my niece jealous, and pay you no compliment; for our vessel did not admit ladies; and on my road, I am sure my heart was in no danger.—But I hear you are English—O! then go back with us to England!—staying here is as bad as wearing smuggled finery in our country—let each encourage their own manufactures:—the French have no right to *you*—and forgive me—but I question if they know how to value such a possession:—’tis some years, I believe, since their women blushed, or their men had sense enough to value the accomplishment.’

Rosanne glanced towards her father before she ventured to laugh; but he led the way, and she willingly followed.

‘I remember, Sir,’ said Mr. Grant to Bellarmine, ‘I am sure, or at least I *think* I remember to have seen you before—how many years is it ago? perhaps we had better not reckon—but I remember you, certainly, Sir, a fine, smart, well-dressed young gentleman; a little—but

mind, very little—younger than myself, but quite, I confess, as good-looking. It was, I am convinced, at Lord North's levee, when he was in power—and again I met you once at dinner, at Paradise's; you knew Paradise—and then I saw nothing more of you; for I got vexed and cross, and I determined to keep my ill humour at college. I am sure, Sir, it was you, for I recognised you the moment I came up to you, but I had forgotten your name. I should have hit on something very different, had I been set to guess.—Hew—Ew.'

Bellarmino changed colour.—'My spasms, Rosanne,' said he; 'I must sit down.'

'Come to this seat,' said she, 'dear father; lean on me.'

'No, no; take my *shoulder*,' said Mr. Grant: 'gout, I suppose.'

'Tis better now,' said Bellarmino, proceeding towards the seat.—'I do not remember meeting you, Sir: I believe I never was, three times in my life, at a minister's levee; and as for Paradise, I was not much acquainted with him—cap-acquaintance.'

'O! I am sure I am right,' said Mr. Grant; 'I never forget a person whom I have once seen, especially when I like his conversation; but I begin to forget names, sadly—I can bring the dinner to your recollection. We had Beauclerk and Johnson and Langton—Goldy was gone, poor fellow! and Burke was engaged—

Reynolds was there, in all his charming temperate good humour: don't you remember his endeavouring to trace back to his first thought, his choice of his subject for the picture he painted for old Catharine?—don't you remember his saying, 'We painters are always fond of 'peopling the sky?'

Bellarmino had no recollection of these circumstances—Mr. Grant looked the words, 'Poor soul!'—but he only changed the subject for one, less calling forth what he considered as the sense of infirmity.

'I should say,' said he, looking round, 'if you were in England, you have got an enviable place here—and I believe that would all together be tolerable good Irish.'

'Ah!' replied Bellarmino, dejectedly, 'I have nothing, I assure you, Sir, that is enviable.'

'No?' asked Mr. Grant, smiling; 'not your daughter here?'

"*Vix ea nostra voco,*" he returned still more dejectedly: but, as if fearing to be asked to explain himself, and perceiving that he must endure his visitor—or influenced by something which no one understood, he assumed a more lively tone, and began to inquire after news from England.

The marchioness tried to draw Rosanne away.

'I dare not go,' she replied in a whisper.

But the marchioness got the better—they left the gentlemen sitting.

Rosanne could not remain long at a distance ; she contrived, while her friend detailed the events of Mr. Grant's passage and journey, to lead round again to the spot which they had left, and, passing the back of the seat, she heard Mr. Grant say,

‘ You may rely on me, Sir : my profession, if not my private character, will tell you that you may trust me. I would not, for the world, do such a thing, though I confess, in my own opinion, I always prefer telling my story myself, to leaving others to tell it for me ; but of this you are the best judge.’

‘ Come,’ said Madame D’Orsette, ‘ I am sure you must be convinced that I was right—why, they are quite confidential ! some grand secret, I suppose. I should like to know what it is :—let us listen.’

To avoid the necessity of compliance or opposition, Rosanne went towards the front of the seat.

‘ Ha ! which way did *you* come ?’ said her father hastily.

‘ We came up the hill,’ answered Rosanne : ‘ And I,’ said the marchioness, wanted Rose to stop and listen, in hopes we might hear some compliments to us ; for it is impossible you should speak of us otherwise than handsomely.’ — ‘ And did she ?’ asked Bellarmine with artificial composure.

‘ No, no, dear father,’ said Rosanne ; ‘ I only

came this way to look at *you*, that I might be sure your spasms had not returned: that you are well, is all I could ever listen to hear. May we go again?

‘ Yes, you may continue your walk. I like you to get exercise; you sit too much,’ said Bellarmine, in a perfectly moderated tone and manner.

‘ Did I not tell you,’ said Madame D’Orsette, ‘ that I would manage it? Dear Rose, when you come to live in the world, you will find that women may and can do any thing they set their hearts on.’

Rosanne shook her head; *she* did not ascribe quite so much to the marchioness’s management, nor did she entirely admit the omnipotence of her own sex; she was too well informed to talk of human beings as ruling powers; but her heart acknowledged the emanating beneficence of an Almighty Providence, which can make the most unpromising circumstances concur to assist our honest endeavours. All her hopes revived, and her head was immediately at work, contriving how, in the most profitable and the quietest way, she should avail herself of that kindness which Mr. Grant’s countenance and manner promised her.

In their return, the ladies met the gentlemen. Every thing indicated the most perfect harmony; and from Bellarmine himself came a very cordial invitation to the uncle and niece, either to

finish their residence in France at Chateau-Vicq, or to give their friends there, as much of their time as they could spare. In his new sensations, he had utterly forgotten those motives which had induced him and the marchioness to wean Rosanne, by degrees, from their habits of intercourse; but, reminded of them, he readily corrected himself.

Bellarmino had had to learn what the unexpected sight and the ingenuous conversation of a compatriot, would produce in the mind of an exile by the decree of caprice or the consequence of error: his sensations were wounds; but there was, in the spirit of him who caused them, a balm which soothed them; and in a few days he began to feel that he had, in the man whom he had resolved to shun, a comfort new to him—a sincere and judicious friend.

Mr. Grant had been informed by his niece, of the peculiar hardship and privation under which Miss Bellarmino had been educated; and the marchioness was ingenious and dexterous in affording her opportunities of conversation. When Rosanne could not speak, she wrote; and he gave up much of his leisure to satisfying her doubts, and answering her questions: to all this, he added the inestimable kindness of advising the marchioness to leave to her, as a departing legacy, the case of books which he had given her: the kindness was great, though compliance with the advice was not to be ex-

pected. Her surprise was nearly equal to her pleasure, when Madame D'Orsette warmly approved the sagacious hint, as 'very much decreasing the bulk of her luggage.' Alacrity completed the obligation; and Rosanne was immediately put in possession of a little library, containing the sermons of some of our distinguished preachers, the essays of some of our best moralists, the dramas which form the glory of the English stage, and a selection of the works of such poets as have employed their pens in the cause of virtue, together with some devotional exercises,—the leaves of which stuck together.

Mr. Grant visited Rosanne in her own apartments occasionally, and was delighted with her neatness, her method, and æconomy of time: he saw her dictionaries lettered on the front-edges, to facilitate the finding articles sought; her books and maps had ingenious indexes, to save superfluous motions;—every thing in her desk had its place: her watch was hung in sight: her table was covered indeed, but not in confusion.

'This is what I like to see, young lady,' said he—'the means of industry without the bustle—dispatch without slovenliness. I used to check my own ardour when I was a young fellow; for I once was young, and I once was impetuous,' added he, letting his hands fall perpendicularly as if unnerved by recollection.—'I used to check myself with that beautiful line of Tasso,

where he describes the wise leader of the forces of Christendom, as rendering the motion of the army

‘ Rapido sì; ma rapido con legge.’

‘ My father,’ said Rosanne, ‘ is neat and exact, and he has made a point of my being brought up to be so—he said that, living by ourselves, we should become savages, if we did not observe habits of good order; because we should have nothing to correct us.’

‘ True,’ said Mr. Grant; ‘ the world is a good looking-glass to dress by, if we do not spend too much time in gazing at it:—pity that one who can think so justly, should have stopped so short in the use of thinking.’

‘ But,’ said Rosanne, ‘ Sir, though I was from my infancy taught to be orderly, I never practised it with any affection, any vivacity, till I began to learn religion. I then saw how much external order was connected with order of mind, and consequently contributed to assist in the performance of our duty. And it saves time, which to me is of infinite importance, as I have already lost so much of mine, and have so much to learn and to practise, with such uncertain leisure. If my father is so good as to let me go on, it is incumbent on me always to have time for what he wants or wishes.’

‘ And you have covered your Bible here, I see—I like that care—I hate the spirit of de-

struction—what, is it finer on the outside than within, that you are so choice of it?—it does not look *quite* as if it came from the king's closet; I cannot say it does.'

'It has been, as far as I can judge, ill used; but I could not tell whether *I* might ever have another, therefore I have patched and pasted it to make it last; and I made this velvet cover for it, I believe because I am fond of it, and wished to show it respect, and to make it unlike my other books. I have some, you see, in fine bindings. I did not wish it fine; but I liked it to be respectable.'

'You are right: I know very good people who are not of my opinion, and who think, what one may call 'a throw-about Bible,' has the best chance of being read;—but I confess I am an enemy to reducing, even its external appearance, to that of other volumes. I never yet saw any thing respected that did not, by some sign, remind us of its claim to respect. When I was a boy, a Bible might be known wherever it was seen; but now, I meet it *incognito* precisely in the garb of the last new octavo edition of the last new poem, or even of lower productions: if the candle burns down, 'O! fetch a book to raise it—any thing will do—a volume of the Bible as well as any thing.' If I were to allow myself to set up the *candlestick* with the Bible, my man would set up the *candle* with it next. I wish, in this point, we copied the Ma-

hometans. I once saw a Turk sworn on the Koran; he had it about him; and when it was asked for, he took it out of his bosom, wrapped in a long thing—what do you call it?—a sash of yellow silk—with the utmost devotion he placed it on his head, and there it remained while he repeated the oath. Another innovation has been introduced, I am sure, with the best intention, but I cannot like it; that is, the getting rid of the division into verses. Now I grant, and I am sure any of *us* would grant, that the division into verses is no improvement to the style. I prefer, I confess, reading the portions allotted for the morning-service from the Epistles and Gospels, to reading the same passages in the second lesson: the voice gets a more sonorous tone, when not so perpetually called back to the key-note: we can satisfy ourselves better; and if I thought only of myself and my brethren, or if the Scriptures were to be read only by *us*, I should be an advocate for the consolidation of sentences into longer paragraphs; but when I consider that the words of Holy Writ are to be engraven on the memory and on the heart; when I recollect that the Jews were commanded to have them as bound for ‘signs upon their hands,’ and as ‘frontlets between their eyes,’ I cannot but think a division of them, into the shortest portions possible, proper, as facilitating this intimate acquaintance. Another argument I have in my mind. We all know how

soon the ignorant are puzzled by a sentence consisting of many words. Whoever remembers beginning to construe a foreign language; must be aware of this—what do we give tyros to begin with? Why, a verb with its nominative case; then we proceed to add the accusative—we stick in an adjective—we subjoin an adverb—we prefix an interjection; and it is some time before we venture to repeat all this by a conjunction.

‘I attempted once,’ continued Mr. Grant, ‘to teach a fine little boy in my parish Latin; and he got on with some of the minor historians very cleverly, whenever I gave him one plain right-forward matter of fact; but the least appearance of concatenation, an allusion, or any thing like a speech, gravelled my student; he always called it ‘reasoning,’ and shrunk from it. The ligatures, if I may so call them, of the sentences, confounded him; but the moment I cut them into pieces, he saw, fast enough, through his difficulty. Now a verse of the Bible or New Testament, generally makes up the sense; and I am confident, that, though scholars ought to disregard the division in their own reading, it is best for the ignorant to consider their Bible as a book of axioms in precept, and dry fact in history.’

One of these kind encouraging visits, Mr. Grant concluded with this wholesome advice: ‘Never, my dear young lady, now that you

have been permitted, by the grace of God, to become acquainted with these treasures of divine knowledge—never, I conjure you, allow any body to address objections against them to you. There is nothing which may not be argued against, be it never so well established;—and any thing, however improbable, may seem, for a moment, proved. In this age of improvement, every thing is carried to the grindstone:—first principles and properties are disregarded;—every thing must submit to the same ordeal; and the pride of some, and the willing prejudice, I am sorry to say—for I do not like to be ill-natured—of others, will refuse all assent till we can make that clear which does not admit of perspicuity, and the very essence of which would be destroyed if it did; for it is on the deficiency of proof that faith subsists; and it is on the exercise of faith that our hopes are dependent.’

The day when this agreeable and, to her, inestimable intercourse must close, was at length fixed; and Rosanne prepared herself to renounce her greatest gratification; but again accident befriended her. The marchioness had letters from Paris which detained her, and Rosanne felt grateful for the satisfaction she expressed in the detention. This satisfaction increased, in a few days, into something very much resembling reluctance to depart; but it seemed

to give too much uneasiness to Mr. Grant to allow of Rosanne's rejoicing in it.

New hindrances perpetually arose; but all were to be done away on the arrival of the present Monsieur D'Orsette, brother of the late marquis, who had expressed an earnest wish to see his relations before they sailed, and was coming from Paris for the purpose. Mr. Grant did not, even now, look pleased; but he forgot his uneasiness, and lost the appearance of displeasure when with Rosanne; and, as if he wished to forget it, most of his time was passed with her: he said less than heretofore of Madame D'Orsette; and this alteration left room for conjecture.

The marquis arrived; and Mr. Grant and his niece sent excuses for not keeping an appointment for that day at Chateau-Vicq. A visit from the former, before Bellarmine was stirring next morning, afforded Rosanne the sad satisfaction of seeing him alone, as she feared, for the last time. He looked disturbed, but he could not look ill-tempered.

After inquiries, the anxious kindness of which was not abated by whatever he had in his thoughts, he said, in a tone of vexed good-humour, 'It is the greatest merit possible that I will speak to you, or look at you. Mind, I make an exception for *you*, but never for any thing else that wears petticoats;—you are all a

parcel of jilts ;—you do not care what trouble you occasion us, or how you put us out of our way ; and I verily believe you have heard yourself called weak, and foolish, and inconstant, till you all think it would be betraying your sex to be otherwise.—You stare, and you will stare more, when I tell you that this black French marquis has absolutely prevailed on my swivel-headed niece, to give up her intention of returning with me, though I came on purpose, and at great inconvenience, to fetch her—and has agreed to go back with him to Paris ! He tells her fine stories, and says she is to live like a princess ; but I know it's all moonshine and flummery :—and now, I may go home as I came :—and she may go her own way for me from this hour.—This is the blessed effect of giving young people a habit of thinking this world was made for them, and is to be a play-ground instead of a school-room.—Had my niece been taught to submit when a child, I should not have had now to submit to her. Your lot, young lady, has been pitiable, and, but for the grace of God influencing your mind, might have been deplorable ;—but you are to be envied in comparison with my niece. It is better not to have entered on the knowledge of our duty, than to turn our backs on it. Do not call me uncharitable if I deny such selfish wayward people the title of Christians :—a Christian never does, nor ever will, consult his own humour. The

first question is, What is right, according to the rule of right laid down for us in the Scripture? If my niece had been taught to ask herself this question, she would not have drawn her old uncle from his flock and his Bible, to send him away with a sleeveless errand.'

Rosanne expressed her astonishment.

'Believe me,' said he, 'there is nothing respectable, and, I may say, nothing pleasant in this world, that runs counter, in any way, to the spirit of the finest system of free dependence and unshackling protection, that the human mind is able to conceive:—for Christianity is not what you will find people enough ready to represent it, a low, mean, grovelling profession, a science to learn, or a chain that galls you at every step. I would not have you believe any body who says Christianity is not calculated to make a great man, even on principles of ambition:—it will not, I grant you, on the principles of a *selfish* ambition—but to a noble ambition—to the ambition of serving a fellow-creature—a neighbourhood—a nation, and our Maker, Christianity is as sensible as the slaughtering faith of Mahomet. Do you think the Scipios would have done less for Rome, had they been Christians?—Would Paulus Æmilius have been less great, had he heard our Saviour preach? or would he, to whom was intrusted the godlike office of declaring the Grecian cities free, have fancied that his am-

bition was culpable because his views were extended to another world? Nothing provokes me so much as this mis-conception, as it appears to me, of the spirit of our glorious faith; except, indeed, hearing it spoken of as a thing that we must *take up with* as we find it. The mind does not lose its high individual character by the alloy with which the transgression of our first parents debased it. What there is still good in it, is not annihilated, but sadly obscured by the intromission of evil.—Human nature is not to shelter itself under its degradation; we are still to remember that we are the work of God: we are still

‘ High to bear the brow,

‘ To drink the spirit of the golden day,

‘ And triumph in existence.’

We are to make generous nature victorious over degenerate vices. We are not to disobey, and say ‘For this we may thank Adam:’—we are to offer an obedience such as, in the very act, elevates us; and we are to regret that it cannot be perfect. I was out of all patience when my niece tried to coax me, and referred to the imperfection of the human race, and claimed the permission to women to change their minds.—Nonsense—it is paltry;—Christianity is not a system of excuses. We are not to sit down content with our imperfections:—the Almighty is not to be wheedled into accepting us.’

‘ I am persuaded,’ continued he, ‘ that such

silly, capricious, spoiled children as my niece, do more harm in the world than worse people; in the same way as the reputation of a medicine is more hurt by a man who has taken it without any benefit, than by an obstinate fellow who says, 'I never did, nor will take it.' Every one knows that there are self-sufficient sceptical fools among mankind; but when once they have shot their bolt, they show what sort of persons they are, and people must be very much wanting to themselves, if they are hurt by it: but here is a woman who will, one hour, tell you how much she owes to the comfort of religion, and, at the next opportunity, prove that it has no influence on her conduct. She is going now to Paris, for no other earthly purpose than to indulge her vanity, leaving all us who mean her well, renouncing the means of bringing up that child as it ought to be brought up—and, I will lay my life, she marries as foolishly as she did before; and if the next husband is shot or murdered, she will get another. The story of the Ephesian matron does not become a dead letter. It is, I am sorry to say, translated into all the modern languages.'

Mr. Grant was still talking to Rosanne, when her father joined them: he did not stop, or in any way veil his sentiments: he proceeded in speaking of his niece; and Bellarmine perhaps thought he gave at once a lesson to Rosanne,

and made atonement for the early homage which he had paid the marchioness; by entering warmly into her uncle's feelings.

Rosanne, who had had many hot and cold fits on the subject of the books for which she was indebted to Mr. Grant and Madame D'Orsette, took this favourable occasion to introduce the subject; and a heavy anxiety was removed from her heart, when she saw her father's politeness victorious over his prejudices; he contented himself with admiring the case and the bindings; but he very liberally acknowledged his daughter's obligation.

'Give me your hand, my good friend,' said Mr. Grant to him, extending his.

Bellarmino complied.

'Promise me that this good girl shall be allowed to use these books. I have my reasons for wishing it;—revealed religion is the 'pabulum' of all good women—they cannot do without it:—I will not say it is lavender and æther to them; it is something better. You cannot deprive them of it without unsexing them.—Promise me.'

'O! I give way entirely,' replied Bellarmino; 'Rosanne has her choice.'

'Then you will give me your word as a gentleman—an English gentleman—that this charming girl shall proceed towards Heaven in the path which she prefers, without let, molestation, or hindrance?'

‘She shall, if you wish it.’

‘I not only wish it, but I beg it, I entreat it; and, if I dared, I would command it.’

Rosanné hardly knew to which to kneel: her melting gratitude impeded her utterance; but, when she could speak, she used the ability to promise the devotion of her life to her filial duties, and the direction of every wish to gaining the approbation of her Maker.

Mr. Grant would have accepted the offer made him, of passing the rest of his short stay at Chateau-Vicq; but the fear of stigmatizing his niece made him return to her.

She had not courage to see her recent friends; but excusing herself on paper, and with abundance of profession, she set off for Paris with the marquis, leaving Nurse to follow with Lisette and her man-servant—and her uncle to take his departure from Chateau-Vicq or her abandoned dwelling, as he liked best.

At parting, she told him she was sure he could not be long angry: he would hear from her at Paris:—the climate, she found, certainly agreed with her better than that of her native country; and Lisette should write him a French letter in her best hand, as soon as she could get a good writing-master to attend her.

Mr. Grant did not stay to be turned out or swept out: his eyes had not their own hue indeed when he got to Chateau-Vicq; but he recovered when he had impressed again on Ro-

sanne's mind, the necessity of consistency in those who profess themselves pupils of Christianity, and had encouraged her to persevere in the path she was pursuing.

It was Bellarmine's own motion to accompany Mr. Grant in his journey to the coast; and not till the 'all ready' of the boatmen called him, did they part. Rosanne unconsciously placed herself, while they stood awaiting this deprecated summons, between him and her father, holding an arm of each, and commanding, not by the exertion of natural fortitude, but by the recollection of the manner in which some points were settled in her books, feelings which, if unrestrained, might offend her father, and might give pain to her friend. 'How should I like a child to cry when left with me?—and ought I to make that good man suffer by pitying me?'—were questions that served a very good purpose—and the still puerile simplicity of the uncultivated Rosanne, made her put them to herself in her usual homely language.

And now the boatmen waited; and the English clergyman, returning home to his duties, and to an abode that might make him sometimes think of such neighbours as Bellarmine and his lovely girl, faced to pronounce his last farewell. 'My dear Sir,' said he, 'take my parting thanks—my best wishes—and let me advise you to end your days in your own country, where,

while I live, you will always have a sincere friend:—and you, my child,’ said he, kissing Rosanne’s hand, ‘ God Almighty bless you and guard you!—mind, and use all your influence with your good father; and remember, that if ever you wish you had two fathers, you may reckon on me. Would that I had a son to make you my own;—if a dear saint in Heaven had not been taken from me—I might have had—but——’ he looked upward, and saying only, ‘ I shall write at hazard—do you, both, when you have opportunity,’—he stepped into the boat, and they saw him on board the vessel.—And forlorn indeed would Rosanne have felt in returning to Chateau-Vicq, thus deprived of the only agreeable society she had ever known, and which so essentially had promoted her comfort—but that, even under the immediate pressure of her regret, there was in her mind a well-spring of hope and confidence, not subject to the ‘ tide in the affairs of men.’

CHAPTER XLI.

THE parting from those whom we love, is one of the bitterest sufferings that our infancy, our childhood, or our youth, compels us to undergo; and to Rosanne, scant of comforts, by nature impetuous in feeling, and a very baby as to the world, the loss of Madame D'Orsette, even unworthy as she had shown herself, was a severe misfortune. But privation of the support, the assistance, the counselling mind of Mr. Grant, made that which was only indulgence appear trivial; and though the marchioness and dear Lisette would often come to her recollection with the melancholy aspect of lost delights, and joys never to return, it was when doubts and difficulties, resulting from her deficiency of information, made her wish for Mr. Grant, that she felt herself cut off from the aid of her fellow-creatures.

She had now, when returned to Château-Vicq, and settled in those habits and occupations in which she meant to persevere, entered on a life, to her, perfectly new, though an observer would have scarcely discerned its difference from that to which it succeeded.

The duration of her father's violent displeasure—his illness—the danger in which she herself had been—the residence of the marchioness

under the same roof—and Mr. Grant's visit—had brought the seasons round to that, little to be dreaded in that climate, the approach of winter; but the winter set in with unusual severity, with wind, storms, a bleak air, and a cheerless sky; which, by confining her, threw her on herself.—It indeed gave Mr. Bellarmine opportunity of congratulating his daughter on being out of England, where, as he told her, the annoyance of such weather was incessant: but as it would have answered no good purpose to contradict, and Rosanne had not even authority to acquiesce, she could only reply, syllogistically, that if such and such premises were proved, such and such conclusions must follow;—yet now this reservation of consent could not offend; for, if she had been compelled to contradict, she still would have done it too gently to raise a tender skin or ruffle the most easily agitated surface.

What her feelings were on the subject of Mademoiselle Cossart's dismissal, she, as far as was possible, kept to herself. She wished her not to be named, since her father had cause to be displeased with her conduct:—to speak in her favour, might call up recollections dangerous to her present peace—and to join in censuring her, was departing from what Rosanne now considered as 'her own character.' Continuing her habit of 'monologizing,' when obliged by some distant danger of hearing her

name, to consider what became her, or rather what duty, conscience, justice, and gratitude demanded of her, 'I may certainly,' said she to her inquiring self, 'be silent as to my poor governess;—and when I think of the pains she took with me, I cannot even judge harshly of her:—I wish I had tried to make her read the Bible.—If she had stayed with me, she should have done it, or heard me read it.—I would have endured her 'Perfectibility' for the sake of teaching her what suits my taste so much better. But I think she would have burnt all her fine rhapsodies if she had come to school to me—she would not have dared to tell my father.—See what an advantage doing wrong gives others over us.'

Bellarmino had still a very imperfect confidence in his daughter. Adverting to his own experience in the effects of novelty, he gave her little credit for the permanency of her good temper, when impulses should be withdrawn and sufferings forgotten. To be her own mistress, except when under his eye—to pass her time without responsibility—to be indulged with the neglect of her to which he had brought himself, were, in his estimation, circumstances of peculiar favour; but this, he was convinced, was a state of negative happiness to which she would not long confine her wishes. He could not forget what he considered as the

treachery of her governess : he suspected that she had sown in the mind of Rosanne, seeds of noxious plants, such as would produce fruits against whose deleterious qualities he could not guard himself:—neither had the conduct of the marchioness left him quite at ease. He knew that Rosanne had heard vivid descriptions of the pleasures of society—of the delights of London, and the intoxications of Paris. His complaisance had not suffered him to oppose this kind friend, when he found her giving lessons in dancing to his daughter—or making a model of a theatre in card-paper—or when his bills or Rosanne's varied fashions showed the influence her superior taste had on her dress.—Nay, while he was under the power of fascination, the marchioness might talk of precisely those things, of which he most wished his daughter to remain ignorant ; and he was not offended.

Vivacity in Madame D'Orsette had been only suspended by the milder 'sensibilities' of romantic passion ; but her character having undergone this temporary change, was subject to vicissitude, and her feelings were as regular alternations of 'allegro' and 'penseroso' as day and night. She laughed or she cried much oftener than she smiled—every thing that was not a trifle below attention, was oppressive—whatever was not hope, was despair—and whatever was not despair, was confidence.

The conversation of such a mind wanted the

adjustment resulting from considering times, seasons, and persons; and it was not always that the presence of Mr. Bellarmine had restrained her from recounting the 'deep interests' of her weakest days, or the venturous achievements of her frolicsome hours. Alone with Rosanne, she had no bridle; and Bellarmine, who could guess that mischief was doing, but could not sacrifice to this fear a present amusement, looked anxiously for this weedy harvest which was to confirm his fears that the soil of his daughter's mind was ruined.

But he looked in vain: Rosanne was assiduous to convince him that she chose to be governed, and that, having no one now between himself and her, he must allow her to look up solely to him. She never left him but at his own suggestion; he was convinced that she never deceived him in reporting her walk or her airing: she lost none of her accomplishments:—she accounted to him for her time, as circumstantially as was consistent with avoiding that which might displease him: his house was better kept than ever; his servants were more under control; Rosanne was always cheerful: health was in her cheek, affection in her eye: and, had it depended wholly on her, he had been happy.

He was not unjust to her, nor was he unkind: she had not to complain of any infringement of his promise to Mr. Grant; and though it was

to her peculiarly unpleasant to pursue a study which she dared not mention to him, this was a subtraction not to be thought on, compared with her former subjugation. He saw her sometimes exchange the elegant employment of her fingers in little works of taste, for the more satisfactory occupation of alleviating the wants of the poor; but as there was no affectation or ostentation in what she did, and as she turned off any notice of it, by professing that, having outgrown a doll, she had a sudden passion for clothing babies, she could not offend by her goodness; nor did she leave room for any question or discussion as to the principle on which it was excited.

Having learnt from her friends as much as her questions could procure for her, of the mode of divine worship in the reformed churches, and instructed herself from Mr. Grant's conversation and letters, on those duties which devolved on individuals, she was regular in her observance of Sunday, and invited such of her servants as felt themselves at liberty, to follow her example. Her father's business did not suffer by the respect that was paid to her; but she had the satisfaction of seeing, that, to please her, there was an emulation of quiet arrangement, and a willingness to dispatch or to postpone, if it could be made evident to her that industry had been exerted or temptation withstood in compliance with her wish. 'I would rather,'

said she, 'you would think yourselves trying to please your Maker than me;—but till you can see your interest in what I recommend, I must let you go on in an error.'

And when she had done her utmost to bring back the Lord's day to its proper use, by suspending her amusements and whatever was the common employment of the week, by reading the Liturgy of the Church of England, and those books which she now reserved for that day, and by addressing her mind and thoughts to Him who, in mercy, ordained its rest, she could not but think, with something better indeed than envy, of the happy lot of her countrywomen, whom, she understood, the open doors of churches, the voices of preachers, and even the sound of bells, invited to assemble in a place consecrated to the Maker of the world.

The effervescence produced in her mind by Madame D'Orsette's inconsistencies of report, had subsided;—she was inclined to consider her as having lost her English character, and picked up one much worse; therefore she deducted from that which the corroboration of Mr. Grant ascertained to be fact, all the embellishments which his niece's lively perceptions had added, and was still convinced that English clergymen were all like Mr. Grant, English husbands and fathers wise, good, and indulgent, and English women, in general, exactly like that idea of them which she had first con-

ceived, and according to which she was endeavouring to act.

But, however assiduous in her filial duty, she saw with infinite concern, that her power to contribute to her father's happiness was not equal to her power to disturb it. And, however satisfied Bellarmine was with his daughter, he felt it impossible to be at ease with her: he had no cause to be otherwise that did not originate with and depend on himself; but he was in a chalked circle, and he fancied himself imprisoned.

In two months after Mr. Grant had left them, they had letters from him:—Rosanne's share of the packet was inestimable to her: it was still information, encouragement, advice, and parental kindness. What her father's inclosures contained, she dared not ask; nor was she told. Whatever they were, they had no good influence on the gloom that was now again enveloping his mind.

Next came, by favour of a private hand, a large envelope from the lively marchioness, who, still at Paris with Lisette, sent her dear Rosanne new patterns, new manufactures, caricatures, 'calembours,' and various other selections of her taste, offered to her acceptance by a letter, in the warmest style of affection, full of gay descriptions, inconsiderate invitations, partial politics, tender remembrances of her husband, created by revisiting places once endeared to

her by his presence, and anticipations of conquests and glories in her own world, as well as that claimed by the existing authorities. A postscript contained the pith of the epistle. It told, that, having been so fortunate as to meet with that treasure in petticoats, '*the Cossart*,' she had, solely on the testimony of Miss Bellarmine's superior excellencies, and knowing that her dismissal was for 'a very pardonable offence—an offence by which she herself had so profited,'—engaged her, for the ensuing ten years, to superintend the education of Lisette.

Concealment of this circumstance from her father, would have involved Rosanne in a responsibility too great for her management: she therefore, saying, 'If people will do such foolish things, I cannot attempt to shelter them,' showed him the letter.

'You have then,' said he, 'spoken in favour of that deceitful creature?'

'No, Sir—I never said more than that, for the pains she had bestowed on me, I was indebted to her; I always said she was wrong in disobeying you.'

'You cannot have given her the character she deserved.'

'I could not, in Christian charity, bring it forward, when nothing called for my opinion:—her subsistence might depend on my forbearance,' said Rosanne—forgetting, in her precipitation, her usual caution.

‘There!—that is what I expected.—Now we see the glorious effects of Christian charity; the cowardly spirit that disperses knaves over the world like the seed of dandelion, and puts illiterate fools into place and power.—My dear girl, if you are to go through the world in this fancied cradle, you will soon find that, while you are rocking yourself, you are breaking the shins of your neighbours. Common sense—prudence—eyes and ears, may all go to sleep, under the narcotic of your fine system.’

‘Nay, my dear father, I do not think so—you will never, I hope, find me so misunderstanding the spirit of what I profess to act by, as to encourage others who have worse intentions. The marchioness knew that Mademoiselle Cossart had disregarded your orders; and the plain inference to be drawn from this failure is, that she is not to be trusted. Could any thing I might reveal, be more decisive—if she chooses to take her at this hazard, I know none that would have deterred her; beside, in such cases, I can see, though I know nothing of the world, that it was not required from me to warn her against doing a thing so unlikely—and if she had been as prudent as we are told we ought to be, she would have made every inquiry of *you* before she took her: she ought not to have trusted even *me*;—believe me, if you expect me to be less fit for this world, because I look to another, you will be, as I am sure you

wish to be, deceived. It appears to me, that hardly any case can occur in any concern important to us, for which the Scriptures do not give us some degree of guidance; and to them I shall always refer, in my own conduct, and in appreciating that of others.'

'My dear little foolish daughter,' said Bellarmine, not unkindly, 'what a heap of nonsense you will have to get rid of, if ever you live in the world!—I suppose you will go to the Bible to know whether you shall wear pink or blue.'

'No, no, my dear Sir; I said, *important* things.'

'Well! now, I will propose something to you of importance to me, and perhaps to you; in which your Bible will not help you. Shall I, or shall I not, purchase Bousset's cottage and orchard which he offers me?'

'Now this is a case, dear father, in which my Bible would particularly be my guide.—The man offers it to you for sale, because he is going to a distance, and there is no one of his neighbours rich enough to purchase it. Therefore, you would assist him, by relieving him from this impediment to his going away; and this being a kindness to a poor man—an act of benevolence and of mercy—is particularly recommended by the spirit of the Gospel, if not by the words of it.'

'No, no; I do not mean to take *merit* to myself:—I am no hypocrite; I hate all cant:—if I buy it, it will be for my own accommoda-

tion. I could make a better lunge for the horses.—I should pull down the cottage.’

‘If that were all, as the advantage is less to you to use the land thus, than to a poor person who would inhabit the cottage, I should say, ‘Do not purchase it;’ but then, I appeal only to common justice—a sense of right which might have been discovered by a heathen. There is indeed,’ added she, while her eyes sparkled, and her countenance lighted up, ‘a middle course which is exactly consonant to the spirit of Christianity—and it is this beautiful moderation that it seems so accurate in finding out.’

‘A middle course between buying and not buying?—I know none but stealing; do you recommend that?—Is that in your books?—Do they teach you that?’

‘O! no—buy the cottage and orchard; but not for a better lunge for the horses—buy it; and let it to poor Croix. I saw the tears in the old man’s eyes when he said he could not purchase it—he has such a sad hovel!’

‘To Croix? why, the fellow, I know, hates me, because I told him his lady of Loretto’s pomponne was only paste jewels—he would not sell me one of his pigs yesterday.’

‘Now, my father, you have brought your case still more within the reach of my law. It commands us to do good—to do good particularly to the poor; especially to those poor who, however erroneously, serve God—and above all

to those who can make us no return, and towards whom we do not feel the impulse of affection; and even from whom we have received any injury:—the man was not insolent.'

'Well said! Rose—a famous advocate!—If I do not admit your hypothesis, I admire your energy; and I certainly think you have two very pretty blue eyes.'

Delighted as Rosanne was, to see a ray of cheerfulness reflected by her father's mind, she would have exchanged this pleasure willingly for that of gaining more attention; and had she been vainer, she would have thought still worse of her influence. She would have perceived that she owed her victory to her beauty.

Yet what had passed between them, on the subject of the cottage and orchard, was not without consequences: he, in silence and secrecy, purchased Bousset's little property, and agreeably surprised her by giving her the disposal of it.

'How would you wish me to reply to the marchioness's letter?' said Rosanne to her father, in one of his best moods.

'By perfect silence,' said he.

'Now, dear father,' said she, 'how happy I feel in having you to direct me, and in having asked your direction! for I should, if left to myself, have written to her, and should have cautioned her not to trust too much to Lisette's

new governess: this I should have done, in hopes of your approving it;—and I was in doubt whether I should not write to Mademoiselle Cossart, and advise her to be more circumspect.’

‘And much you would have got by this.’

‘Well, I am very happy that I asked you—you must excuse my troubling you, for I shall never doubt without asking.’

‘I shall never *permit* your having needless intercourse of letters with any body—and, least of all, with giggling women: but I suppose, in this, as in other things, you will please yourself.’

‘Judge of that, my dear father, a year hence: a time will come when you will trust me—and much more, than if I had not presumed to think for myself, in the only point on which we could disagree. I will wait patiently till I can deserve your confidence.’

‘Nothing will ever persuade me that the marchioness did not do you a great deal of harm.’

‘Why so, Sir?—How?’

‘What I saw of her, showed me that she was exactly the kind of woman to undo all I had been attempting.—I can tell you the subjects of your private conversation:—first came your superstition, then calculations on how long I might live, and projects that might take place as soon as I am out of your way; then, that never-failing topic with silly women, the attentions of the men—then your dress—and then perhaps

she might recollect her daughter, and let you into her plans for her.'

He looked full in Rosanne's face as he spoke—a thing unusual with him. Without blushing or evasion, she replied, 'Now, my dear good father, knowing me as you do, how much of this do you think would tempt me to listen?—I tried indeed, but, in justice to the marchioness, I must say, with far less profit than I expected, to learn from her, the elements of her religion: I grant this; and I was glad to hear how people lived in the world, and to improve my dress and manners by her, and to gain instruction from her. I was obliged, in politeness, to hear her patiently, when she told me of frivolous things, which appeared to her of much more importance than they could be of to me; but a disrespectful word of you, I can assert, never passed my lips: I could, with as little pain, have disclosed to her my many errors, as have said to her more than 'I wish my father thought as I do on one point.'—And of this, I am sure, you yourself must be convinced; for you cannot say my respect is decreased, my affection lessened, or my dependence on you abated.'

'Well! continue to behave well, and I shall see how far I can trust you.'

CHAPTER XLII.

BELLARMINE not being the most communicative of all companions, left his daughter to divine what was passing in his mind, when he would occasionally, while she was sitting with him, take up a volume that she had laid out of her hand, in hopes of pleasing him by her readiness to give up her employment for his conversation. It was easy to perceive that this new habit was not to be observed on by her: she therefore had no eye on the side towards him; but what had occurred by accident, she endeavoured to continue by design; and, in a few days, she had the pleasure of hearing him ask for 'that book of hers which he saw lying about yesterday.' Her offer to fetch it, indeed, was checked by such expressions as, 'It is of no consequence,'—'It was mere matter of curiosity;'—but this did not make her spare her labour.

Soon after, it was her turn to miss her book, but she never inquired for it. She saw it next on his table; but she noticed it not,—nor did she, the following night, when she perceived him, as he parted from her, put under his candlestick a volume of Vernet, suffer even her eye to claim her property. Her natural compassion for the uneasiness of his mind—the fe-

minine character of her duty as his child, were in his favour; but still more dependence might he have placed on her successful endeavours to make use of the warning which Mr. Grant had explained to her, that 'the smoking flax' must not be quenched, nor 'the bruised reed' broken, by want of patience or of tenderness. Had he even been a fellow-creature entirely on a level with her, he possessed, in that very disposition which he had taken so much trouble to subdue, all the security he could ask for Rosanne's good conduct. He had not been permitted to destroy that providential foundation for future character, which, whether showing itself now in the form of politeness, solicitude, good humour, compassion, or under any other modification conducive to the ease of another, was still the same surviving property of a nature, not extinct, but injured, not deserted, but tried by the Divine Being, in whose power and goodness it originated.

But Bellarmine had other advantages in his one only remaining comfort. It was a female of an elegant mind, on whom he was growing daily more and more dependent; and in the very circumstance of her sex, there was what may be called an accommodation of tenderness, that could adapt itself to all the indentings of his waywardness. What, untaught by her chosen teacher, might have been, or resembled, pride that estranged, and haughtiness that deterred, was now so attempered, as to form a shield for

him. It was for her father's use that failings were converted into merits: it was for him alone that she permitted herself to be anxious: he was her parent; he had been to her a kind parent; he had spared no pains; he had even, to her knowledge, instructed himself that he might instruct her: he was, she saw, unhappy; and though the proximate cause of his unhappiness was not revealed to her, he had, in her estimation, so much cause for unhappiness, that, to her, it seemed impossible he could ever be otherwise: she pitied him for being served by her; and to her subdued spirit and increasing powers of perception, it was so painful an inversion of what was right, that gave her, in any way, power over him, that to be as humble and respectful as possible, seemed the terms on which alone she dared presume to take any active part in his comfort.

Some expressions that occasionally escaped him—some decrease of irritability when any escaped her which betrayed the tendency of her thoughts—the diminishing frequency of his reproach of her superstition—a very unflattering allowance for the weakness of her sex—and an acknowledgment, now and then, that there was sublimity to be found, as well in the Bible as the Koran, inclined her to hope that the uneasiness she fancied growing upon him, might, in time, produce good, and that his mind, disturbed by the operation of a powerful alterative,

would, in the end, acquire a better constitution. For such a hope as this, she was contented to undergo whatever might be necessary to its completion; and though she grieved at seeing it sometimes out of the reach of her utmost endeavours to soothe him, she made it matter of prudence, as well as of conscience, to persevere and to hope. She strove to persuade herself that if her task was more difficult than formerly, it was only because she had the whole weight of it to support alone; and she remembered with tenderness and gratitude, more than could be claimed, those days when, she supposed, Mademoiselle Cossart stood between her and that which, at present, so often assailed her peace and quiet.

Still expecting too much from herself, and angry that she was not an adept when she was but a scholar, she blamed, as proofs of her own demerit, the effect produced by external causes. 'If,' said she, 'I were not so helpless and so ignorant, none of these things ought now to touch me. Why do they affect me now, more, I am afraid, than heretofore? I can remember the time when, if my father was angry, it gave me little concern—the most frivolous diversion of my thoughts made me forget it, even if I deserved it; and, at that time, I had nothing but folly to resort to. But now, when, if I can only hope I meant well, I have such a great support; when I can, like king Hezekiah, lay before that great

and good Power, who tells me that he sees and hears me, whatever injury I even fancy I receive; when I can say, on my own experience of religion, that its ways are pleasant; and when, if I am too much sunk to be able to express what I feel, there are words ready for me in my books;—how foolish it is to fret and vex myself!—I am sure I do not believe as I ought to do, or I do not think as if I did; but perhaps this is, after all, what I do not understand clearly, the having two wills in us.—I suppose the state of happiness that God intended for man, was the having but one. I wish I had but one, or none, unless it were entirely that which I ought to have.’

There is one great merit in those who condescend to act very indiscreetly; they will take, with very becoming patience, the slight and scorn of the world:—the wicked resent and revenge; but the silly show a remarkable degree of good sense in their meekness; and, in common with her class, the marchioness submitted without complaining to the silence of her dear Rosanne. The reports of the few Parisian visitors at Chateau-Vicq, spoke of her as in the zenith of that phosphoric atmosphere, which has oftener been the funereal fire than the ‘nimbus’ of the vain; and, conducted into such a region, all interest for her ceased.

A long pause ensued, before letters came again

from Mr. Grant; but Rosanne's share in the next packet repaid her patience. She had hoped for much benefit to her father from this intercourse; but she saw none: he seemed to make efforts at times to be cheerful and kind; but habit or oppression of spirits overcame his endeavours; and she dared not now communicate any part of the kindness with which Mr. Grant wrote to her. What he had written to him, he kept entirely to himself; but when she saw him, some days after the arrival of the packet, re-perusing his portion of its contents, she inferred that the subject had laid hold on his attention.

'If,' said she to herself, 'it is some unpalatable medicine that our good friend has made my poor father's mind swallow, I must not wonder that he makes faces: and if it is powerful, I may see him suffer; but to this I must submit, however painful to me to see:—if it may but do him good, and relieve this sad weight on his spirits!'

Months passed; and Rosanne's days knew no variety, but in the arrangement of her employments. Bellarmine's state of mind might now indeed be fairly denominated melancholy. He seemed disposed to look on it as bodily disease, yet he had no specific complaint: the delicacies of his table seemed alone to interest him: every day he had new dishes and new combinations;

and when they succeeded in pleasing his fastidious palate, he, for the half hour employed in eating, seemed to forget his causes of discontent: but eating is an evanescent joy, and therefore, at best, his alleviation was temporary: oftener it occurred that nothing would suit his taste; and his daughter then had no anodyne to offer, but the hope of better success on the morrow, when she, with feigned confidence in her own ingenuity, undertook to give such precise directions as would secure his satisfaction.

Sometimes a feeling that looked like shame would appear in his palliations; but this was so painful to Rosanne, that she crushed it precipitately, by means which only increased the evil that destroyed her comfort. She encouraged him in his persuasion that he lost flesh and strength, to save him from suspecting that the imbecility was in his mind. He tried medicine, threw it aside, tried again, and sunk deeper into despondency.

‘I am wrong,’ said Rosanne to herself: ‘my father needs stimulants, and I apply soporifics—I will try to rouse him.’

She tried; but her stock of arguments, restrained as she was from using those which alone would bear urging, was too small to have any efficacy. The kindest inquiries she could make, were teasing—the most gentle hint of the probable benefit of exertion, was reproach—the least offer of assistance, was intrusion—the preference

of his quiet to the indulgence of her own solicitude, was indifference about him—the sacrifice of her time to his demands on her attention, was officious awkwardness. If she strove to be cheerful, his situation did not affect her; if she was grave, she was the increase of his malady; if with him, she annoyed him; if absent, she neglected him. ‘Now then,’ said she to herself, ‘I know precisely what I have to do. As it is impossible to please my poor father, I must not expect to do it; but I may, and I must, try as far as is prudent; I will do right to the best of my power, and I will do it in the certainty of failing; but it shall not vex me. I have still a resource; and now I see the great goodness of God in allowing us to call him Father. I can always go to Him (1).’

Rosanne’s want of experience was in part a cause, or at least an aggravation, of that which she endured. She did not know what it was to have obeyed too strictly, through a life past its meridian, a father’s injunction and a mother’s wishes—to have followed the example of an uncle, and to have taken the opinions of the world, rather than the laws of its Maker, for a guide. Had she been in the secret of her father’s early years; could she have foreseen the consequences of her grandfather Colonel Eugene’s command to his son, to ‘please himself;’ could she have heard her grandmother descant on the charms of ‘feelings and sensibilities;’ could she have heard

old Mr. Bellarmine at his table quote Scripture in 'travestie,' and insult his parish-priest by boasting his disbelief of every word he said; and could she have been a witness to the hilarities of her father's early years, she would have been at no loss to account for what now distressed her;—she would have wondered that worse had not befallen him and her; but she might have been as much distressed as she now was, to find out an applicable remedy.

But Rosanne could not know what it was to have lived the life that had so cheated her father. Of neither precept nor example could she indeed make much boast; but her youth had been, by the seclusion in which it was passed, spared the sight of that which would have informed her of sad realities; and having had no opportunities of making her conscience her accuser, the way was left open to that conviction which every honest mind that dares hope for the divine assistance, may invite. She knew not how bitter in the recollection are the nauseated sweets of vicious indulgence. She had not been taught what an echo resounds from words that seduced the innocent or stimulated the corrupt. She could not guess what might be the reproaches of wasted time or mis-used talents, or how invitations to Anacreontic excesses, how garlands, chaplets, rosy lips, and sparkling eyes, and a professed contempt of eternity appear, when the death-bed has been the pulpit from which the

late-convinced prodigal has preached, and when the grave has been closed over the companions of his folly.

It is not the fault of the world that we are dissatisfied with its enjoyments : the world's enjoyments are generally good, and often salutary to us.—It is the mis-use, not the use, that draws after it repenting.—It is the want of a bridle in our hand that makes us complain of an ungovernable horse. The world has not half the temptations that we carry into it—we enter on it in a fever, and say that we caught it there. The world may be not only tolerated, but enjoyed, by those who have made a love of virtue and an abhorrence of vice the unostentatious habit of the mind.

In common with thousands of those who have shown that they had not taste enough to buy well out of a promiscuous market, Bellarmine had enough to occupy his mind disagreeably ; but he had, beside, his particulars of uneasiness, to the calling up which every circumstance connected with his situation, whether active or passive, positive or negative, untowardly contributed. He had few happy hours indeed to think on, with regret ‘ that he prized them no more ;’ for, whatever had been his joys, they were too much connected with the world that had disappointed him, to bear contemplation. He had had none of those friendships which animate to virtue by example : his heart had made no elec-

tion from among the other sex of which it could boast : he had fulfilled no public duties : he had occupied no station : he had no man's prayers, no man's wishes : if he had summed up the purposes for which he seemed born, they must have amounted, even in his own estimation, to the consuming the earth's produce, and the repayment of what he had borrowed from it, by bestowing on it his inanimate body.

It might have been supposed that his studies during the period of his own education, and the pains he had taken in his daughter's, could give him nothing but pleasure in the retrospect. No ; it was not so—If the virtues purify, the vices contaminate ;

‘ contactuque omnia foedant
Immundo.’

His studies had a paltry boundary ; his exertions for Rosanne did not reach beyond it.

He now grew disinclined to avail himself of his only shelter from reflection, the improvement of his daughter ; yet, when she had desisted from her references to him, he was more at a loss. She was still put to some inconvenience by missing books of daily use to her : yet the hope of good to be produced by them, made her some compensation.—What then was her sorrow, when, one day, he brought to her from his study, all that she had missed, and desired he might be no more vexed by the sight of

what was a waste of time to herself, as well as to him! He almost led her to imagine that it was to them she must impute his dejection; but there was no visible amendment when he had freed himself of the evil.

His settling habits of solitude now left her almost the whole day at her disposal; and had she not formed a pursuit for herself in which her whole heart was engaged, her hours might have hung heavily; but they were still too scanty for what she wished to accomplish as quickly as possible for her own use. Pursuing her well planned methods in fixing in her mind what she wished to retain, she compared, she analysed, she made abstracts of sacred history, religious precepts, and enjoined duties, and felt pleasure, greater than any given by the discoveries of science, when the relation between things seemingly remote, struck her.

She dared not ask 'What will be the end of all this?' She could only hope that the hastily approaching spring of her twenty-first year might a little contribute to her father's comfort, and, through that medium, to her own. But this hope was not yet realized, when, one morning, after the receipt of letters from his banker in England, and among them one from Mr. Grant, the contents of which he did not divulge, he broke a gloomy silence of some continuance, by asking Rosanne abruptly, but without any cheerfulness of manner, whether, now that she had

been so long accustomed to the fine climate and lovely country of France, she should not feel sorry if he thought of returning to the fogs and dejection of the far worse land in which she had chanced to be born.

She was almost dumb with joy and surprise : she dared not ask him to repeat what he had said, or whither it tended : more by manner than by words, she convinced him of her alacrity, and heard in reply that the measure was decided on.

As if fearing she should put her own construction on this unexpected intimation, he gave many reasons for it, all of which had subsisted, in far more force, years before—the true one was perhaps the only one he omitted. He, at the same time, bade her not be hasty in her decision, as, though it now depended on her choice, it would be final:—he did not mean merely a visit to England : if he took her thither, it would be to reside there entirely, with no intention or prospect of ever seeing France again.

He now, for the first time, spoke to her of the clause in her grandmother's will, which had guided him in educating her, and which he seemed to wish her to understand as influencing him now : but though she listened with deference, a pre-conceived supposition remained unshaken, that Mr. Grant had, for her sake, urged him, and had prevailed.

If she was silent when he paused, it was only in expectation of the usual conclusion into which his premises resolved themselves, the non-importance of the spot of earth into whose bosom his remains crumbled; but this, for some cause best known to himself, he forbore. He resumed his speech, only to advise due consideration of what he had proposed, as it was solely her comfort and convenience which guided him, empowering her, when she had ascertained her own inclinations, to do her part in the necessary arrangements, desiring only that no time might be lost. She promised obedience and her best endeavours; and her performance did not disgrace her.

Of the difference *she* might expect to find between living in France and in England, Rosanne could far better judge than of what the difference really was. For herself, it might be only a new house, new prospect, new gardens; but she had conjectures and ideas, which, added to what she heard, made her imagine, and even hope, that the difference, to any one else, must be great. The details of Madame D'Orsette had not greatly allured her: every thing described, is at the mercy of the describer; and her descriptions were accompanied with highly-coloured representations of vain pursuits, lost time, and injurious indulgences: but from Mr. Grant's warm recollection of worthy persons and valuable friends, she was led to think her conclu-

sion correct, that a people who had the power of forming their habits of life under such a code of morals as that contained in the Bible, and who were allowed, for their direction and encouragement, the assistance afforded by the Church of England, must be exemplary in their conduct, and happy in the result of it.

Whatever satire came under her eye, she had uniformly placed to the account either of poetical imagination or that un-aimed endeavour to benefit the young, which is one of the duties of moralists. Reproof too she could grant might be necessary in a country where so strict a practice of religious and moral duty was to be enforced; and she could make great allowances for the young and the ignorant in needing it: but, in general, she supposed she should find models of virtue wherever she went. How could they indeed be otherwise, when they had, not only the free use of the Scriptures—a law in their hand ever ready to inform and direct them!—but such books, and perhaps thousands more of the same tendency, as those which had so assisted her, and from which she had derived, even comparatively ignorant as she was, so much advantage and delight?

With these ideas she obeyed her father in disposing all things for this great change. The estate was soon sold; the house and furniture were transferred to the purchaser; a day was fixed for resigning possession of Chateau-Vicq;

and a pause ensued, in which she had leisure to ask herself if this could be reality. 'Was it possible, that, as if effected only by her wishes, she was really to quit this life of almost solitude, and enter on habits which must of necessity, she supposed, connect her with society? And was it, after all, a change to be wished? Would England be to her what she had pictured it on her ignorant imagination? Might she not, in gaining liberty, be forced on an acquaintance with misfortune? — Would not a time come when she might not only regret having quitted the luxuriant scenery of Chateau-Vicq, but wish in vain for the security in which she had lived there, even when the circumjacent country had not been exempt from tumult? And how painful was the responsibility thrown on her by her father's kind solicitude to indulge her!—Was it not better, on the whole, to be governed than to govern, while the chances of evil consequences on our best endeavours, were, as her father represented the state of human affairs, so much against us?—Should she not say something on this subject to him?—ought she not to have been more diffident and less precipitate in deciding? But it was too late now—every thing was too far arranged; and, to speak honestly, she was glad it was too late.'

'And now there remained the painful task of informing the servants of their impending dismissal—her father shrunk from it—but it must

be done:—not one to be allowed to go with them?—how unaccountable that he should prefer strangers!—but perhaps it was unkind to wish them to leave their own country or their friends—she had no choice—she must obey—she was almost glad too that she had not an alternative, for her heart sunk. One month more, and they should quit Chateau-Vicq for ever! Even now she felt the support of that wisdom from which she had endeavoured to borrow her principles and opinions. Should this removal turn out unhappily, still, as her ardent desire to visit England was founded on her belief that a superior virtue was to be found in its people, she could not reproach herself; and in the wretched state of her father's mind, and apparently of his health, an experiment of change seemed almost indispensably requisite.'

She dared not write, on this important subject, to Mr. Grant: her father wrote, but the letter he inclosed for her, only referred to his for accounts of proceedings and communications of intentions:—a persuasion, not yet to be shaken off, that she was under some delirium—a fear that she must wake to the reality of her natural situation—something like a superstitious apprehension, that at the moment when she divulged what she could not but feel as happiness too great for her, it might vanish, fettered the free will of her mind; and she was silent on all but

her anxieties for her father and her own progress in the path of duty.

The painful necessity of forewarning the servants she deferred from day to day, till the completed treaty for the sale of the estate gave publicity to her father's intentions, and the clamour it excited saved her the task she dreaded. She was assailed on all sides; and it was not till it was evident that she suffered with the sufferers, that her feelings were spared. But, the silence now broken, she grew more confident in the reality of her seeming dream; and she could blend the hope that was wafted from the country she so longed to inhabit, with the regret that she could not but experience in leaving the haunts of her youth.

Daily she trod, with sensations of adhesive affection, those paths which heretofore, with an unenlightened though not opaque mind, she had paced as the monotonous swing of her pendulum-life—and hourly she asked herself if there was indeed in England, that which would repay her for the loss of

‘ the murmuring Loire,

Where shading elms along the margin grew,

And freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew.’

At length, in the advanced spring, or rather commencing summer, of the year that had entitled her to her grandmother's bequest, her father with apathy, the overcharged charac-

ter of which might have betrayed it as artificial, was ready to set out a seeming pilgrim in the world; and his daughter had prepared to follow him: her last visit was to that southern room, where the sun's fervid ray first kindled in her heart the saintly flame of grateful devotion. She had little encouragement to hope that the glorious luminary would, unshorn of his beams, attend her steps; but the poet of the revolving year, here spoke to her now well stored memory, and bade her recollect his words,

‘I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around.’

Conveying from Chateau-Vicq only their wearing apparel, with her books and personal accommodations, they proceeded to a sea-port on the coast of Normandy, whither the few servants necessary to their journey, attended them. After waiting ten days, during which, Bellarmine received letters that appeared decisive, and the bustle seemed a little to relieve his dejection, his inquiry for an American captain who would, for a high bribe, put them on board an English vessel, was answered to his satisfaction,—and followed to the water's edge by Duroc, Jaques, and his sister, Rosanne clinging closely to her now silent father, embarked in a fine evening, under a waning moon, a cloudless sky, and with a fair wind, for this promised ‘land of angels.’

NOTE.

(1) The trials for patience formed by those who claim obedience, are sometimes equalled by the ingenuity of those who should obey; and the martyrdom is perhaps more severe, because the mind cannot reasonably acquiesce in the inversion, though it may submit to it. There is no constitution of body so puzzling to the medical professor, as that in which a tendency to fever exists with natural or symptomatic debility; and in mind, the same incongruity is frequent. When Raymond married Drusilla, he had no other fear than that the gentleness of her spirit would make her consult his will in preference to her own;—a little further acquaintance with her temper showed that it needed correction—but to correct is not in his nature: he tries to veil her faults even from himself; he apologizes for them—he almost denies their existence; he is ready to ask if it be not *he* who is in fault. At length, he gently hints what he wishes—this is a ‘diminution of affection:’ he coolly states the specific error; this is worse:—he determines on preserving a prudent equable conduct, that shall act as gentle restraint; this is ‘cruel, he is changed:’—he now resolves to give up every thing wherein he alone is concerned, to preserve appearances, and he presently finds himself the slave of caprice, and required to follow the lead of one who *stands still*, for want of decision—who will *not stand still*, for want of decision—who *requires him to decide* for her, and then *blames him for deciding*. It then occurs to common sense, that remonstrance is necessary; but Raymond has a limited income and an increasing family, which make physicians’ fees and the ‘ditto ditto repeated’ of Messieurs Camphor and Valerian, a matter of consideration—What, in such a case, is to be done?—Rather let us say, what was to be done? for surely the judicious pains bestowed by *well bred* mothers on their daughters, will, in the rising generation, render such deviations from right obsolete.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE passage afforded nothing to give Rosanne a lesson in patience. She had slept as well as in her bed, rocked by the waves: the little vessel went at a great rate before a breeze entirely in their favour; she sailed well; and hope and novelty kept the spirits of the young voyager buoyant.

The captain seeming, though in a coarse way, to feel for the situation of a delicate female, without companion of her own sex, and who was evidently unused, though far from unwilling, to dispense with the refinements of life, did all in his power for her accommodation; and observing, in the morning, the dejection of Belarmine and the watchful eye of his daughter, he was officious to amuse.—‘That poor gentleman,’ said he to her, when her father was standing at a distance from her on the deck, looking so intently on the sea, that his eyes seemed to have no other power of direction—‘that poor gentleman, Miss, depend on it, has something on his mind—I know well what it is to be ready to hang one’s self with trouble—you should try to get at it, or he may do himself a mischief before you are aware—I shall keep my eye on him, I assure you.’

‘O! you do not know him,’ replied Rosanne; ‘he has sad low spirits—he is not in good health—but as England is his native air, and I have been told, that native air is very conducive to regaining health, I promise myself he will be better when we are landed.’

‘Well, Miss, you will see—only remember my words. I remember a gentleman very like him, that I have crossed the water many times with from Dover to Calais and back, when I was a lad, in one of the packets—but his name was Eugene, I remember—the same as the famous Prince Eugene,—a fine gay young man.’

‘My father’s name is Francis.’

‘O! surname, I mean, not christened name—family-name, Mr. Eugene.’

‘His family-name is Bellarmine.’

‘Ah! I know it can’t be the same—but they are as like, I won’t say as two peas, but as father and son.’—‘Sir,’ said he, going up to Bellarmine, his arms making two triangles with his sides, ‘I don’t like turning you and this fair lady over to another captain: give me leave—the breeze has been so much in our favour that we have time before us;—give me leave to go as near the English shore as I dare venture; and we shall find something to put you ashore in—what port are you for?’

Bellarmino protested against receiving this obligation: he ‘cared not whither he went—nay, he would rather cross the Atlantic, and

make himself an inhabitant of an unexplored world, than be the cause of delay to a man whose industry might be his capital.'

But Rosanne's suffused eyes told him *she* had a choice. She was perhaps far more unwilling than her father to change their ship or their captain; but nothing that she could apprehend, would have made her renounce the hope of getting to England.

The captain had, thus far, shown himself not only a man of good plain sense, and, to her judgment, of stupendous information, but, as she thought, of right conduct founded on right principles. He did not disturb Bellarmine, but he delighted his daughter, whenever he was warmed into a feeling, expressed by phrases declaratory of his being a Christian. There was an honest bluntness about him, that, as Rosanne observed to her father, was equal to any proof of the truth of his assertions: he gave the particulars of his voyage and views—they were the views of an honest man: he described his cargo, talked affectionately of wife and children, made Bellarmine recollect public circumstances, in which, as he said, his own family and that of the woman he had married, were concerned, and which ranked them high in the list of those who had freed the British colonies from real or imagined slavery. He could not give Rosanne a higher proof of his merit as a husband and a father, than by wishing himself,

as he did, in a situation of unpleasant suffering, not to be named ‘to ears polite,’ if he did not think of them every hour: in the same virtuous spirit, as Miss Bellarmine thought, he threatened his men with the same place of exile, naming distinctly the power who would inflict it, if they did not mind the business of the vessel: in short, Captain Mask’s conversation was embellished with, and his orders conveyed in, oaths and imprecations, which poor dear Rosanne in her simplicity, and notwithstanding all her endeavours to get correct information, construed into recognitions of the power and justice of an Infinite Being, and proofs of a pious frame of mind: for, with regard to the third commandment, her comprehension of its extent was not clear. She had indeed resolved not ‘to call out,’ as she recollected to have heard Mademoiselle Cossart: Vernet had cautioned her against perjury, and the oratory of the English pulpit had been still more precise; but when a man was serious, and tried to rule those under him, and whom it was fit that he should rule, by reminding them of their responsibility to the Maker of the world on which they lived, she could not at present discover any thing to reprehend—nay, it was, in her acceptation, all so much certificate in Captain Mask’s favour; and it encouraged her, at every opportunity, to speak to him.—She was now taking her first lesson in a new book, and sought, even on a blank-leaf,

for improvement. Her father took no pains to correct her, though he might see her error.

Provisions of a light description, which Bellarmine's servants had prepared for the passage, were now served, with all the propriety circumstances allowed, in the cabin; and thither they had retreated to dine, when, after a loud altercation between the captain and one of the sailors, a man entered with some degree of caution, and informed Bellarmine that he was imposed on. 'The American ship in which he had intended to sail, had quitted the port before them, through some misunderstanding; and his master, willing to 'get the job,' had represented himself as the captain with whom the agreement had been made: they were now in sight of the American, and should soon come up with her, if it was of importance to the gentleman and lady to go on board:—he 'could not, though he must own himself a bit of a rogue, stand by and see people imposed upon—they would soon find out what he and his master were; but they might depend on it they should be put safe on shore as soon as it was dark enough; they could do it very well; for it was growing a little cloudy, and it was a late moon—and he would take that on himself.'

The captain now, with a merry countenance, bounced in, and giving the sailor a hearty thump on the back, and then propitiating the young lady, and securing her belief by an oath, avowed

himself an Englishman, and his vessel English, and at times trading contraband with the enemy's country. All that he had said of connexions in or with the trans-atlantic world, he unsaid:—he was now a single man, not even able to tell who were his parents, or where he was born: he was 'a poor dog who must do what he could for a living:—he 'did no more than what his betters did every day, only that he risked his life in doing it, while they sate at home:—' there was no more difference between him and them, than between the thief and the receiver of stolen goods; and, for his part, he had rather be a highwayman than a pawn-broker.'

These were all new ideas to Rosanne; and they were so mixed, that she needed a sort of sieve, not at hand, to separate them. They all however vanished, when it was agreed that, allowing the captain to do what he pleased with his cargo, he should land them as little distant from Portsmouth as was safe to him.

Bellarmino's spirits had not been raised by the change of element or the approach to his country—English land was in sight; but he would not look for it. Rosanne tried to conceal her joy; but her endeavours ended in calling on her father to rejoice with her: he refused sullenly, and his temper was not amended by her indiscretion.

She dared not ask his intentions. She perceived that every 'I suppose,' and 'perhaps,' of the captain offended him, and thickened the gloom around him. Mr. Grant's letters, she did not doubt, had contained repetitions of kind invitations; but none had been imparted to her. Supposing him in Kent, she concluded that to Kent she was going; and her memory, informed by her maps, represented pretty accurately to her, the relative situations of the country by which she must enter on English ground, and that which alone had any power to attract her.

'We are as near as I dare venture, Sir,' said the captain; 'and it is too light for me to go on shore; but I have a stout boat, and two very able fellows, who will row you and the lady in, in three hours, if you please.'

'O yes; pray, pray!' said Rosanne, perceiving her father inclined to hesitate.

The captain, with a smile of indulgence, took her petition as his orders. Bellarmine seemed to have no choice—no power but that of being passive.

They got into the boat: the men, as if inspired by her eagerness, pulled stoutly; and it was still twilight when they landed.

CHAPTER XLIV.

IN quitting the vessel, Rosanne had been convinced that her father viewed his country with something more painful than indifference: to her remarks on what she saw, he seemed insensible, through pre-occupancy of mind; he sate in the boat with his elbows on his knees and his hands before his eyes; and even when arrived at their excellent well-appointed inn, he would do no more than pace the carpet as he had at intervals paced the deck, and seemed not conscious he was not still sailing. To something she said, merely to break the silence, and which was in praise of the care the captain had taken of some of her baggage, he replied, in a low voice, but with acrimony, that he ‘hoped she would soon be satisfied with England, if she liked this specimen of its inhabitants;—‘a fellow,’ said he, ‘canting about a man’s duties, and what Christians ought to do, and carrying on a contraband trade by means of false oaths and lies of all descriptions, while his conduct to the men under him, is only a tissue of despotism and blasphemy: for if the man fancies—if he only fancies, or has even dreamt that there is a God or devil to be affronted, he must be a pretty fellow to use such language:—if he has freed

himself from vulgar prejudices, it is all very well; and it is only folly to swear by what he denies to exist: he might as well swear by gryphons and sphinxes:—he talked of his old schoolmistress, who used to hear him his catechism, as if he was obliged to her; now, he ought to know, what even I could tell him, that half his conversation was in the teeth of it.’

Rosanne began to comprehend—she was going to be grateful—her father stopped her with a mortifying murmured observation on the injury she had already done her faculties, and the farther mischief she might expect, in adopting such puerilities, since she had not had discernment enough to prevent her mistaking the breach of a law for obedience to it.

‘O! teach me, teach me to judge more correctly, and to do better,’ was an energetic supplication on her lip; but she called to mind her state of mere toleration. Yet she could not conceal from herself the surprise of finding her father so well informed in that of which she supposed him ignorant;—and she might, if she had not been a well trained girl, have said, ‘How does my father differ from the smuggler?’

A neat supper, the novelty of English improvements in accommodations, since he had known the country, a little cheered and amused him; but nothing disposed him even to as much confidence as Rosanne had, at some other times, enjoyed: he retired to rest early, when he had

given particular directions for his breakfast in the morning, and had seen his daughter into a chamber within his, and by no other way accessible.

Rosanne had not foreseen that an indulgence in tears would be the first she should seek, in the fancied happy country she had been so impatient to visit; but she was here desolate beyond her usual desolation; and she almost feared the morning would but increase her cause for alarm and dejection. She slept uneasily, and waked remembering imperfectly some heaviness on her spirits, with which she had gone to sleep: the oppression of it became heavier as her intellect cleared; but she recollected, that, if she were doomed to be unhappy, still it was in England; and she endeavoured to trust that circumstances would arise to give her father the satisfaction he had not yet found in his native country. She persuaded herself they were on their way to Mr. Grant, and that, in the termination of their journey, she should find that of her cares.

What then was her dismay, when, in the morning, she saw her father was no more cheerful than when they parted, and when, after a silent breakfast, she heard him give orders for a chaise and four horses for Southampton, and he condescended to inform her, that this might be the limit of their travels!

‘Are we not, Sir,’ said she, ‘to—see—Mr. Grant?’

‘Ask me no questions, Rosanne,—I can an-

swer none.—My mind is not in a state to be disturbed :—you may repent vexing me :—leave me to myself ;—I shall, at all events, be better in a little time.’

She bit her lip, swallowed her tears, and prepared his breakfast—with little appetite to her own. It was still England—and England in its best dress—but she was not disposed to look on it as favourably as at landing.

They set forward.—The ease, the expedition, the alacrity of travelling, even in a hired post-chaise, every glass of which played its own tune, while each single pane performed an upper part of variations in discordance to the external harmony of bolts, wheel-irons, drag-chains, and an over-reaching horse or two, soothed her, and abated a new regret she began to feel, in quitting persons so desirous to oblige, as those who had received them at the inn at Portsmouth.

It was Sunday, and one of those state-holidays most exciting to the affections of the people. The churches in sight were decked with flags ; and before they were out of the town, the bells had changed their peals for the chiming summons to divine worship.

Postponing every hope of comfort, she prepared her mind for a cheerless journey—but the journey could not be cheerless in such a season, through a space of country so blest by the hand of its Creator : and in beholding it, she

was astonished that her father, whose taste in landscape had formed hers, should be insensible to what was so lovely; but he had drawn his hat over his eyes, and, had it been possible, would have feigned sleep.

Yet still retaining that obstinacy of opinion which he called 'liberty,' he roused himself to argue with the postillions when he thought them inclined to take to another element by a road that, as he said, could lead only into one of the rivers that form the Southampton water. In vain they described to him 'a new cut,' 'a new bridge,' and 'seven miles saved:' he knew mankind too well to trust. 'These fellows had never been the road before. They would find themselves at Itchin ferry, or perhaps at Netley abbey; and then it would be, 'Who would have thought it?'—he could go the road blindfold.'—'I *insist* on your keeping the right-hand road,' settled the business.—'As your honour pleases,' said the driver of the wheel-horses; 'we have nothing to do but mind your honour's orders;—the horses are fresh, and your honour has only seven miles more to pay for. If your honour wants to come grand upon Southampton, to be sure, that's your way. Perhaps that Ma'mselle's a stranger in these parts. We'll go a bit slow, an please your honour when we comes upon the Winchester road.'

It would have been increase of trouble to

have contended for the reputation of being *purely* obstinate; therefore he suffered his daughter to appear the person consulted, and, with her curiosity thus set to an edge, to enter the lovely town of Southampton from a distance the most advantageous to its beauty.

It was one of the finest days of the young summer of England; when a brilliant sun, tempered by a north-west wind, gives to the natural landscape the softness diffused by a medium of plate-glass, and the refreshing breeze allows us to greet the orb of day without averting his beams. The gentle inclination of the descent—the smoothness of the gravel-road—the elegant mansions on either hand—the rich foliage which chequered their way—the still fresh verdure—the New Forest, which seemed courting them to enter it—the spacious river dividing it from the umbrageous shore of Netley—and, over the spires of the town, the distant Isle of Wight—were all contributory to Rosanne's surprise and pleasure;—and she was forgetting her necessary caution, and giving vent to her ecstasy, when her father, who would neither speak nor look, desired her to keep her raptures within bounds—‘How could she, who had seen nothing, judge of what called for admiration?’

She begged pardon; and having passed, in duteous taciturnity, under the venerable gateway, her attention was called on by the throngs

of persons pouring from the churches. She was not used to see a street thus crowded ; and to the decency of appearance remarkable in the middle and lower classes of the English, in their best attire, she was a stranger.—‘ I never saw any thing so quietly cheerful,’ said she to herself. ‘ These people have all been, by their own inclination, assembling to join in thanks and petitions to the Supreme Being, as Madame D’Orsette explained it to me ; though she, I fancy, was much too volatile to think as I, who am so deficient, must do.—I can imagine I see the satisfaction attending this duty, on their countenances. Perhaps they have heard something, which they could not understand but wished very much to know, explained to them. The return of Sunday must be a most agreeable relief to such as are engaged in business, as well as to the animal creation : it must keep up a spirit of regular arrangement in the lower orders, and of forbearance in the higher—to say nothing of those who, as I shall do, make it a day of indulgence in the sort of learning which they may not have time to pursue on other days ;—for, I suppose, now, when we are settled, I shall not have near as much leisure as at Chateau-Vicq.—Well ! let me suffer what I may, if my father does not really grow ill, I must, I am sure, be happy in coming to a country, the people of which look so good.—I wish we may be to live near this place.

‘ Surely,’ thought she, ‘ this long, noble street will, if it continues in this direction, bring us at last to the water—I hope not—for my father may think himself worse on land, and go at last to America, or to some other country more agreeable to him than this.’

Her fears of this sort were ended when they drove under the gateway of an inn of the first description, and she found herself in an elegantly furnished room, the semicircular windows of which commanded the street. Here, to her inexpressible comfort, she learnt they were to remain.—‘ What!’ thought she, ‘ are we to live at an inn?’

Her father now again, having first given orders for dinner, and intimated his intention to lodge, began to pace the room as he had paced the deck of the little vessel in which they had sailed, and with no more concern for the amusement of his companion. Rosanne had attempted to read; but, in such a scene of novelty, to command her attention was impossible; and she had been two hours given up to a silent gaze into the street, while her father at intervals looked over papers, when a remarkably neat plain travelling carriage with post-horses, prepared to turn into the inn-yard; and the eager notice of a gentleman in it, caught her eye, and convinced her it could be no one but Mr. Grant.

With a scream of delight, she announced

his joyful arrival—and was still more puzzled by perceiving that it excited great and painful emotions in her father, who looked as if he would gladly have escaped the necessity of meeting the man whom, she supposed, he came solely to meet.

There was no time for consideration; Mr. Grant's name was brought in, and he followed at the heels of the messenger.

The puzzle was increased, even in the moment of cordial salutation, by Mr. Grant's adverting to *an appointment* which he seemed to have anticipated. He had started back from the frosty civility of Bellarmine, and, turning to Rosanne, had seized her hands, when he began to explain his coming by saying, 'I did not expect to find you arrived; but I came purposely to secure your accommodations for to-morrow!'

'I believe,' said Bellarmine stiffly, 'my letter to you named the *fifth* or *sixth*, as the day I expected to be here—but—we—I intended—we had a very fair wind——'

'O!' said Mr. Grant, 'no necessity surely for apologizing for my being gratified sooner than I expected it.'

'Are you now come out of Kent?' said Rosanne.

'Kent, my child!—do you not know that I have been staying with my good friends the Wellborns, in the New Forest?—I have been with

them these ten weeks :—they have been ill, poor souls ! and in affliction.—I promised to stay with them till I expected you :—I told them what a pretty lady was coming from France purposely to meet me ; so, as they thought such good luck might never happen again to me, they gave me my liberty ; and, verily, I have brought my man and my trunk—they can find room for me here, I suppose.’

‘ I am sorry to have called you away,’ said Bellarmine, in a miserable tone ;—‘ till to-morrow noon, I would not have troubled you :—perhaps you would wish to return to your friends—and Rosanne and I are very well established here—for the present—at least.’

Mr. Grant was decided in his movements, and, without farther consultation, took up his residence where he was, to the great alleviation of Rosanne’s sufferings.

Nothing could rouse Bellarmine all the rest of the day—even his dinner failed. Yet, not *his* dulness could make the hours dull which Mr. Grant’s presence and conversation cheered ; and if his endeavours to animate her father made Rosanne fancy her absence advisable, she had her chamber to retreat to—she had her books—her writing-implements—and, above all—for she was no ascetic, nor even a professor of untimely holiness—she had the street to look into ; and, at this moment, it was the most potent attraction. ‘ What would I give—or,

what would I not give,' said she, 'that my father would buy one of these houses! I would rather live for ever here in this inn, even in this noise—only that I see it disturbs him—than I would go back to dear Chateau-Vicq. O how delightful!—here are carriages, without number, coming down the road.—I wish I knew who these great folk are;—but I wonder English people should travel on Sundays. By the path being fuller than it was, and those ladies having books in their hands, I suppose they might be in the churchies if they chose it; but perhaps the great people stay away, to give the poor room; for, I suppose, churches cannot hold all the people at once.—How I should like to look into a church!—I would ask the mistress of the house to go with me; for I hear a bell very near:—but if my poor father should not like me to ask, or miss me if I go without asking—No; I will be content.'

She was right in postponing her intention; for her father sent for her, before she was tired of gazing, and ordered her to remain in the room with him and Mr. Grant the rest of the day. The command was so peevishly issued, that it brought the tears into her eyes. Mr. Grant, taking his hat, said, 'Well, while your table is laying, I will go, and call on a friend I have just by. I would, indeed,' added he, looking at Bellarmine, 'take your daughter with me; but you are in such a queer humour,

I do not know what to make of you—I would as soon take a bone out of a cur's mouth.'

Bellarmino roused himself from his reclining posture, and with the utmost complacency said, 'My dear friend, you will do me the greatest favour possible if you would take her—she will be delighted—you know every thing is new to her, poor thing!—and I cannot exert myself—pray take her.'

'Pray take her?' replied Mr. Grant, in a questioning tone:—'no, no; I should not have been an old bachelor now, if I would have listened to some mothers when they seemed to say 'Pray take her'—but as I have withstood the other sex, I must not give way to my own—I tell you I won't take her—stay with papa, my dear girl, and get him into better humour by then I come back, or he will spoil my dinner:—he has bid you stay in the room; so we may agree in one thing at least—I say 'stay;' and if you leave the room till I come back, I will whip you.'

Rosanne tried to smile, but it was through tears. She opened the door for Mr. Grant to go out, that she might hide that which, in inaction, she might have betrayed, and heard him say, as he put on his shovel-hat with both hands—'You are a keen fox, Sir; but I am an old huntsman.' She could not understand this; but to get it explained was impossible. Did it mean that Mr. Grant loved hunting?—No.—She

had heard him say he had never hunted since he became a clergyman—she thought he said it was forbidden them—and certainly very right it was to forbid it.

Not a word did her father utter while their friend was absent: he sate still, jingling two or three little keys on the silver chain that united them. Rosanne now dared not look towards him—but the window—that never-failing resource in her still hopeful trouble! was in all its omnipotence; and having heard that what were now wooden shutters, would, in the morning, be converted into gay shop-windows, she felt that even her happiness admitted of increase.

Dinner passed; and Mr. Grant, determining to confine Bellarmine's ill-temper to its proper owner, amused Rosanne, and was amused by her. The evening had drawn towards its close before she was aware; and her father seemed disposed to keep her punctually to her time of rest. When he warned her to put away her desk, on which she was making memorandums from Mr. Grant's information, she said, 'But, my dear father, have you every thing you want? Where is your laudanum? Is it in your room?'

He pettishly bid her mind her own concerns.

'O, ho!' said Mr. Grant; 'what, taking laudanum?—I do not wonder then:—you and I must have a little conversation, my friend.'

‘Go to your room, Rosanne,’ said Bellarmine, almost as he would have expelled a dog.

‘God bless you, my dear child; and may he give you the rest you need, and I hope I may add, deserve,’ said Mr. Grant, in the most impressive manner. ‘Remember, it is matter of conscience to sleep well:—trust in your Maker, and, under him, in such humble instruments as the friends he sends.—This is better than all the laudanum your father can take.—I’ll soon put an end to the laudanum:—laudanum, indeed! for a man who has such a blessing of a daughter, and who ought to take care of her!’

‘Where ignorance is bliss, ’t is folly to be wise,’ might Rosanne have said, with peculiar propriety as applying to herself—for she went to bed persuaded, that all her anxieties were taken out of her hands:—had she known the truth, not even Mr. Grant’s injunction could have influenced her:—but now, persuaded that the laudanum was the bane of her comfort, and that her kind friend would prohibit the use of it, she felt at ease; and as soon as she could get the whirl of wheels out of her mind’s hearing, and the population of the street out of its sight, she yielded to fatigue, of which she had not, till this moment, been conscious; and committing herself, and her father and friend, to the care of Him who

‘never slumbers, never sleeps,’
she sunk into sweet repose.

CHAPTER XLV.

ROSANNE was not late in rising; but she was hardly ready to make her appearance, when a chambermaid came to her with a message from Mr. Grant, desiring to see her. She was with him in the room they had occupied the preceding evening, before he could expect her.

The inestimable, though often undervalued, ability to keep out of the countenance that which oppresses the heart, seconded his charitable anxiety to save a young creature, just becoming acquainted with a world, that, without caution in others, must disappoint and shock her, from receiving an impression which might never be effaced. He first referred gaily to 'the laudanum'—described to her its enervating effects, and made her fix her attention on it, as the radical evil under which she, as well as her father, suffered by his use of it. He then disclosed a scheme which was to be carried into effect almost immediately.

Bellarmino had, before they retired to rest, informed Mr. Grant of his wish to procure, at least for the remainder of the summer, a very retired cottage, between Lyndhurst and Lymington, which *he told him*, he remembered to have rented, *as he said*, with great satisfaction in earlier life. Mr. Grant could not, by instinct,

know, and it was not necessary to tell him, that what was placed before his judgment, as an excuse *for* this fancy, would have been the strongest possible reason *against* it. 'It was not easy,' Bellarmine said, 'to describe the situation—but he himself knew it with precision enough to direct a driver—and if Mr. Grant would have the goodness to take care of Rosanne for the morning—as he did not like to submit a thing to her option of which she could not possibly form a just estimation—it would be a great conveniency, and confer an obligation:—he was sure, that 'if he consulted his daughter as to their permanent dwelling-place, she would choose the high street of Southampton—it seemed to her the 'Champs Elysées' of the habitable globe; and he must expect to have some little disappointment to combat—though he was very willing to allow Miss Bellarmine all the merit her good and partial friend ascribed to her—she certainly was an excellent young woman; and were there any probability of his living long, he might, perhaps, think himself happy in such a daughter.'

Rosanne heard as much of this as Mr. Grant thought fit to tell her.—'My father is right,' said she: 'I do not wish for retirement—I have had my sufficient portion of it for the time I have lived—and my countenance might show, if he hunts after a cottage in a forest, that I should prefer one of the good-looking houses we passed

as we came into this charming town—even *they* are not to be compared to Chateau-Vicq—but, I suppose, people do not live in palaces here—and I certainly have no wish for one; but that *my* father should betake himself to a cottage, and squeeze me into it, where I might not have room for my books, and those indulgences which, I hope, he will not deny me, and where, as at Chateau-Vicq, I might register in my journal as an important event, the sight of a stray cat, I confess I have no wish—can you not dissuade him from it?’

‘Not unless I went with him—and then you would be left alone, and in a strange place.’

‘O! do not think of that—I can amuse myself—even at the window,’ said she, laughing—‘my father may lock me into my chamber if he pleases.’

‘Well, I think it is the best plan that I should go with him.—I let him take his laudanum last night—I could not prevent it—therefore he will be in a delectable humour for a travelling companion this morning.’

‘O! bear with him, bear with him!—for my sake: think how I am forced to bear with him!—you will, I am persuaded, do him good in the end, and then I shall owe my happiness to you.’

It was not weakness that made the excellent minister of the Gospel of peace dry his eyes;

it was the noble sentiment of a mind, eminently gifted, but prone to commiserate those in error, and melting under the warm feeling of love and admiration for youth so graced as was that of Rosanne.

Bellarmino came out of his chamber. His daughter had long been accustomed to consult his brow, as the tamer of wild beasts would read the scowling of a half-perfect disciple. This morning he was more terrific than ever; but that which would have repelled, was so counteracted by excessive imbecility, that she pitied while she feared, and tried to soothe, while she expected, every moment, to repent her temerity.

The scene of breakfast opened most unpropitiously:—she saw that her father had it not in his power to eat—his lips were feverish, and his thirst was impatient.

‘At what time will you go, Sir?’ said Mr. Grant.

The question brought forward the projected affair; and Bellarmine was positive in his resolution to go alone; so positive, that Rosanne threw her influence on his side, and wished to give Mr. Grant to understand, that her inclinations must be no farther consulted.

‘Will you condescend to use my carriage? or do you prefer the music of another such as Rosanne described your vehicle from Portsmouth?’

‘He would accept the loan of Mr. Grant’s carriage, with thanks.’

Breakfast concluded :—the horses were ordered, and Mr. Grant began to arrange an agreeable morning for his charge. Bellarmine went backward and forward to the chamber where he had slept, and had about him, rather the uneasiness of a journey, than of so trifling an excursion : he moved some of the smaller articles of luggage which he had brought with him, into situations less awakening curiosity ; and in doing this, Mr. Grant observed him occasionally shift a bit of paper from one hand to the other. His frequent look towards the door, argued either impatience for the carriage, or the expectation of some one ;—and some one at length came, for he was called out.

But, in quitting the room, and pulling the door after him, which concealment, rather than the season, seemed to demand, he dropped from his hand this shifted bit of paper. Mr. Grant saw it fall.—Rosanne, who was, as usual, looking into the street, whenever she was not looking at her father, did not perceive it, nor had she noticed his having it in his hand.

At one long step, Mr. Grant reached and seized the paper. It was directed to him :—he took it out of the room, and returning before Bellarmine came back, not betraying, by his

countenance, any thing that could alarm, he said to Rosanne, 'I shall not let this poor nervous man go by himself—we must get rid of the laudanum before I trust him:—he may sit down and cry at the foot of a tree, and find himself there at midnight.'

'O!' said Rosanne, 'how you have relieved me! you are so good, I will give up any thing:—I do not care about the street or the cottage—only keep up his spirits, and make him promise not to take any more of this horrid laudanum.'

Bellarmino came in, looking round, and feeling in his pockets.

'What have you lost, my dear father?'

'A paper,' said he, staring and in haste; 'have you seen it?'

'No, indeed, I saw no paper—you took a note out of your pocket, which I supposed to be one about the American captain—you tore it into bits, and threw it out of the window.'

'I am not conscious of having done so—did I?'

'I saw you do it,' said Mr. Grant; 'but, my dear Sir,' continued he, 'you have it in your power to afford me a great accommodation this morning.—Would you dispense with my attending this lady—I am a very bad lion-showman—and set me down at my friends', from whence I came yesterday?—They will, perhaps, wish to

know my movements, which depended, when I left them, on yours. I can remain with them, if you do not choose to have my agreeable company, while you explore; and you will, I dare say, be so charitable as to take me up in your return—you must pass their gates; and you need not turn out of your road for me, only set me down in it.'

'I may forget to take you up again,' said Bellarmine, in a tremulous accent.

'This horrid laudanum!' said Rosanne to herself.

'I will trust you,' said Mr. Grant; 'I can get back if you do.'

Bellarmino tried to oppose, but in vain—he even expressed concern for his daughter's amusement.

'Leave that to me,' said Mr. Grant—'I will just step to the friends I called on here yesterday—they are only obliquely over the way, and I am sure they will take to Miss Bellarmine for a morning, and thank me too—they will do her no harm, though I do not promise she will learn much from them that will be useful to *her*:—I have no time to bring them acquainted—beside, I do not love prepossessions—nor do I know much of the younger part of the family:—on the parents I have bestowed occasionally some advice, about as profitable as throwing water on a duck's back.'

Thus was the matter at length arranged. Mr. Grant was absent but a few minutes, and brought back with him a message from Lady Crackle, expressing her polite wish for Miss Bellarmine's spending the time she would otherwise be alone, with her daughters.—‘I tell you exactly what she said to me,’ added Mr. Grant; ‘for, remember, when you come into the world, if your memory fails in any thing where others are concerned, you are no more to go to your imagination to supply the deficiency, than, if you wanted a cap, you would take a shoe: you are not to translate the meaning of your fellow-creatures into your own terms. Now, I tell you, Lady Crackle said, ‘Give *my* compliments to ‘Miss Bellarmine, and say I shall be very glad ‘if she will spend the time she would be alone, ‘with my daughters.’

‘Are the daughters children?’ said Rosanne—‘perhaps she takes *me* for a child.’

‘No, no,’ said Mr. Grant—‘it only means that you are not to expect her ladyship to attend much to you herself, I suppose.—Come, you must go directly.’

‘In my habit?—What will they say to my French fashions? I am afraid I look like nobody in this country.’

‘O, never fear—you will be admired, trust me.’

‘I hope I shall not be looked at as I go—I never walked in a town in my life.’

‘ Why, just now, you were delighted with the number of people in the street.’

‘ My dear Sir,’ said Rosanne, ‘ the world *looked at*, I can already, simpleton as I am, perceive, is a very different thing from the world *looking at*—and, I am afraid, still more different from the world *looking on*—I will be ready instantly. When a stranger—a foreigner, I may almost say—comes to *my* gate for shelter—I will go out to meet her:—I know nothing of fashion or the air of the world—but I feel what would be right towards others, in my own necessities.—I have heard,’ said she, smiling, ‘ of the English sovereignty of the seas—Lady Crackle makes me lower my flag, before she opens her ports to me.’

‘ I will be hanged,’ said Mr. Grant to Bellarmine, who had turned towards the window in abstraction,—‘ I will be hanged, if a girl, brought up in seclusion, does not, after all, know more of the world, than the misses who hear of it in their cradles.’

‘ She has had time to think, poor girl!’ said her father; ‘ but I almost repent my methods with her—they have answered no purpose—and they may make her, as she fears, singular:—I had better have educated her in Paris.’

‘ Singular she may be,’ replied Mr. Grant; ‘ but the singularity will always be in her favour.—Taking care, as you have done, of her

external deportment, and giving her accomplishments,—with youth, beauty, and her mind, she must, I say, be singularly charming.’

‘ She will never speak the language of the world.’

‘ That I confess—and were she mine, I should rejoice at it.’

‘ I mean, that her style will be too much her own.’

‘ There is, indeed, more *body*, if I may speak as of wine, in what she says, than in the trite observations and superficial opinions of many who are her seniors; but every discerning person will know how to value this difference—she will say more in six words, than other girls in a quarter of an hour;—and she will speak with energy, because she speaks from a full mind and strong perceptions; but do you call this a disadvantage?’

Rosanne, by entering, brought her eulogium to an abrupt conclusion. She went up to her father to take leave of him; but he scarcely turned from the window.—The unkindness did not escape Mr. Grant, and, lest she should notice it with pain to herself, he hurried her away; and comforting her that she was not, even for the morning, to quit her dear ‘high street,’ now decked with all that gay shop-windows could add to its local pretensions and its

animated groupes, he drew her arm within his, and crossed the street hastily with her, she, notwithstanding her ardent curiosity, not once raising her eyes from the pavement.—The brave are confessedly the merciful—the noble-minded are the truly modest.

CHAPTER XLVI.

It was not one of the most distinguished or distinguishing receptacles for occasional residents, that Sir Woolley and Lady Crackle occupied; but 'it suited *them*,' as her ladyship observed with an emphasis that almost demanded the subsequent question 'How?'—She was, however, in no danger of such a query from her present visitor, who, without any feeling but the extreme awkwardness of her situation, followed Mr. Grant up a narrow staircase, and stood behind him, till the 'Come in' of some one on the other side of the door at which he rapped with his knuckle, encouraged their advance.

'O good Heavens!' cried Miss Augusta Crackle to her sister Honoria, as they jumped up from the breakfast-table—'they're here already!'

Away went the baronet's daughters into the adjoining bed-room, one rather on the back than the heels of the other, and with so much danger of taking the tea-equipage with them, that Lady Crackle screamed out.

But in their flight, these Parthians wounded, and risked what they were shunning by stop-

ping to reply, 'You can't suppose I did it on purpose,' and 'Why did not you lay hold of the table-cloth?'

They were gainers too by getting a glimpse of the stranger; and having, with that effrontery which is very near of kin to sheepishness, surveyed her, holding the door by which they retreated, with no care not to be seen, they kept close, while Sir Woolley and their mamma did the honours.

'In the name of wonder, Sir Woolley,' said Mr. Grant, 'what can possess you to leave your pretty, quiet, respectable place in my neighbourhood, and poke yourself into this hole by the side of a public street, at Midsummer?'

'Newly arrived, I understand,' said Lady Crackle to Rosanne—'Pray, now, do tell me, have you really with your own eyes, seen what is going on in France?—Some people tell me that we are to have peace, and some say war. Now, you know, one always likes to be certain in public matters—it gives one, you know, a little lift in society. My girls, I am sure, will wait on you presently—only they are so shy; I had them, all last winter, with their sister Mrs. Rocket, on purpose to get over it; but I do not see, at least at present, that it has done any good.'

'That's the true state of the case, my dear friend,' said Sir Woolley, continuing a reply, of

which Rosanne had lost the former part. ‘My wife and I cannot settle the matter; so, till we can, I give way.’

‘O! yes, Mr. Grant,’ interposed her ladyship, ‘Sir Woolley is so good, very good indeed—we shall never fall out.—I say, Nutting-grove is a very good place for every thing but getting husbands for pretty girls; therefore, I always come, once a year, to some watering-place, to give our girls a chance, as he will not have a house in town.’

‘House in town!’ said Sir Woolley, laughing till his rosy cheeks shook—‘Why, in the first place, *you* know I could not breathe in it, and *I* know I could not pay for it.’

Mr. Grant was now standing; but he was obliged to stop to hear Sir Woolley’s last words, which were whispered with still higher merriment—‘We are all dished, by Jupiter! she knows, as well as I do, that every acre is gone in her plans for getting husbands for pretty girls.—Lord, lord!’ said he, aloud, ‘what the shyness of our daughters has cost!—Well, my dear friend, when we meet next, it may be in Guernsey; and if that will not do, it must be in the Isle of Man;—any where, say I, for a quiet life.’

Lady Crackle, by fixing her attention on the work of Rosanne’s habit-linen, probably hoped to deafen her to Sir Woolley’s whisper; but her

young curiosity being set that way, she happened to hear more of that than of the admiration bestowed on her habiliments.

Mr. Grant hastened away; and Rosanne reluctantly remained. She was desired to take a seat 'where she chose.' Sir Woolley finished his garterings; the table was cleared: he went out with 'Good morning to you, ma'am,'—and Lady Crackle 'wondered whether she should or should not go to market.' Rosanne begging that she might be no restraint, her ladyship assured her that her daughters would wait on her in a minute, and went to get, as she informed her visitor, her worst straw-bonnet; 'for any thing did for Southampton.'

The window was still the window; and thither Rosanne betook herself—she almost started when she perceived that her eye could reach the hotel, which, by comparison, was her home. She saw her father and Mr. Grant set off. The one looked for her—the other looked at nothing.

'Mamma has taken her with her to market, I am sure,' said a voice in the adjoining room.

'Shall I go and see?' said another.

'No, no, not for your life—we can say we *thought* so, if we do not look.'

'Did they call her Bellamy, or Bellarmine?'

'Bellarmine.'

'She seemed monstrous handsome.'

'Was she rouged?'

'No, she had not colour enough for rouge—'

and her eyes looked too natural for rouge; for, after all, rouge gives pretty women, I think, a wicked look.'

'Wicked or not wicked, I shall wear it.'

'O! and so shall I—I am sure there is nothing to be done with the men, without it:—I only said what it did.—If it made me look as wicked as Jezebel, I would wear it, notwithstanding.'

Rosanne began to think of a silent retreat to solitude and an inn, as preferable to her prospect; but Lady Crackle—who, 'on second thoughts, as the street was just watered, and the foot-pavement was splashed, would send her servant to market'—now entering, asked, had Miss Bellarmine any choice in what she ate?—it was not, she believed, 'fast-day.'

Rosanne hoped she should not trouble her ladyship so long as till dinner.

'Well, well! if you do, no great matter: I am used, as I say, to young people. But I must really go and see what those idle girls are doing; I am afraid they are turned shy again. None of the ladies ever shy in France, I know; but I cannot say I ever saw any one from France that I liked.'

The young ladies were prevailed on to enter the room. Rosanne was not to be disconcerted even by the realization of that which she had been taught to expect. The Miss Crackles might have made their appearance under any

character they had chosen, and Rosanne would still have been the polite, high-bred, but unassuming Miss Bellarmine. She was prepared for any rudeness.

But no rudeness had she to encounter. The ladies were, in dress, caricatures of French fashions,—too timid to reach a chair,—linked arm in arm, as if contact gave courage,—unable to speak, and, when it was inevitable, looking at each other, as if inquiring what was to be said.

‘Supposing you take Miss Bellarmine out for a walk,’ said their mamma.

They looked at each other—not a word.

‘Would it be agreeable?’ said her ladyship to Rosanne.

‘If not inconvenient to the ladies,’ she replied, ‘it would oblige me, as I am a stranger.’

Not a word.

‘My dears?’

‘We expect the Giggletons; and Miss Varnish is to be here,’ murmured out both at once, as if intending only their mother to hear them.

‘O! my daughters expect some young friends this morning, and they are to have a little levee; and then they would all walk together,’ said mamma, for these bashful nymphs.

Rosanne thought she heard something like a plan for staying at home to learn ‘a new watch-string;’ but whatever it was, it met the frown of Lady Crackle, and was borne down by the scheme for walking.

‘It will be terribly hot,’ said the young ladies, in a duet of gentle discordance.

Lady Crackle again resumed her inquiries. ‘Had Miss Bellarmine brought over any new articles of dress?’

‘I can hardly judge,’ said Rosanne, smiling, ‘what may be new here.—I understand the partiality for French fashions is so great in England, that I conclude they cannot be novel.’

‘Have you got any thing new with you?’ said the elder of the young ladies.

‘Not very new,’ answered Rosanne; ‘for, as soon as I knew my father meant to return to our own country, I forbore adding to my wardrobe, as I should prefer being dressed as the ladies of England dress.’

The Miss Crackles looked at each other, and having borrowed and lent courage for the occasion, expressed their earnest desire to see any thing ‘really French.’

‘Allow me to write a note to the mistress of our hotel,’ said Rosanne; ‘and if it is not too much trouble to send it across the street, she will return one of my trunks for your gratification; though, indeed, it is doing my wardrobe too much honour to have any curiosity about it.’

The wish would have been merely matter of inference, had not the mother found a reply for her mutes:—she decided the important affair by adding her own earnestness.

The young ladies remained close to each other—but, before the messenger could return, they were disenchanted by the entrance of ‘the Giggletons,’ two girls who, to any one just arrived, must have appeared the contrasts of the young females of the family, when, in truth, they were nearly their counterparts.—Without the smallest observance, they rushed in, and, seizing on Augusta and Honoria, would have dragged them out to see something which was described in a whisper. In vain did the Miss Crackles direct their eyes towards Rosanne, to warn them of the presence of a spy:—*they* also looked—and *they* too saw a stranger; but it was no restraint on *them* to be observed: it was rather encouragement to their noise and their nonsense. Nor was there now, any remaining bashfulness on the part of those whom they came to visit: they also grew loud, obstreperous, coarse; and Lady Crackle, apologizing to Rosanne for quitting her, betook herself to an upper room, ‘unable,’ as she observed to her whom she left in the enjoyment of it, ‘to bear the noise, when the Giggletons and her girls got together.’

And now ensued a scene—O! would it were but fiction! Too rapidly, far too rapidly, was the stranger let into the mystery of ungodliness, as it exists in the practice of those who either have no principle of duty, no compassion of nature to supply the want of it; or who,

having received this principle, and pretended to this compassion, are too base or too thoughtless to adopt the one or the other in their dealings.

Miss Varnish was announced.

The young ladies of the house again seemed to resort to each other's eyes for stage-direction. The Giggletons gave the word of command, by saying, 'O! for Heaven's sake have her in—we shall have such fun!'

Miss Varnish was introduced.

The promised 'fun' consisted in Miss Varnish's being a young woman who, born with pretensions to the respect of the world, had been, by injustice, by cruelty, and by fraud, which her helplessness made bold, reduced from comparative affluence, to the necessity of earning a livelihood by the labour of her hands in painting—labour which was destroying her health and bowing her person. But still her external circumstances would have possessed little power of interesting or amusing, had she not, unhappily for herself, remembered that she was a gentlewoman, and felt as one:—with this recollection and this feeling, she was game for the many, alas! very many! whom no distinction of birth can make gentlewomen, no feeling but the mortification of pride and vanity can reach.

It was, perhaps, awful enough to be summoned before the unbending Miss Crackles; but they were encouraging, if compared to the sa-

vage Giggletons, who, using all the means that could show the much they did, to be far less than the more they could do, performed the part of a mimicking, scrutinizing chorus, while the Miss Crackles examined the performance of the 'protégée.'—They too—for vice cannot subsist by itself—joining themselves, walked round her, surveyed her frugal dress, observed audibly and laughed loud; and the young woman, embarrassed to extremity, seemed not to know whether she had best defend herself against the craft of her employers in front, or the ridicule of her assailants in the rear. She stood between two fires; and their heat might be inferred from her countenance.

To attend to her own interests, seemed to demand more self-possession than so timid a creature could call up. The Miss Crackles had clubbed their purses to pay a few shillings—the price *they* thought adequate to the labour;—and the extension of her hand was, by signs, demanded from the young artist.

Rosanne's sympathy had never been so excited. Nothing but her want of knowledge of 'fitness' now restrained her. 'Who made thee a judge?' came up to her recollection. 'Would Mr. Grant think me right?—He placed me here—there is a defender of the helpless—what am I?—a stranger.'

The young woman's hand was not yet ex-

tended. She begged the ladies to consider—she had a mother and a sick sister to work for.

‘What’s that to us?—you agreed for the price.’

‘True, ladies, I did;—pray pardon me, I did agree for the price—but Miss Augusta bargained for my finishing a picture which would have taken me but two days; and when it was sent, I saw it was Miss Honoria’s, which is so much larger that it took me five days’ hard work.’

Now, who can blame young ladies for setting up even a shout of laughter at any thing so mirth-provoking as this simple confession of having been over-reached!—especially when the success of a plot was added to the dupery of their labourer.—O! for shame, for shame!—Let the conscious blush, for the deceit *was* practised.—The scared finisher of ladies’ pictures, might have remained scared, had her employers preserved any decency—and Rosanne must have supposed want of attention the greatest offence of which the ladies had been guilty—but the shout of triumph was intolerable. The young woman recovered herself, refused the money, and had her hand on the picture; but Miss Honoria Crackle was the more powerful, and the artist stood moneyless, and without any means of compensation.

The shillings were withheld—she could not

ask for them—she *would* not;—but in language, not that of a hireling, she told the ladies, what indeed they knew, that ‘they had purposely imposed on her—it was not the first time she had had occasion to say, that common honesty was not always to be found in ladies—it might be the last; for they had taught her circumspection and self-defence.’

She was ‘hushed’ out of the room by Miss Honoria, who, as if delicate to her feelings, slipped the money into her hand—it was too much wanted to be refused (1).

Rosanne had chastised herself into a serviceable prudence. ‘I think,’ said she, ‘I could employ that young woman.’

‘Lord, do!’ said Miss Giggleton; ‘she paints beautifully; and she will finish your drawings and pictures for almost nothing, and thank you too.—Won’t she, Bess?’—Bess gave an affirmative.

‘She shall work for me for nothing,’ said Miss Giggleton, ‘for recommending her.’—She promised this kindness in a prudent whisper.—There was no need for caution; for Rosanne was at the bottom of the stairs, and had asked leave to take Miss Varnish into a back-parlour—without any attention to Miss Giggleton.

In a very few minutes she had gained many years’ experience: she heard a little; but the much that could not be told, was still more eloquent: too hasty to be æconomical, she gave

the injured creature a few of those 'pieces of paper' which she had received, with a lesson on their current value, the preceding evening from her father; and almost stopping her ears to spare herself the pain of being thanked, she heard only—'God be praised for all his goodness! this will relieve us from all our difficulties.—Who, madam?—Where?'

'I am but a stranger—a visitor,' said Rosanne; 'I must go to the ladies—pray do not distress me.'

She returned, in very decent composure, to the delectable society she had quitted; for her feelings were now become tolerably obedient to her will, and her countenance, being a faithful index, could not betray her. Her trunk had arrived, and the very laudable want of suspicion in one whom the world had not yet rendered astute, having left the key very handily in the lock, its delicate contents had been, without delay or scruple, seized on by the four ladies—who, decked in the various articles, surveyed themselves in the glasses and commented on each other, not sparing the choice of the owner when they thought it merited censure. A young man of their idle acquaintance, now introduced himself; and a new pleasure was offered to them in the possibility of making Captain Tournesol ridiculous, by dressing him in the contents of Rosanne's trunk.

It was a feeling she could not have described;

but it was a right feeling—a feeling which, seeming to aim only at arbitrary propriety, leads on in the road to virtue, that made Rosanne here set the boundary to her compliances. She requested leave to replace the articles in the trunk; but not being listened to, she desisted from requesting; and, taking her veil and her gloves, showed that she was departing.

The young man and one of the Miss Giggletons pursued their sport, while the other and one of the Miss Crackles tried to gain time for their friends, by a splenetic remonstrance with Miss Bellarmine.

‘I am a stranger,’ said Rosanne, ‘to this country, but not to that which must be, in general, its manners, or it would not, I presume, be ranked,’ added she, smiling, ‘amongst *civilized* nations.—I am not a foreigner at a loss for words, or in danger of being misunderstood. I am happy to oblige you, but you will not permit it.’

The Crackles were frightened—the Giggletons were undaunted: the captain was on neutral ground. Miss Honoria was going, perhaps, to apologize; but Miss Giggleton *took care* of her, and said for her, ‘Lord! this is only fun—we shall not hurt your things. You are not used, I see, to English people—you have not learnt the world, child. We will teach it you.’

‘Hush-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh,’ said Miss Crackle; ‘here’s our old woman.’

Lady Crackle returned—inspected—admired

—tried on, and gave her opinions, with a few comparisons, which she certainly thought might be useful to Miss Bellarmine, of present fashions, with those of what she called ‘her time.’

All contention was at an end—the decorations were resigned, and a dead pause followed, perhaps requiring more courage than even virulence or invective; but Rosanne, not hurried, not discomposed, restored good order in her trunk, and again prepared to go.

‘Will you not walk with us?’ said Honoria; ‘pray do—I am sorry——’

The last word would have prevailed on her, even without the penitent look that accompanied it. ‘I shall tame my companions,’ thought Rosanne, ‘and make them my willing guides in our walks.’

But here she had reckoned too hastily. If Honoria meant well, she was soon outvoted; and the not submitting to be affronted, was revenged by the admirable joke of confining the visitor to the sunny side of the street, parading her up and down, as if on purpose to attract notice, forcing her, by their manner of marching, to be rude in passing all those whom they met, and enjoying, with boisterous mirth, the unhand-some things said to her, while, even in walking without annoying any one, she was conscious of being the object of apish criticism to the captain and two of the ladies who followed her.

While without remedy, she bore all in pa-

tience and silence, and, even now, there were assisting recollections in her mind, drawn from sources which she disdained to quote to those who appeared lost to all sense of shame; but waiting till they were nearly opposite the hotel, she released her arm gently from that of Miss Honoria; and now not at all solicitous to inquire how she could cross a street, she rejoiced at her emancipation from protection, and returning polite bows to Miss Honoria, who sprang after her to recall her, she gained the gateway, where the respectful receding of every one to let her pass, excited curiosity; and the buzz of ‘Who is she?’ and the remark on the distinguishing character about her, referring up to the Crackles and Giggletons, greeted their ears in a way that did not add to their pride. ‘Do you know,’ said their idle beau Captain Tournesol, ‘I am half angry with you, girls. I never saw a finer woman, nor one with more what—you may laugh if you please—now this is too bad, upon my——’

The only visible effect of this abortive attempt to do what he had not sense enough to accomplish, was, that when Captain Tournesol asked the young ladies of this party to dance, in a ball that evening, for which they had ordered their dresses from town, they were all engaged; which report he contrived to spread in a way that consigned them to their own conversation, Lady Crackle’s reproaches, and Sir

Woolley's not very scrupulous wit, till the hour of retreating, when, 're infectâ,' they returned to their lodgings, whence, 're infectâ,' the Crackles set off the next morning to embark on board a Guernsey packet.

NOTE.

(1) If the tenth part of what is represented as the really existing œconomy of young ladies, be true, something more than reprehension and entreaty must be brought to bear on their minds; for observation justifies a supposition, that one paltry scheme brought to light, only gives place to another. It is very undesirable to be what is called 'personal' in censure; and culprits may certainly proceed great lengths, before they are advertised by name; but every young woman should be aware, that any dishonesty of which she is guilty, is not only known to the sufferer by it, but, with great justice and propriety, reported; a silent estimation, or, rather, dis-estimation, of her, is proceeding without her consciousness: she becomes rather tolerated, than accepted, in good society; and a little courage, in justifying any omissions towards her, would inform her of that which it would not be pleasant to her to hear.

This indeed may all be answered by some profane ejaculation, or that settling question, 'Who cares?' but is it entirely forgotten, or is it disbelieved, that, as certainly as the male extortioner, and the common thief, will be called to account for their ill-gotten gains, so surely will ladies and misses be required to answer for that which now may appear very trifling. Is it worse to steal a loaf, than to impose on a fellow-creature five days' work for the price of three? For, it is here repeated, the thing is no fiction—those will read it who have done it, and who know they have practised that and other cheats to support their vanity at a dishonest

rate of cheapness. It is to no purpose that they make a serious evil ludicrous, and, parodying the French poet, say,

‘ Who can believe, with just pretence,
A frugal trick gives God offence?’

Let them read the Sermon on the Mount, and it is to be hoped they will recollect, that, if the hairs of their head are numbered, that they may not be sufferers, the hand which they employ to impose on the world, is not to be wounded with impunity.

CHAPTER XLVII.

LET us now pursue the travellers into the forest, for which Rosanne had seen them take their departure. Her father, not being in any way pledged to be agreeable, gave himself up to a sort of civil silence, which, but for the hope of getting rid of his companion, might have lost its title even to that appellation. Mr. Grant had a book with him: and that which would have been, in common circumstances, an unpolite use of it, was, at this moment, a charitable act of forbearance.

They were within a mile of the place at which Mr. Grant was to be set down, and he was, while he seemed reading, considering how he should best contrive to fasten himself afresh on his companion, when Bellarmine, having perceived the country-people whom they met, bow and curtsy to the carriage, said, 'I suppose you are well known here—the carriage is known as yours.'

'O yes,' said Mr. Grant; 'there is not a pig in the parish that does not know me.—I have heard myself asked for as 'the good-natured 'black gentleman:' so, you see, I am handsomely distinguished from my adversary.'

'I wish,' said Bellarmine, 'you would let the

carriage set me down, rather than you : let it carry you up to the house ; and I will find my way to you, when I have explored, as you call it.'

'No,' said Mr. Grant, 'I will not take a pair of post-horses, and a hungry postillion, up to my friend's stable and cupboard. Let us both quit the carriage at the little inn opposite the gate ; and then you and I can part when we please.'

So it was agreed ; and the carriage stopping at the appointed place, Bellarmine, as next the door which was opened, was getting out first, when Mr. Grant's forebodings were confirmed, and his proceedings decided on, by the gaping of one of his companion's coat-pockets, which exposed a very small part of something glittering—unquestionably a pistol.

Instead of suffering this to shake him, he accepted it as an index which he might, without scruple, suffer to guide him. He bade the driver take off his horses, and wait his orders at the inn ; he then, putting his arm under Bellarmine's, and saying, that, a few yards farther, there was a shorter path to the house he was going to, led him on to a spot where the hedge left the road, and, as if merely preferring the grass to the dust, drew him a little aside : he then stopped short, and, taking Bellarmine unaware, he, with a great exertion of strength, and the dexterity of a man accustomed to use

it, slipped behind him, pinioned him, and snatched the pistol from his pocket. He then gave him his liberty, and stood before him in the posture of heavy accusation.

Bellarmino could turn paler than he had been :—he shook, and was dumb.

‘Tell me,’ said Mr. Grant,—‘tell me what could induce you to bring this.’

He made no reply :—the colour rose in his cheeks—he was erect—no longer trembling—no longer a ‘poor nervous man,’—his eyes flashed vengeance—his mouth expressed contempt.

He put his right hand behind him, and from his left-hand pocket drew another pistol—which, assisted by his superior height, he brandished in frantic triumph over his own head,—nor could Mr. Grant attempt to reach it. To have given the alarm, would have been to have applied it.

‘I have done,’ said Mr. Grant,—‘I restore your other deadly weapon—turn one against me—the other against yourself; and when you have doomed yourself to eternal perdition, and left your angel of a daughter, disgraced, abandoned,—a stranger, and an orphan,—your immortal part—for even *you* know, that you have a part that is immortal, will hear in thunder the name of Grant—of him who would have removed all your causes of disquiet, and saved you from everlasting torments, would you but have listened to him.’

Bellarmino did not snatch the offered weapon: the arm that had brandished the other, by degrees lost its nerve; and again he was pale.

‘Ungenerous man!—base, selfish coward!’ said Mr. Grant: ‘what a return to an affectionate daughter, for all her duty and attention! Do you forget her care of you in sickness?—her forbearance in your ill temper?—her power to soothe?—her wish to please you? Even now, I have her strict injunction to think of nothing but your comfort; a palace or a cottage—society or solitude—‘all alike to me,’ said she, ‘with my dear father.’

‘She cannot love me.’

‘She does, with all her soul.’

‘She cannot respect me.’

‘She does: she distinguishes properly: she is grateful for your goodness to her; she laments, but she does not presume to blame, your principles.’

‘I cannot, I will not, drag on life—wretched in myself, and upbraided by the contrast she makes herself.—Mr. Grant, leave me—I am resolved—I am no boy—I am no coward. You will take care of Rosanne—you will be a father better suited to her—I am not selfish—could I not rely on you, I would still suffer, rather than leave her to the world.’

‘Bellarmino,’ said Mr. Grant, ‘hear me: remember our first conversation at Chateau-Vicq. When you were forced to confess yourself the man I took you for—when you told me you

were the Frank Eugene whom I had formerly known—what was my conduct?—was it not that of a friend? I dissuaded you from persevering in a concealment that might, at some time or other, have its inconveniences; but when I could not prevail on you, I did not betray you. Well as I love your daughter, and, were she my child, I do not know that I could love her more, my friendship for you is sacred, my word is my oath, my bond.—If my regard for you is thus free from influence, you must rank me independently your friend, not merely that of my own species in general, or of your family in a more contracted point of view—you shall be convinced that I can sacrifice even feelings of duty, if I consider them as inferior to those that now urge me, to my personal friendship for you. Commit this act, and, as I am a living man, I will take no care of your daughter—I will neither see her, nor in any way relieve the dreadful suspense you will have occasioned her :—she shall linger in distraction, and die in despair; and I will only quote, in my own excuse, the vow you compelled me to risk making.’

‘Your womanish heart,’ said Bellarmine, ‘could not allow this—Rosanne is safe in your care—and ha! ha! ha!’—laughing wildly, and again brandishing the pistol, ‘you and she may fancy yourselves in Heaven, and stirring the coals under her outcast father.’

‘I do not reason with madmen,’ said Mr.

Grant: 'spare me the pain, Sir, of witnessing your rashness—allow me half an hour to get out of hearing—do not have three deaths to answer for.'

Bellarmino replied only by a loud laugh.

'I leave you,' said Mr. Grant; nor will I, I give you my word, interrupt your design. If I go, it is never to return;—if I quit you, it is never to see you more: I have, therefore, only, as a minister of peace on earth, and good will towards men, to pray, as I do with all my soul,' said he, throwing off his hat, and dropping on his knees, 'that He who is appointed to judge us frail mortals, and to award us eternal felicity, or everlasting torments, may show the same mercy to this miserably deluded man, as I could ask for myself. May his and his daughter's kindness to my niece in solitude, and their hospitality to me, a stranger, be remembered—and may these tears of mine blot out the record of his audacious suicide!'

A deep sigh from the heart of Bellarmino recalled from Heaven the attention of Mr. Grant. Looking towards him, he saw him throw himself at his length on the grass—the pistol quitted his hand as he fell.

Mr. Grant, watching where it alighted, seized it, and casting both of them to the utmost distance he could reach, returned to take leave of Bellarmino, who, lying on his face, seemed choking with the intensity of his feelings.

‘ You must now submit,’ said Mr. Grant, ‘ or I leave you for ever.’

‘ Stay—a moment’s time—raise me,’ replied Bellarmine.

His friend raised him, and placed him against a tree, at the foot of which he had fallen.

‘ Did I hear *you* pray for *me*?’ said Bellarmine.

‘ Yes;—why not?’

‘ Are those tears shed for *me*?’

‘ Not if you refuse to accept them.’

‘ I do not refuse,’ said Bellarmine, in a resigned tone.—‘ I knew not that any one but my poor girl would shed a tear for me.—But, must I, then, endure this existence?—I cannot.’

‘ Not *this* existence,’ said Mr. Grant, ‘ but one far better. Resolve only to be happy, and it is in your power;—if you cannot think with me, think, what you would call, rationally.—What must those principles be, that lead a man to destruction?—Can they be wholesome?—Can they be tenable? Answer me, Bellarmine.—Can you be more miserable under my guidance, than you have been under your own?’

‘ No, indeed.’

‘ Believe me, you are a man acting under disease: you are not yourself;—this cursed laudanum, and that fiend, superstition, have prompted more suicides than even the gaming-table.—Change your plan, and you will change yourself. If I, or Rosanne either, took laudanum,

we might be as weak as you have shown yourself.'

'No, no; you and she have firmer nerves—and, I believe, better principles—I confess this.—I see the difference—I feel it—but I cannot—you are both happy.—If there exist angels, she is one:—if Heaven ever did send a messenger in pity to a reprobate, my dear Grant—my pride, my obstinacy break at the moment I say it—I feel that you are he.'

A most violent gush of tears followed this struggle. Mr. Grant suffered them to flow away; and then delicately forbearing all mention of that which he needed not to be told was a sad pretext, he prevailed on Bellarmine to go with him to the inn.

'I cannot see my daughter,' said Bellarmine:—'I cannot yet—if my mind is to recover, it must be in quiet—I should alarm her and disturb myself every hour.'

'What will you do?'

'Think for me.'

'Will you be guided?'

'I will, on my honour; only keep me quiet, and take care of my girl. Do not expose me to her.'

'She shall never know what has happened—she would be wretched for life.'

'I fear so.'

Mr. Grant's mind needed repose almost as much as Bellarmine's, but it was no time to rest. While the horses were finishing their repast, he wrote from the rural inn to Rosanne :

‘ My dear Child,

‘ You will trust me again, I am sure ; and I need not add my confidence that you will trust a far superior Power. We shall get rid of the laudanum, and all its bad effects ; and I do not doubt restoring your affectionate father to you all you can wish, in health of body and mind ; but this requires a little time, and something quieter than your beloved high street of Southampton. Give the inclosed to those who have taken the charge of you ; and if you can conform to its contents, and they allow me to do so, expect me to fetch you away on Thursday. If any thing makes it desirable to do otherwise, let me know by some one, whom you must send with the *comforts* of which I subjoin a list ; and I will act as I can make out to be your wish—so speak plain—do not puzzle the weak brain of your poor friend. Tell Lady Crackle only that business detains us ; and believe me most faithfully yours,

‘ W. G.’

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MR. Grant's messenger had sought Miss Bellarmine at the house where it was to be supposed she had remained; and at the return of the party, without her, was directed to the inn. She was at no loss as to her decision: she stated in a short note, her perfect comfort, but without specifying where she had found it. She felt grateful and hopeful; and of the same tenour were her expressions: she did what she was desired to do, for the accommodation of the gentlemen, and locked up in her desk Mr. Grant's note for Lady Crackle; and then having requested to see the master of the house, and put herself under his protection by explaining the absence of her father and Mr. Grant, she exerted herself to make the best of what was unpleasant. 'I have nothing,' said she, 'to guide me but the duty I owe to my Maker, to my father, and to my friend; but I think this will afford me what I find called in some of my books, a sense of moral propriety. I may not act as experience would enable me; and certainly custom can be no assistance for me. I may be very unfashionable, but I will not be wrong. I do not doubt that I shall get through:—remember 'the wisdom of the ser-

pent;' that is, in this instance, Take care of yourself—and 'the harmlessness of the dove;' that is, 'Do not give pain to those who love you.'—She could not put into words her look towards Heaven, which said more than all her soliloquy.

In her care to do right, she might have forgotten the necessity of eating; but here the happy constitution of this world's dependencies interposed to serve her, and sent the mistress of the house, with a yard of written paper, to receive her commands.

'Here,' thought she, 'comes again the sense of right and wrong. I would say, 'Give me a bit of bread; for indeed I am not hungry;' but the rule of doing to others what I would wish for myself, bids me consider that these people live by providing for others.' She then gave her orders; and as they were liberal, and delivered with peculiar civility, her individual estimation in the minds of those who were to serve her, was fixed at a high standard; and, satisfied with what she had done, she sate down to think what would next be requisite. But it was not now at the window, or within the possibility of being seen, that she placed herself: the charm of novelty, the gratification of curiosity, were of no account when the power of doing what she felt right was the good sought, and the endeavour occupied her mind.

'These silly girls, this morning,' said she to herself, 'seemed to me to be copying the fol-

lies of each other: if this be customary, it must very much lower the character of a people, and be a sad hindrance to doing right—that is to say, pleasing our Maker. I am inclined to think, that such a secluded life as mine has been, if religion made part of education, would do more good, or at least more prevent mischief, than even the endeavouring to get the ‘air of the world:’—I do not think I shall like the air of the world, after all—and I am afraid—I am sadly afraid, I have formed too high notions of English people, and, I will not say of the *power* of religion, but of their disposition to be guided by it. I know it is the will of God that we should have our choice:—O may *I* never have any !’

Her needle, her pencil, and her travelling library, made a fine evening pass without a wish to profit by it farther than circumstances allowed. The mistress of the house, extremely interested for her, looked in respectfully on her, and, in arranging her comfort for the night, showed the most considerate care. A decent servant was assigned her, who was to sleep near her; and Rosanne, in a public inn, was so tranquil and secure from annoyance, that she could feel as at Chateau-Vicq. Her mind was indeed ‘its own place;’ and the enlivening hope of seeing her dear father return in comfort to her, made all things beside, indifferent.

She went to sleep with pious gratitude on her

lips, and that perfect confidence in her heart which is the best foundation of fortitude; and awoke in the morning invigorated in strength, and not dejected on recollecting that she had still two whole days to pass in confinement and solitude, and during which she must take care of herself.

‘Now,’ said she, when having, in the morning, gone through those cheerful duties which, with her, admitted of no option of times—‘now I have made myself, as far as is in my power, secure, and see it is possible to be very tolerably happy, let me consider whether I cannot do something useful to myself. If we go to this cottage in the forest—O! I hope we shall not!—but if we do, it may be in haste. My poor father must not be troubled with my little concerns. I will therefore think of anglicising my dress; for when he is accustomed to see others in English fashions, I know I may, even without any alteration in myself, or any unkindness in him, displease his eye;—so now then, ‘to provide things honest in the sight of all ‘men,’ which I translate, ‘Be properly dressed.’—What would my father say now? I remember his telling me, that I should, he was sure, go to the Bible to learn whether I should wear pink or blue:—that would indeed be superstition;—and so he might call this;—no, I do not think he would—if I am not mistaken, there is some alteration in his unfortunate antipathy—

God grant it may be as I flatter myself! for of this I feel certain, that, were he ever so kind and indulgent to me—were he to ask me every morning how he should please me, and live only for that purpose, it would not be half the satisfaction that it would be to me to hear him say, with wise Joshua, ‘As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord:’—I think I could stand still to be beaten every day for this pleasure.

‘Well, now—this is not quite to the purpose—my brains must have a bridle; for even the best things may be misplaced;—if I must think of dress, let me think—it is a subject I cannot pretend to despise—nor do I think that any thing in the Scriptures, or the explanations of them which my few books afford, tends to depreciate it. I will be simply dressed in general, because—because—O! let me be honest, because it is becoming to me;—I will be dressed like others whom I may respect, if I ever have occasion for more. Extreme cleanliness and neatness will be my unremitting care; because it appears to me that what is right in some things, contributes to what is right in others. The sun’s rays all converge to one focus—they are not reflected or refracted of themselves:—if one were directed here and another there, their power would be diminished: on this principle, I shall strive to make every thing I do, point to one end; for I see and feel that there is enough

wrong in me, even when I cannot plead any external temptation, to make all my vigilance necessary.'

Soliloquizing thus, she rang the bell, which was obeyed instantaneously by the master of the house; but the obedience was imaginary: he came, a special messenger, with Captain Tournesol's visiting-ticket, and a very pressing request to be allowed to wait on her.

She 'saw no company while her father and Mr. Grant were absent.'

He entreated to be permitted to explain the unfortunate circumstances of the day before.

She begged to be excused.

'It was of the greatest importance—it was to prevent mischief. I know Captain Tournesol, Madam,' said the master of the house; 'and I will be responsible for him, if you think proper to see him. He has got into some silly company, with a parcel of dashing ladies, such as we never wish to see in this place—and, indeed, there is nothing to draw such here—and they make a fool of him; but he does not mean any harm; and,' added he, smiling, 'I fancy, if I know him, he will be ten times more afraid of you than you can possibly be of him—he is one of the bold and bashful sort. He seems so uneasy, that, if you will permit him to come up, I will not leave the door. Keep your hand near the bell, and I will have mine on the lock—that's the advice I always give ladies who

travel without gentlemen. I always say, if you are afraid of a man who forgets that he is a gentleman, keep close to the bell—if you are afraid of one who never was one, get near the door.’

‘But if I see Captain Tournesol,’ said she, ‘it must be with the door open, and you, Sir, within it.’

‘Certainly, madam, if it is your pleasure.’

But now, who can say a word in defence of Miss Bellarmine, so vainly feminine as to turn to the glass, survey herself, and pull up to her utmost height, to receive Captain Tournesol?

She did it on principle; she needed to assume something more than was natural to her; and her sight as well as feeling was required to judge whether it was in her power to command it.

With not less of reason in her conduct, she had continued to wear her habit. ‘I will not,’ said she, look as if I had taken up my abode here alone.’

Her luxuriant and almost resplendent hair played with every motion of her elastic neck; she threw it back to give openness to her look, and stood herself, nor would she allow a chair to be moved for her visitor.

The captain entered, not so much with hat in hand, as with his fists in the crown of his hat: the height which Miss Bellarmine had assumed seemed deducted from his. No two of

his features had the same bearing—every one had its own language, but all concurred in declaring him under the influence of extreme awe.

An invitation, by word or motion, to take a seat, is so invariably an article of etiquette amongst *us*, that he was to be excused if he fancied it, and, to relieve the lady from any embarrassment, placed himself on the nearest angle of the nearest chair.

Rosanne waited, still standing.

But he did not yet come to his senses. He got one hand out of his hat, and placing it on his knee, looked at it as if his wits lay in his fingers' ends.

Rosanne still waited.

He put his fingers to his lips.

'Harpocrates'—thought Rosanne, fearing she should smile.

He began to bite his nails—and she turned away.

'Madam, I am excessively shocked, and so, I am sure, is Miss Honoria Crackle, for what passed yesterday—any apology——'

'Sir, I ask no apology: I was a stranger—perhaps *I appeared* a foreigner:—the young ladies, I cannot doubt, knew what behaviour was proper towards one so circumstanced.'

He rose, revived—came forward.

'May I then say, Miss Bellarmine, that you overlook the giddiness of my friends?—they are indeed sailed for Guernsey; but Honoria left

this in charge with me—may I say you accept my apology?’

‘No, Sir, I say, I *ask* none—and I add, that I *admit* none. If your friends are ignorant, they ought to be taught; if they are rude, they ought to be repulsed:—they are the first specimens I have seen here of English ladies—and they have disgraced their country-women and their sex.—As a Christian, I forgive them, and shall endeavour to forget their cruelty.—Mr. *****, show this gentleman out.’

‘But, Madam, allow me to say a few words for myself.’

‘That is your *real* errand, Sir—I will not allow *one* word.—Your only apology is, that your name is not an English one.’

‘More’s my misfortune, ma’am.’

‘We will not discuss that, Sir.—It is possible to unite English honour with a foreign name.’

‘I am sure, ma’am, *I* did not mean any harm yesterday.’

‘Did you, Sir, mean any good?—What would become of the world if individuals rested in doing no harm?—You shared the mirth of exposing a stranger—a female.—I will not hear a word more.’

‘Come, captain,’ said Mr. —, ‘you and I had better take ourselves off—you know you are wrong; and you must make the best of it.’

Returning to make an angular bow, not venturing another word, the ‘*soi-disant*’ captain

got on the other side the door—the master of the house saying, in a consoling tone, ‘Why did you not rather write?’

‘By ——,’ replied the captain, ‘I wanted to see her without her hat—What a grand creature she is!’

‘Then I *am* right,’ thought Rosanne; for he was not cautious enough to prevent her hearing his unanswerable reason.—‘If I had been weak, he would have been presuming,—I shall soon learn how to conduct myself. And now for the affair of dress;—now I must have, not the host, but the hostess for my champion; for I shall be a baby in purchasing.’

Mrs. Hostess entered:—she was not at all of kin to ‘mine Hostess Quickly,’ or the hostesses of the last age, but a pretty little woman, dressed to the last half-hour of a very becoming fashion, and exhibiting the precision and comfortable nicety of appearance desirable in a lady’s personal servant.

‘Your time is valuable,’ said Rosanne; ‘I will not intrude on it; if you will have the goodness to think for me.’—She then briefly explained her wants, and begged a recommendation to some shops where she might be assured an unfair advantage would not be taken of her ignorance.

Many were named to her; and persons from those which appeared to bear the best recommendation, were sent to her with various ma-

nufactures and patterns. She used the same candour in dealing with them.—‘ I know not the worth of your goods—I must depend on you—I will not ask you to abate.—Do not deceive me in their quality or the price—for your own sake be cautious, because I shall ask others, and shall give your name.’

‘ We wish all ladies would do so,’ was the answer she obtained—‘ you shall know our lowest price, ma’am; and if any *real* lady thinks you imposed on, send us our goods again, and your money shall be returned.’

The grand concern was satisfactorily arranged; and in forty-eight hours Miss Bellarmine was promised that she should look entirely English:—but the usual sentiment came forward again, when she spoke of the inconvenience of having none but foreign clothes—it was matter of astonishment, that she was not content; and she conferred a very great favour by allowing the female who took her orders, an inspection of that which she regarded as she would have appreciated the value of coin not current.

The morning was wearing away; and the buzz of the street recalled to her recollection the suffering of the previous day, when a lady’s visiting-ticket was brought to her, and she was told that Mrs. Firmly and Miss Pathos were in

their carriage, and requested leave to wait on her.

The same answer in substance, as she had given before, was adaptable to the present occasion, but softened by conciliating terms, and her respectful acknowledgments:—‘her father would be at home on Thursday, and till then she declined seeing company.’

The pretty hostess was sent back. She could assure Miss Bellarmine, that Mrs. Firmly was one of the most worthy ladies in the place: she did not indeed reside, but she came for three months every year; and did as much good, and was as much respected, almost, as the inhabitants themselves. She ‘was sure Mrs. Firmly would be a comfort to her, and it was pity not to let such a good lady in—so constant at church, and so charitable.’

We have all our weak place—not a human being is invulnerable, till the armour of Christianity has undergone the proof which the world is—to do it justice—very ready to afford it. Rosanne might have withstood the offer of society and of pleasure, and even the gratification of curiosity, if she had seen the possibility of having cause to repent, but

‘won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible,’

she could no longer oppose her own inclinations,

and, rising from her seat, she prepared herself to receive gratefully, what was certainly meant kindly.

Now let no one hope for a scene of deception, or a new lesson in imposition. Mrs. Firmly was what she appeared and was represented, a respectable widow: her step-daughter, Miss Pathos, was weak-minded, but not unworthy. It was known in the place that a young lady from France, whose appearance spoke much in her favour, and was highly interesting, was by accident left alone at the principal hotel, and Mrs. Firmly had no other view than to offer her protection. Her step-daughter accompanied her by choice.

Kindness of expression and frankness of deportment soon placed the ladies in the situation of credit with Miss Bellarmine, which seemed their wish: Mrs. Firmly was not entirely a stranger to Mr. Grant; she spoke of him in terms that proved her knowledge and appreciation of his worth, and facilitated, by this justice, the acceptance of the attention she came to offer. An hour's conversation, and the almost certain impossibility of finding an objection to doing that which it was evident Mr. Grant meant to have done for her, strongly tempted Rosanne to engage herself to spend the next day with these ladies, whose lodgings were too near the inn to subject her father to inconvenience,

should any message be sent to her. An early hour for calling upon her was named; and a visit to Netley abbey, by water, attended only by their own servants, was to begin as much as the day would allow them to do, for the gratification of a species and degree of curiosity, which Rosanne took no pains to make appear different from, or less than that which it really was.

Solitary confinement has been the prescription of legislative minds, for the correction of delinquents amenable to the laws of their country. A proof of its efficacy Rosanne experienced, under her responsibility to her sense of right. Her evening's tranquillity was disturbed by the perpetual and painful recurrence to her mind of the engagement which she had accepted; and all the pleasure it had promised, was spoiled before she retired to rest. She went to sleep with it on her mind: she waked with it on her mind, and recollected that her heart had been lighter the preceding day, when she had been vexed and ill treated, than now, when the day had produced not only no disquietude, but the prospect of great pleasure.

Informed by her judgment, which her feeling had called up, she did not hesitate on what she should do. She saw that she might, however innocently, lead her father into what was unpleasant to him, and which might destroy his comfort, if he found himself involved in ac-

quaintance of her making, when, for the sake of that quiet which might be necessary to him, he should have fixed himself in the cottage in the forest. If these well-intentioned ladies were kindly disposed to intercourse, their yearly visit to Southampton might annoy him; and with regard to herself, she could not but feel that it might be still more grievous to her, to renounce the pleasure of their society when habituated to it, than now. She therefore prepared a letter for Mrs. Firmly, which she sent, as soon as she could procure a messenger, and adhering strictly to the truth, represented her father's habits of life as not yet arranged, and as dependent on a state of infirm health, adding her own fears of indulging herself at the risk of doing that which it might not be convenient to him to sanction. She apologized for her tardiness in saying this, by the necessity of previous consideration, and the reluctance to forego what had promised her so much pleasure. Nothing could be conceived in more polite, more ingenuous, or more grateful terms, than her excuse; but there is nothing some good minds do not more easily forgive, than the disappointment of an intention to be kind.—Mrs. Firmly was offended—her reply indicated it; and Rosanne was vexed even to tears; but what she felt for herself was, when compared to what she might have felt for her father, trivial; and setting down the mis-understanding of what

she meant well, as one of the crosses which we have to take up in our Christian progress, she begged that neither visitors might be introduced to her, nor messages brought, and thus passed the day in quiet.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WHILE Miss Bellarmine affords nothing to describe, and is awaiting with very excusable impatience, the return of her gentlemen, it may be of use to look back to that which had brought her into her present situation;—a situation in which, it must be confessed, her ‘ignorance’ was ‘bliss.’—And to do this to any purpose, it is necessary to advert to the day when Bellarmine and Mr. Grant first exchanged civilities in the garden of Chateau-Vicq, and an awkward recollection endangered the revelation of that which it would, in her father’s opinion, have been still more unwise to have committed to her judgment, than the choice between the high street of Southampton, and the cottage in the forest.

The accident had not passed as might have been supposed. Mr. Grant, feeling that, to himself, it would have been rather good fortune than ill, to be recognised by a countryman, and not supposing he could be giving pain, was, even while he talked, strengthening, from the records of his memory, his proofs that Bellarmine and he were not totally strangers; and, as soon as he was seated and alone with him, too ignorant of connecting circumstances, to fear a

return of spasms, he pursued the 'Let me see,' and the 'It must have been,' of his rummaging faculties, till he increased, at least, his own conviction.

Spasms would now have spread an alarm. Rosanne was out of hearing; and the parson ran Bellarmine so hard before he discovered his error—for his eye was exploring the beauties of a strange place while he spoke, instead of reading the heart of his culprit,—that Bellarmine was very soon obliged to own, though he did not call to mind Mr. Grant personally, that they must have met.

A victory in one point gave confidence to attempt farther; and Mr. Grant now thought he might trust his memory so far, as to be sure that Bellarmine had borne another name. Still he harped on 'Hew—Ew—Hoo—Ew—Ew.'—

'Yes, Sir—you are right;—Eugene—a name to which, I am afraid, you can add facts and rumours.'

Mr. Grant looked down and was silent.

'Sir,' said Bellarmine, precipitately, 'would you ruin me?—would you make me contemptible to my own child?'

'God forbid!' replied Grant, shaking his head, as if sadly disappointed—and looking still on the ground, as if he feared adding confusion to humiliation.

'Am I speaking to a gentleman?—to a man of honour?—of discretion?'

‘ You are speaking to a man to whom is intrusted—and deeply he feels the responsibility—the cure of souls.’

Now shame, shame on Bellarmine’s ‘ inconsistency!’ and ten times shame on his ‘ desertion of principle!’—He put out his hand with melancholy cordiality, and said, ‘ Mr. Grant, you shall know all, but my daughter must never know it.—I shall be in more danger, I perceive, from your conjectures, than from your knowledge.—I never gave my confidence yet to a human being—but you shall have it.—I have no choice but that or——’

Bellarmino was not accustomed to respect ‘ priests,’ or to tolerate ‘ priest-craft;’—he had never taken any pains to distinguish between sheep and wolves; the difference was, in his opinion, not worth regard;—but it is to be questioned whether he would, thus implicitly, have trusted any one of those whom it was his prejudice or his perverseness to rank as the only benefactors of mankind.

Compelled to reveal himself, he proceeded to relate all the circumstances which, previous to his marriage, could tend to exculpate him and cast the blame on others: his father had been a dissipated man, as far as he could ever learn—had been immeasurably severe towards him, and had left him, in his early childhood, to the care of his mother, a weak, indulgent,

vain, foolish woman, who would have made a fool of *him*, had she lived a little longer: he had then been turned over to a distant relation, a provincial ‘bon vivant,’ who had sent him abroad with a very amiable, worthy, well-informed young man for his tutor, but who unfortunately’—and here Bellarmine could force a smile—‘being deeply in love, was too much wrapped up in his own sorrows to attend to the duties of a ‘bear-leader.’—‘To be brief then,’ concluded he, ‘as soon as I got back to England, I was inveigled, against every principle and inclination of my mind, by an artful woman—for such Mrs. Bellarmine proved—and this ruined me—in honour I married her—she has been dead some years; and had I not this daughter, I should wish to forget that she had ever existed!’

They were various feelings, without dependence or connexion, that caused blanks in Bellarmine’s narrative: he could not speak of his wife’s first husband—it would have been base ingratitude to have named him as any other than his friend; and Bellarmine was not the monster that could vilify worth, though he could palliate his own faults, and exaggerate those of others.—He could not bring himself to say that his wife had eloped from him: here his vanity interfered:—it would have been to tell that he had been overreached, and that a rival had possessed the power of foiling him at his own weapon.—But there were other incidents in his life which he

suppressed: he did not name Bath, nor did he refer to an existing proof, that, when he called Rosanne his only child, he at least was guilty of error. He was a man who seldom spoke or was silent without good, or what he thought good, reason: he had brought himself to confess much, and without any justification of himself; but it was only that in which he could divide the blame with others.

The thin rind of such a philosophy as Bellarmine's was soon penetrated; and Mr. Grant might have taken pains to analyse its juices, had not this revelation, partial as he supposed it, and in some points knew it to be, discovered to him the seeds of it. Guided by the perception of a connected cause and effect, he would enter on no defence of his own principles or discussion of Bellarmine's, during their intercourse at Chateau-Vicq. When the subject seemed almost inevitable, Mr. Grant's reply was, ' My good friend, we will talk of this some years hence. Try to make yourself a happy man, and you will see these things in a different light. If nine tenths of the malcontents of my country who rail at Heaven and the government, were fattened, they would think God and the king might be endured—the other tenth I would consign to straw and hellebore. Come to England, I say—bring your daughter to your proper home:—see how we live in Kent; and don't sit here in the vapour of your own ill humour, to watch the

madness of the Gauls.'—All this had its effect, but not the effect which Mr. Grant wished to produce.—Still, however, it was not thrown away; for in this case it might be satisfactorily proved, that what made matters worse, gave great hope of making them better.

Left again to himself, Bellarmine was painfully sensible to the privations of his retired life; but his dissatisfaction, even with the country he was in, and with those on whom its interests had devolved, allowed the adoption of no remedy within his reach: his health had improved under the influence of Mr. Grant's cheerfulness, and he had felt his countryman's title to confidence fairly won. But now, shy of his daughter, ranking her as of a party which he could never join, and almost looking on her, however inoffensive in her manners and sedulous for his comforts, as in active opposition to him, he found nothing to countervail the bitterness of his retrospect, the cheerlessness of his present circumstances, and the worse than either, of his prospect. Yet, on his own principles of chance and necessity, he had nothing to regret, nothing to regard, nothing to fear—nothing, at least, for which it was worth the labour of a wise man to make any calculation.

In his defence it must be acknowledged that he who has nothing to reflect on with complacency, nothing to regard with interest, nothing

to hope in this world, or to provide for in another, is sufficiently miserable to excuse any indulgence of querulous pceevishness; and when Bellarmine found the recollection of all this enveloping evil varied only by the perverse contradiction of Mr. Grant's sentiments; when he compared the confidence of his mind, the clearness of his perception, the direct decision of his judgment, with his own doubts, his own bewildered speculations, and his own want of anchorage in discussion, he was forced to acknowledge that 'if Grant was not a wiser man, he was at least of a stronger constitution of intellect.—This might be enviable, and it certainly was so; but in the arrangements of an ill-ordered world, that slave man had no choice.'

The human frame, while the blood circulates freely, and all its functions are performed with ease enough to keep us in happy ignorance of their progress, can bear considerable wear and tear. We take, as has been jocosely observed, a great deal of killing before we die; but when once the machine stands still, the friction of its cordage increases, and, under its action, the pulley that will not revolve is severed. To all this, Bellarmine was, by his real ailments and the hypochondria of a laudable dissatisfaction, every day more sensible; and balked in all his designs for Rosanne, whom, he saw clearly, nothing would ever distinguish in France, he felt that which had been his pleasure his pain, and every recol-

lection of her, the irritation of a perpetual blister on a razed skin.

Thrown on himself more than ever, by his capricious but increasing aversion to the company of his daughter, compelled, by frequent returns of spasmodic indigestion, to recollect the precarious tenure of life, and feeling, in common with others of his school, the horror of probably approaching death, he had tried Rosanne's books, if aught beyond curiosity with regard to her, influenced him, as he would have tasted a new medicine: he wished to try, but he dared not take enough to do good.

Attempts to heal wounds, either of body or mind, cannot be made with any prospect of success, unless the festering quality be removed: and Bellarmine, beginning at the wrong end of his plan, by applying to his criticism, could not obtain much encouragement to proceed.

The next suggestion was change of place; and no bad suggestion was it. Horace might be right when he said, that, in general, nothing was gained by running away from self; but, circumstanced as was Bellarmine, the experiment remained to be made.

Before he could make it, however, his intention veered again; and he decided on coming to England for a purpose that has sufficiently appeared, but on which it is neither pleasant nor profitable to dwell.

And here the tender father interposed to di-

rect the bewildered man : he could not but feel for the misery he was preparing for his daughter:—misery which, he well knew, nothing could so alleviate as the friendship of Mr. Grant. To deposit her, therefore, under his protection in the extreme hour of need, and at the moment when she must the most want a protector, was the end of all his arrangements; and he had made computations and appointments which he hoped would allow him to reach Southampton a day, or at most two days, before that on which he had taught Mr. Grant to expect him. He knew his friend to be in the neighbourhood, but this he did not divulge: he meant to place Rosanne in security, then to take his walk out, leaving her to receive Mr. Grant, and to repeat, till despair should overcome expectation, ‘ I wonder my father does not return—whither can he have gone?’—His own intermediate occupation was to be that which Mr. Grant had now taken so much care to prevent.

The narrative will be complete when the proceedings in the forest are finally detailed.

To zeal the warmest that could animate a benevolent heart—to charity that embraced in its love all the worthy, and extended its pity to the most unworthy, Mr. Grant added discretion that secured efficacy to the means of doing good, and consideration that precluded the necessity of repairing errors. When he had scratched his hasty note to Rosanne, he turned his whole attention

to Bellarmine, who, now languid and nervous, needed more than such a house could afford of accommodation and refreshment. The mansion of Mr. Grant's friend was indeed in sight; and at any other time would have been within reach; but under the present circumstances, to prevail on Bellarmine to become a guest to another man's friend, at the risk of being seen, would have been an indelicate attempt; and to cross a wide road, and a subsequent distance of a quarter of a mile, was perhaps more than his wasted strength was equal to. The alternative was a message of request for a few indulgences on the plea of illness—but this might excite inquiries.

‘Is Mr. Grant here? Is not this his post-chariot?’ said a voice from a passing carriage, before this matter was settled.

‘That is my friend Wellborn's voice, I am sure,’ said Mr. Grant.—‘Now trust me, I will arrange something for your comfort, without doing any thing unpleasant to you.’

Bellarmino would have opposed, but his powers were feeble, and his friend did not give him time to rally.—After a quarter of an hour's absence, he returned with an encouraging countenance, and submitted to him Mr. Wellborn's request, that Mr. Grant and his indisposed friend would allow his carriage to return in an hour for them—that they would shift their quarters to a part of his house, where none but servants should attend them, till it was

agreeable to the invalid to receive a visit, and that they would consider the house and establishment as their own, while want of health made it desirable to rest, or convenience allowed them to remain.

The 'No, no—indeed I cannot—excuse me—it is burdening others with my merited distress—I cannot intrude thus,' of Bellarmine, was with some difficulty over-ruled; and when the messenger to Southampton returned, the gentlemen were comfortably fixed in quarters very greatly preferable to those in which they had been left. In the evening, Bellarmine was prevailed on to refresh his spirits by the air of the garden; and beginning to revive, he expressed himself not averse to make his personal acknowledgments to the master of the house, who, for the purpose, met him in his walk.

The next morning, after a tolerable night's rest, encouraged by a better cordial than laudanum, the sufferer was calm; and spending it in the library, sometimes alone, and sometimes accompanied by Mr. Wellborn or Mr. Grant, he, by dinner-time, was inclined to meet the respectable family, who, subdued by recent affliction, set an example of patient resignation, very well in harmony with the tone of his mind, or at least not discordant to it, but precisely what was the best calculated to produce a good effect on it, and to promote Mr. Grant's intention.

Mr. Grant was not officious in his services to his friend—he uttered no reproofs—he obtruded no advice—he prescribed no means—he only undertook to place Rosanne and her father in a situation of comfort which should satisfy both, might he act as he wished; and, aided by the family, who put by their own sorrows that they might cheer the stranger, he was, on the evening of Wednesday, disposed to wish himself again with his daughter. This was more than the benevolent Grant had expected; and early in the morning he sent a messenger to communicate this consoling sentiment, and to warn Rosanne to expect them at dinner.

CHAPTER L.

‘Now,’ thought Rosanne, when at her solitary breakfast she had read Mr. Grant’s hasty billet over three times—‘now I shall begin to enjoy England. My first business is to order dinner, and then I shall dress myself in my new clothes, that I may look English; for as my father has been at Mr. Wellborn’s, and there are ladies in the family, I must, I am sure, appear disagreeably to his eye, a foreigner, in my French garments.’

The young imagination omits all progressions, and recognises no comparative degree in happiness. Rosanne, not now keeping aloof from the window, watched for Mr. Grant’s carriage, before it was probable that it should arrive, and expected her father to alight from it with an elasticity that surpassed all the energy she had ever seen in him. She was dressed in scrupulous nicety, had laid aside all employments that could seem to share her attention, and had only to wish and wait.

She did the one as sincerely, and the other as patiently, as she could; but the dinner-table was laid—the dinner waited—and the dinner *must* wait; for Bellarmine’s courage had sunk as the time for returning to Southampton approached;

—he had delayed and promised, and promised and delayed, till, at length, easily prevailed on by his hosts to postpone his journey till after dinner, he accomplished his private purpose of deferring the interview with his daughter, till the light should prevent their seeing each other, and the hour should excuse his retiring immediately to rest.

The rashness of youth, compared with the caution of age, proves fear to be, in some measure, an acquired state of mind. Rosanne was too ignorant to be tormented with it: her mode of education had preserved her from much evil communication of mental disease and fancied inability; and not supposing that in England there could be dangers of robbers or overturned carriages, her ideas centred in her own suffering from this delay.

When, desperate of companions at her meal, she took a morsel, and ordered the table to be cleared, the waiter would have given her a lesson in the art of self-tormenting, and obligingly falling in with what he supposed her present disposition, he expressed his hope of no accident, suggested the insecurity of every hour of the day, against the common misfortunes of travelling, and offered to send a messenger. She declined it—but she did not *tell* that she dared not do it:—she did not know that what the man had said had impressed fear on her mind; but as time wore and day faded, she was sen-

sible to the impression, till, recollecting the relation this trial of her patience bore to the armour with which she had endeavoured to invest her mind—‘What is the worth of my faith,’ said she to herself, ‘if I cannot trust in Providence, because my father is out of my sight?—my father *will* return, and I am to be happy,—or—‘Be it unto me, even as thou wilt.’ I will repeat Thomson’s beautiful paraphrase—perhaps they may come by that time.’

O! who can describe the painful listening of anxious ears?—the excited hope, the throbbing bosom!—the chilling doubt, the sinking spirits!—the confirmed disappointment and the sickening heart!—Where all is still, we think it would be comfort to hear sounds, even if not those for which we listen—where all is motion, we quarrel with the intrusion of that in which we have no concern. Whatever passes, seems to deride us—whatever stops short, seems to say it would have been that which we long for, had it come on. The time of year was, indeed, too favourable to bring to recollection the intimate feelings of the poet, who describes a similar anxiety:

‘ Meantime perhaps, with tender fears,

Some village-dame the curfew hears,

While round the hearth her children play:

At morn their father went abroad ;

The moon is sunk, and deep the road ;—

She sighs, and wonders at his stay.’

It requires great power of self-control to sit still in anxiety. Rosanne had it not; she paced the carpet; and the diminished noise of feet on the pavement, the comparative infrequency of carriages, and the shutting of shop-windows, seemed to tell her that every body thought of home but her father. 'Shall I sit up and wait?' was yet an unanswered question, when a carriage—she was sure it must be Mr. Grant's—turned in;—the heavy bell of the house said, and she had learnt its meaning by observation—that it brought guests; and approaching feet told her she might hope.

But the feet did not tread with vigour or alacrity—she was comforted in distinguishing more than two; but the pausing step and slow shuffle indicated rather a leader and a person led, than Mr. Grant and her father, one of whom was, though not young, vigorous, and the other, at least, impatient to see her.

Whatever were her feelings, they did not include that of disappointment, as to the persons arrived: Bellarmine entered—as her last listening might have warned her to expect him—leaning on the arm of his friend:—imperfect or rather departed as was the light, she could discern that her father had his hat on, and, instead of taking it off, wore it peculiarly over his eyes: perhaps he was desirous it should remain so; for Rosanne heard Mr. Grant say,

'What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows.'

He reached only the nearest chair: he sate down: his voice indicated tremulous agitation: he spoke kindly indeed, but it was to request that his chamber might be immediately prepared for him.

She must now have feared:—she must now have supposed herself deceived, and her father very ill; but again, the encouraging whisper of good Grant dismissed her apprehensions. ‘These appearances,’ said he, ‘are not symptoms—they are not causes that can have effects; they are only the residue of causes that have ceased, and effects that are subsiding: let our friend have his quiet repose; and we shall all do well in the morning.’

‘God bless you, my dear father!’ said Rosanne, when unwillingly taking her leave for the night.

‘Farewell!’ he replied: yet, a hesitation, before he framed his organs to the word, gave some reason to hope that he was inclined to return her pious bidding.

“I could not say, Amen!—Amen stuck in my throat;” thought Mr. Grant.

‘And now,’ said this guardian of the peace of others, when, having seen Mr. Bellarmine in all the comfort which his case admitted, he, for the first time in this and the preceding days, hoped to sit down in quiet—‘now, my dear young lady, I think, though great progress is not evident to you, much is atchieved towards your

father's welfare and your consequent happiness. I have had, what the mothers in my village, speaking of a sick child, call 'a heavy hand' with him; but I have scouted out this accursed laudanum; and as soon as what I have substituted for it, begins to take effect, you will see a great alteration for the better. You have been a very good girl—you have had submissive patience—you did not make him feel the uneasiness which our delay must have occasioned you; and to-morrow, I hope, you will begin to be rewarded. You have no cottage in the forest to fear—I would not hear of it. We must get him into quiet cheerful lodgings; and with the help of Wellborn's physician, whom he saw to-day, and asked to call on him in the morning, do not you fear but we shall do well.

'And now, dear girl,' continued he, 'do give me one of your books—something to rock me to sleep.'

'Shall I read to you, Sir?'

'Yes, and thank you. I will requite you by reading prayers for you afterwards. We must make this a custom, my dear—it is mine when at home; and I am ashamed to tell you how soon good habits may be lost, even by *us*, who ought to be out of the reach of such infirmity.'

She read to him, by his desire, the second act of Macbeth, which his recollection of the ineffable 'Amen' had brought to his mind. She was too earnest to please him, to listen to his

kindly stopping her at the outset, in apprehension that she might dream unpleasantly.

As soon as she began to read, all sense of the fatigue, the anxiety, the suffering of the last four days, was banished from his mind; and Rosanne, happy to stop when he would comment, saw more clearly than ever, in his expositions, the use, the importance of the drama, and joined with him in lamenting, that what might so admirably be turned, without affectation or distortion, to the service of virtue, and, consequently, to the glory of God, and the promotion of the most valuable of all happiness, should, as he informed her it too often was, be perverted to diametrically opposite purposes.

‘Had your edition,’ said he, ‘the various readings, I could preach you an extempore sermon half an hour long, on a line in a scene, I confess, better omitted; but which has its beauties;—it is merely the soliloquy of a porter worried out of patience by frequent knockings at the gate: he imagines himself the porter of hell, and receiving those who are sent thither. He concludes with—‘I thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose-way to the everlasting bonfire.’ When you come into the world, my dear, you will see many taking that path, and you will think of this expression:—they will offer you more than primroses; but do not heed them—accept none—you will always see nettles under them if you look sharp:

—turn away down any dull road that is but contrary to the direction in which these posey-bearers are travelling.’

A short form of prayer, in which the heart of Rosanne most honestly and fervently joined, closed the long day of the teacher and his pupil; and she obeyed him, by at least *trying* to sleep.

But to prevail on Bellarmine to rise to breakfast the next morning, required powers of rhetoric beyond those possessed by Mr. Grant, who was forced to give way, on condition the invalid would rise before high-noon; and sitting down with Rosanne, to whom he again performed the office of chaplain, he heard from her, not in terms of complaint, or of self-com-miseration, but drest in gay description, the progress, conclusion, and consequence of the ‘séjour’ with the Crackle family.

Bellarmino’s chamber was near enough for any thing, designed for his ear, to reach him. Mr. Grant had read prayers close to the separating partition; and he now took care that his friend should know that their regard for serious things did not abate their perception of the fairly ridiculous accidents and occurrences of life.

Perhaps he might be curious:—perhaps he felt like a child left out of a sport or a doll’s feast—let him feel what he would, he rose sooner than the latest term he had allowed himself; and appearing more collected than the preceding evening,

he inquired what had caused the merriment he had overheard.

Rosanne, delighted to see him take an interest in any thing, repeated what she had before detailed; and with increased vivacity imitating the sordid substitute for good manners in Lady Crackle's attempts to get through the task assigned her, and the valorous sheepishness of Captain Tournesol, saw her father once more laugh heartily.

But when she proceeded to relate her interview with Mrs. Firmly and her step-daughter, she was rather surprised by his gently blaming her scrupulosity, and regretting that she had not availed herself of an opportunity of making an unexceptionable acquaintance, through the medium of which her curiosity might be gratified.

The manner in which he spoke, indicated the absence of all intention to indulge her himself; but she had acted on a motive that could not admit of repentance.

The physician made his visit. Rosanne would have retired:—he requested her to remain, saying, 'He was certain she must be one of the ingredients which would be needed in compounding Mr. Bellarmine's medicines.'

When the author of the Book of Ecclesiasticus bids us 'honour the physician,' he virtually bids the physician be honourable; and whoever knows the important influence of high pretensions to worth and talents, in those who, with-

out authority, can do no good, will never fail in what is due to the medical benefactors of mankind. Extensive knowledge and perspicuous diction are not superfluous additions to skill and learning; but they are more than we can always hope to meet with:—when they are bestowed where they can be so well used, let our respect and attention go to the utmost extent of the injunction. There is a value in good sense, of which nothing that counterfeits it, can rob it:—there is a charm in the correct expression of it, which gives it an universal passport. The physician whom Bellarmine had been so fortunate as to find in attendance on Mr. Wellborn's family, demanded, by every claim, the honour enjoined.

With no unhandsome revelation on the part of Mr. Grant, and even without feeling any necessity of repeating, in various shapes, the same unprofitable question, till he could meet with a second stray idea, he made himself master of all that it was essential to know of his new patient's case; and when Bellarmine, endeavouring to be candid, intimated that he had less to complain of in body than in mind, and owned, that even from that which he considered as the seat of his malady, his own will remained to be withdrawn, he might have caught his allusion from the volume of Shakespeare which lay near him, when he asked,

almost in despair, 'What were the medicaments for a mind thus diseased.'

'Do not expect me,' replied the man of medicine, 'to reply to you in the words of Macbeth's doctor. I ask no aid from you yourself, Sir; allow me only to bring to bear on your constitution that artillery which lies all around us, and, with a blessing on my endeavour, I shall re-instate you:—a friend, such as Mr. Grant—a stimulative to grateful cheerfulness, such as this young lady—a fine season—abundance on the earth, and the sight of your own country flourishing beyond precedent—and, whatever may be England's fault, not unmindful of the Hand that has preserved her, are medicines that will soon, properly applied, remove all disposition to hypochondria, and all necessity for soporifics. Do but strive to forget, my good Sir, all that you have seen and known in France—take yourself up again in the character of a loyal and patriotic Englishman; and then dismiss me and the druggist, and you will do well. I will prescribe that which shall act as the vice-queen of Nature till we can free the sovereign herself; and take my word for it, that, placing yourself between your good friend Grant and your daughter, neither your mind nor body will long want any further support.—I see, on my word,' said Dr. — on departing, 'no impediment to your perfect restoration. I need not tell you, I perceive that it is not the fault of Nature that we

do not go from our cradle to our grave in perfect health of body and mind.—Admitting this, the exertion of our own endeavours is encouraged—we have only, as much as is in our power, to restore the work of a perfect artist; and this restoration is the highest employment man can engage in. We may talk of the advantages of youth, but I always point out those of middle, and sometimes of declining age. My advice to my son is, ‘In youth, curb those ‘sad colts, the passions: in advancing life, let ‘the experience which the struggle has afforded ‘you be used for the benefit of others: in declining life, prepare for that eternity which is ‘to reward the conflict.’ Let me,’ continued he, ‘recommend you to court the *Vis medicatrix Naturæ*; and I will stimulate the *Vis conservatrix Naturæ*; and between them, with the aid of these companions, and the permission of Providence, we shall see you, in a short time, what all must wish, I am certain, who know you.’

There is something like supernatural influence in a positive assurance that health is recoverable. Bellarmine felt its efficacy; and, though his confidence fluctuated, he was roused from his torpor, and without any increase of irritability.

Every hour now did something towards Bellarmine’s cure; and though Rosanne’s impatience demanded a much quicker progress, she could not deny that progress was made.

Her father and Mr. Grant walked out with her to repay her forbearance by some gratification of her curiosity—but Bellarmine sheltered himself under the privileges of an invalid, to avoid the necessity which having but one sitting-room imposed on him, of witnessing the manner in which a clergyman and a new proselyte thought fit to close their day. He did not wish to hinder—still less did he wish to be implicated in the business.

When Mr. Grant met Rosanne the following morning, ‘I remind myself,’ said he, ‘of the story of the countryman burdened with the fox, the goose, and the corn.—I want to divide myself between your father and you; but as this cannot be, I think we must wait on his movements, and content ourselves with asking leave to call on Mrs. Firmly:—I must have you understand each other;—many people fall out for want of explanation; and I am of your father’s opinion, that a respectable female by way of chaperon while you remain here, would be useful to you—and I cannot subject your laudable forbearance to be misconstrued. Trust me in this, as you would in other matters. I can say of myself, in the practice of the world, what our noble Admiral Nelson has said of himself in naval tactics—‘I may not always set to work by the line and rule of those who have gone before me: but I will engage to give a good account of any thing you intrust to me

‘—and that more by dint of *common-sensing* the matter, than even by courage or address.’

Mr. Bellarmine was well enough in the course of Saturday, to fix on a very eligible lodging, to which Mr. Grant had turned his attention; and soon being removed into it, and having got a temporary establishment about him, he very willingly sanctioned the visit of explanation to Mrs. Firmly.

They found her abode. Whoever is well acquainted with Southampton, knows, that there is very good time for an individual to gain or lose courage, or for two friends to hold conversation, while servants are, with their best expedition, racing through the long passages of houses most liberally constructed on a plan of spacious comfort.

‘Now, I dare say,’ said Mr. Grant, ‘hot as the sun is here, your teeth chatter with fright:—do not you feel very much as if you were going to leave half of them in the hands of a dentist?’

‘No,’ she replied, ‘I cannot say I do:—I denied myself so great a pleasure, that I think my motive was sincere; and this conviction supports me. I shall be very sorry to have offended Mrs. Firmly; but I shall receive her displeasure as one of the many vexations I expect in the world, and, if I cannot remove it, I must submit to it.’

‘Come, come, you will do,’ said Mr. Grant;

'you will get through the world becomingly;—I believe, if I had fifty daughters, I should shut them all up, for your sake, and educate them myself.'

'But not *quite* as I have been educated, surely?'

'No—at *fifty-three* I cannot say I would—at *twenty-three*, I do not know what that was mad or foolish, such a thing as *you* might not have made me do.'

The door opened;—the visitors were admitted—Mrs. Firmly was alone—stately enough. The pains which she took to make it known that she never denied herself, almost intimated that 'if ever she had done it, she would now.' But Mr. Grant soon thawed the 'thick-ribbed ice,' which he saw covered a warm fountain; and Miss Pathos had arrived to take charge of his companion.

Mrs. Firmly very kindly yielded to apology and explanation, which carried such evident marks of ingenuousness and of truth. She adverted to her feelings and intentions towards Miss Bellarmine, and almost with tears acknowledged her disappointment, and her gratification in the very handsome atonement offered for it.

Miss Pathos was called by the carriage of a lady, with whom she was engaged on some morning-scheme of pleasure. She set out for it with the alacrity and vivacity of an attendant on a funeral.

‘What are that young lady’s pursuits?’ said Mr. Grant, when she was gone.

‘She might have, and she used to have many,’ said Mrs. Firmly; ‘but, at present, reading is her chief employment.’

‘I could have guessed that—and, I think, I could guess the species of reading. Of all the idle occupations of idle young women, save and except the scrawling of letters which answer no purpose but that of increasing the revenue, I object to their reading with no other view than amusement—I would rather help rock them in a cradle, and sing ‘Bye-O’ to them for half the night, than I would let them spend their time in the sort of reading that I am sure this young lady delights in. You may see in her colour and her countenance, that she is wasting her tears, and all that which is intended for the service of her fellow-creatures, over the trash of a circulating library. You and I, my good madam, are but slightly acquainted; and I know that step-mothers must be cautious; but if you do not put such books as I speak of, out of the reach of morbid sensibility, you may as well at once set ardent spirits within the reach of a dram-drinker—the effect may not be quite as fatal to the body, but it is as bad to the mind.—What can it be fit for at thirty, if thus over-exerted at twenty?—when you want it to exert care for others, it needs care of itself:—it is wet leather in elasticity—it is a leaden knife in

acuteness ; and, after all that I know is said in favour of studying the passions, and humanizing the heart, I shall still oppose, as long as I have a voice or a pen, the enervating fashion of spending hours in that life-consuming occupation, reading for amusement.—I have known a girl read in this way—and not entirely what I call trash—till, without having uttered a word for a whole morning, she was as much deprived of voice, as if she had been hoarse with a violent cold. If such be the effect on one set of organs, what is it on the rest of the body and mind ?

Mrs. Firmly received this advice very properly ;—the visit ended pleasantly, with offers of attention to Miss Bellarmine ; and when Mr. Grant was accompanying Rosanne home, he said, ‘ I see through this good lady completely :—you may trust to her : her deficiency is not in feeling or principle, but in the power of combining them :—she would have been kind to you *from feeling* of compassion, as you were circumstanced—and under other circumstances she would equally have befriended you *on principle* ; either on the one *or* the other she could have acted, but not on the one *and* the other ;—your prudence checked her feeling, and she could not instantly call up her principle to forgive you.—I have known many such innocent defaulters in morality.’

The evening came again, and found Bellar-

mine almost pleased with the pleasure he had given his daughter by a little circuit in the beautiful vicinity of the town. He was not disposed to rest early: he ‘begged he might not hinder any forms with which Mr. Grant was accustomed to close his day—he would not be an intolerant auditor: when he considered how his vexatious infirmities were endured, he felt that something was demanded from him.’

This was all well and promising; but Sunday came, and public worship had no call for him. Rosanne could not so stigmatize his peculiar disaffection as to leave him, ardent as was her desire to accompany Mr. Grant:—she hoped—she trusted—she would wait.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



